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SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

"The whole world without Art would be one great wilderness"

SIR JOSHUA ROMNEY
AND
REYNOLDS LAWRENCE

BY
F. S. PULLING

BY
LORD R. GOWER, F.S.A.



LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON AND COMPANY
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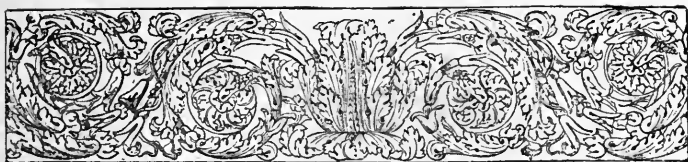


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SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

BY
F. S. PULLING



PREFACE.

PROBABLY there is no artist who has had more biographers than Sir Joshua Reynolds, nor is there any name in the list of England's great painters better known than that of the first President of the Royal Academy. Shortly after his death his pupil Northcote and his friend Malone put forth lives of Reynolds, both of which are extremely valuable as original authorities. They were succeeded by Farrington and Beechey, both artists themselves, but who have in their turn been supplanted by the magnificent work begun by Mr. Leslie and completed by Mr. Tom Taylor. It is to this latter book that all future biographers of Sir Joshua must go for materials. It is a perfect mine of information, and no praise can be too high for the careful and diligent manner in which the authors have collected from all sources information about the great master. But it is an unfortunate book; it professes to treat of the "Life and Times,"—a thing fatal to true biography, and only to be tolerated in the life of a man who helped to make

the history of his own times. The result of this injudicious treatment is that the "Times" swamp the "Life"; contemporary gossip, sketches of society when George the Third was king, occupy the major portion of these bulky volumes. The frame hides the picture it contains, and by its own beauty and attractiveness takes the eye off that to which attention should be exclusively directed.

But it hardly becomes me to criticise a work from which I have derived so much assistance, and without which a great deal of the information I here lay before my readers must have been withheld.

I must also acknowledge my obligations to two valuable articles on Reynolds which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for April and July, 1866, and to Messrs. Redgrave's "Century of Painters."

My own work has no pretence to originality. All I have endeavoured to do is to sum up in a short form the results of the investigations of others, and to arrive at just conclusions respecting the merits of Sir Joshua's work.

The more I have studied it, the more I feel the extreme beauty of his character; he is almost faultless. And this perhaps makes the biographer's task more difficult. The nineteenth century looks with suspicion on the "blameless" man; there must, it thinks, be something in the background,—some skeleton in the cupboard, which should be revealed in all its hideousness, but which the partial biographer is carefully concealing. But such is not the case with Reynolds. The veriest

Smellfungus who ever delighted to blacken a great man's character has been unable to find anything here to gratify his morbid taste. In the roll of England's great men there is not one whose fame is more unsullied, whose example is nobler, than Sir Joshua Reynolds. His life is worthy of study, his character of imitation, by any one who would be as he was—an upright, courteous, God-fearing English gentleman.

F. S. P.

OXFORD, *June*, 1880.







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CHRONOLOGY
OF
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

DATE.

- 1723. Born at Plympton. (July 16.)
- 1740. Apprenticed to Hudson.
- 1744. First settlement in London.
- 1746. His father's death.
- 1749. Sails for Italy.
- 1752. Returns from Italy.
- 1753. Settles in London.
- 1760. First Exhibition.
- 1762. Visit to Devonshire with Johnson.
- 1764. The Club established.
- 1768. The Royal Academy founded.
- 1769. Knighted.
- 1773. Mayor of Plympton.
- 1781. First Tour in the Low Countries.
- 1782. Paralytic stroke.
- 1783. Second visit to the Low Countries.
- 1789. Partial blindness.
- 1790. Rupture with the Academy.
- 1792. Dies in London. (Feb. 23.)



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER I.

(A.D. 1723 TO A.D. 1748.)

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

FOUR miles from Plymouth, on the same river which gives that seaport its name, is the old-world town of Plympton Earl, owing at the present day whatever importance it has to its vicinity to the 'Three Towns,' but once by no means dependent on such a humble title for fame. For as an old west country distich tells us,—

'Plympton was a market-town
When Plymouth was a fuzzy down,'

and the ruins of its strongly-situated castle show that, in by-gone days, it must have been of renown, and no insignificant possession of the great earls of Devon, who have bequeathed their title to this town on the Plym. Even in later days Plympton Castle played its part in history, for Prince Maurice made it his head quarters in 1643, when he was besieging Plymouth, and next year its little garrison made a brave though ineffectual resistance to Essex and the Parliamentary forces.

But the visitor to Plympton will seek out first and linger longest at the grammar school, for here it was that the greatest of English painters was born. The Reynolds family had long been settled in Devonshire, and could count amongst its members two men who had in their day and generation been worthy of renown. Of these the one was a staunch Romanist, and during the brief Catholic reaction gained the reward of his constancy by being appointed Dean of Exeter while greater honours were in store for him, when the tide turned and Protestantism once more became the State religion. The other and better known, Dr. Reynolds, was a sturdy Puritan, who took part in the Hampton Court Conference, wheré he advocated Presbyterian views, much to the disgust of James I., to whom the "No bishop, no king" formula was an inference not to be impugned. Unsuccessful though he was in his endeavours to puritanise the Church, Dr. Reynolds left behind him a lasting monument of his skill in divinity; for he ranks as one of the translators of our Bible. Whether Sir Joshua could claim kindred with the Catholic or the Puritan divine, it is impossible to say: what we do know for certain of his lineage is that his grandfather was John Reynolds, vicar of St. Thomas', Exeter, and his father Samuel Reynolds, master of Plympton grammar school.

A kindly and genial man this Samuel Reynolds would seem to have been,—perhaps not very energetic or business-like, and more suited to the quiet, leisurely ways of the eighteenth century than to the more stirring, bustling days we live in. From him, we may imagine, Joshua inherited that placid and equable temper which was one of his most noted characteristics, and which was equally proof against the fierce attacks of unsuccessful rivals like Barry, and the brusque outspokenness of friends like Johnson.

Mr. Reynolds had already five children when, on July 16th, 1723, a son was born to him who received the name of Joshua, probably after his father's brother, the Rev. Joshua Reynolds; though Malone tells us that the name was given him from a

notion of his father's that it might, at some future period, be an advantage to a child to bear an uncommon Christian name, which might recommend him to the attention and kindness of some person bearing the same name, who might be led even to become a benefactor.

We are always glad to learn particulars of the early education of any man who has distinguished himself in politics or in science, in art or in literature. Not unnaturally we inquire how it was that his talent was first discovered, how his early efforts were directed, and whether his success was marked from the beginning. But how apt we are to exaggerate the precocious efforts of genius, forgetful that it is not always the infant Solomon who proves the wisest man, nor the head boy of the school who succeeds the best in after life, nor the senior wrangler who adorns the wool-sack!

Who has not noticed that silent plodding James often makes his mark, while brilliant Jack's home reputation is all the fame he ever earns? And so when James has his life or memoirs written, every saying of his early days that can be remembered is faithfully recorded, every action of his boyhood recounted and glorified; while poor Jack's *bons mots* and bold exploits live only perchance in the recollection of a favourite sister whose hero he was, and, in spite of failure, still is.

It is not every boy who makes speeches in the nursery, or chops logic with his governess, but there is scarcely a child who does not show some inclination for drawing, who is not at some period the proud possessor of a paint-box, and whose fond parents have not discovered the genius of an artist in the baby dauber. But Art is for the few, and many a child who has been wholly given up to her worship at the age of six, in the short space of a year has inconstantly abandoned her for the more boisterous deity who presides over cricket. Nay, more: the lad who declares that he too will be a painter very frequently ends in becoming a lawyer or a merchant, and a humble but meritorious member of society.

Still, it is unquestionable that a painter, like a poet, is born, not made, and as the latter must lisp in numbers, so must the artist reproduce the human form divine, even though it be in charcoal on a whitewashed wall.

The stories told of Reynolds' taste for art are certainly remarkable, for not only did he copy the engravings in Dryden's "Plutarch" and Cat's "Book of Emblems" (this any child might have done), but he had the patience to read through the Jesuits' "Perspective," a somewhat ponderous quarto volume, and, if we are to believe Malone, at the age of eight he had made himself so completely master of it that he never afterwards had occasion to study any other treatise on that subject! More than this, he gave a proof that he had not studied his subject in vain by drawing the quaint old piazza of the Plympton school-house so correctly as to lead his father to assert that it was wonderful, and clearly proved the truth of the boast the author of the "Perspective" made in his preface, that by observing the rules laid down in his book a man might do wonders. It was probably after this that Reynolds perused Richardson's "Treatise on Art," the author of which, living as he did at a time when English art was beneath contempt and her devotees were Grub-street hacks without either talent or education, was sanguine enough to look forward hopefully to the day when there should be at least one real painter in England. No doubt the reading of such a book as this must have inspired the youthful artist, though as yet there was no prospect of his following painting as a profession. The education he was receiving was probably of the old-fashioned kind which flourished in our schools before the age of cram and competition, and which only pretended to give its scholars a sound knowledge of Latin, and the rudiments of Greek and the mathematics. But that this learning would suffice is clearly shown in Sir Joshua's case, for it was probably all he ever got, and yet he could hold his own with Burke and Johnson, and wrote such English as neither of those great masters of style would have been ashamed of.

His father had intended him for the medical profession; and the remark he made to Northcote when at the zenith of his fame, that had it been decided that he should be a doctor "he should have felt the same determination to become the most eminent physician as he then felt to be the first painter of his age," has been frequently cited to show his wonderful resolution to excel,—as if every boy worth anything did not make up his mind to rise to the top of his profession, whether that be the woolsack, the archbishopric, or the presidential chair of the Royal Academy. Doubtless Reynolds would have become an eminent surgeon, had medicine been selected as his profession; his name would have lived perchance in Boswell as that of an admirer of Johnson; but England would have lost her greatest painter.

Probably the success of Hudson as a portrait-painter first suggested to Samuel Reynolds the possibility of his son's embracing Art as a profession. Hudson was a Devonshire man, he had won his way almost unaided, and now he was the first portrait-painter, and was, report said, rapidly amassing a large fortune. Might not young Joshua Reynolds humbly tread in this great man's footsteps, and at all events acquire a modest competency by handing down to posterity the faces of Devonshire squires and Plymouth aldermen? At all events the idea was worth a thought, and the successful painter might not be unwilling to do a kind turn to a young west-countryman. But before this idea occurred to the worthy schoolmaster, Joshua had done something more than make a drawing of the grammar school: he had painted some of the neighbours, and had succeeded tolerably. The story which attaches to his first attempt at portrait-painting is worth the telling. The great family at Mount Edgumbe had always been on friendly terms with the Plympton schoolmaster, and young Dick Edgumbe seems to have been in some sort a playfellow of Joshua's,—at all events it was at his instigation that Reynolds made a sketch of worthy Mr. Smart, the tutor, as he was preaching in

Maker church; the drawing made, the two lads hastened down to the beach, and finding a part of an old boat-sail, converted it into a "canvas," and thereupon did the future President paint his first portrait. This production still exists; and so it is that to a schoolboy's pique this honest clergyman owes his immortality, and Reynolds his introduction to the world as a portrait-painter.

But Mr. Reynolds hears that Hudson requires £120 premium with every pupil; and where is the poor parson, with his ten children and his miserable pittance, to raise this sum? Recourse is had to a mutual friend, one Mr. Cutcliffe of Bideford, who for his good offices on this occasion deserves a place in the life of Reynolds; and eventually Hudson consents to receive Joshua as a pupil on very easy terms. "Everything," writes Samuel Reynolds, in his delight at the generous proposal, "jumped out in a strange, unexpected manner to a miracle. . . I shall always be his (Mr. Hudson's) humble servant with abundance of thanks."

So the matter is settled, and on October 13th, 1740, after "a most prosperous journey," Joshua arrived in London, and shortly afterwards took up his abode with Hudson in Great Queen's Street, Lincoln's Inn.

Everything is most satisfactory. "Joshua," writes his father in December, "is very sensible of his happiness in being under such a master, in such a family, in such a city, and in such an employment"; and in August 1742 he tells Mr. Cutcliffe that "as for Joshua, nobody, by his letters to me, was ever better pleased in his employment, in his master, in everything. 'While I am doing this I am the happiest creature alive,' is his expression."

Of this period of his life we know little or nothing; he was probably hard at work mastering the technicalities of his art, becoming daily more expert with his brush, and perhaps less inclined to regard Hudson as a great master. And really but little can be said for Hudson: he is mediocrity itself, and his

portraits have as little claim to be considered in the history of English art as Yalden's or Montgomery's verses to notice in a literary history. Whether they are correct likenesses we have no means of determining; we *do* know that they are execrable pictures.

Reynolds was to have remained with Hudson four years, but as it was he quitted him before two years were over. To what this is to be attributed is doubtful. Probably either to jealousy on the part of the master, or disgust on the part of the pupil. The commonly-received story is, that Hudson being chagrined at the rapid progress Reynolds was making, and fearing that he would prove a dangerous rival, caught at the first frivolous excuse that offered itself to get rid of the young genius. The proverbial jealousy of artists might incline us to believe this, but it may be considered fairly disproved by a letter of Samuel Reynolds, in which he says that he shall persevere in his resolution not to meddle in the controversy between Joshua and his master, adding, "In the meantime I bless God, and Mr. Hudson . . . for the extreme success that has attended Joshua hitherto." Clearly, then, his father did not think that Joshua had suffered much at his master's hands. Indeed, Reynolds had good reason to be thankful that he had done with Hudson; he had learnt all he could from him, and it might have been well nigh fatal had he remained any longer under his roof. Instead of founding an English school, he might have contentedly followed Richardson and Hudson, and produced "honest similitudes," instead of pictures.

Returning to Devonshire, he sets up as a portrait-painter in what was then known as Plymouth Dock, but has now got the name of Devonport, and here he succeeded beyond all expectation. His hands are full of work, and all the notables of the neighbourhood are flocking to the young artist's studio. But it was only a temporary mania: the worthy Devonians soon returned to more "practical" ways of spending their money, and, as usual, Philistia triumphed.

Not unwillingly, perhaps, Reynolds goes back to London, convinced that it is there only that his genius can become known, and there only that he can study great pictures and perfect himself in his art. The quarrel with Hudson is made up, for Reynolds was one of those men who rarely make and never keep an enemy, and we learn from one of his father's letters that "Joshua by his master's means is introduced into a club composed of the most famous men in their profession;" and in another letter that "Joshua's master is very kind to him; he comes to visit him pretty often, and freely tells him where his pictures are faulty, which is a great advantage; and when he has finished anything of his own, he is pleased to ask Joshua's judgment, which is a great honour." This introduction to the Artists' Club must have been a great boon to Reynolds, who, as we know from Dr. Johnson, was one of the most "clubable" of men; but whether Hudson's advice about his pictures was so desirable is more than doubtful; at all events, the portraits of this period have a wooden and conventional appearance only too suggestive of his old master. We must except, however, from this category a portrait of himself, probably the first he ever painted, which Mr. Taylor describes as without a "trace of Hudson," but "masterly in handling, and powerful—almost Rembrandtesque—in *chiar-oscuro*."

To this period (from December 1744 to December 1746) belong moreover a few portraits in which we can see the pupil struggling against the thralldom of his master. The most important are those of Captain Hamilton and Mrs. Field, and the picture which bears the name of "The Reading Boy."

In December 1746 he returned home once more, this time to watch by the deathbed of his father, who expired on Christmas Day.

No one who has read Samuel Reynolds' letters can doubt how keenly his death was mourned. His sincere yet manly gratitude, his kindly interest in his son's career, his gentle

humour, all show a most lovable disposition, and make him a most interesting type of the best kind of parson of the eighteenth century. He has been likened to Parson Adams, and in many respects he resembles Fielding's hero. He has the same warm heart, the same simplicity, the same guilelessness, and, we must add, the same straitened purse.

The father's death broke up the home at Plympton, and, not without a sigh of regret at having to leave London, Joshua once more determined to try his fortunes in Plymouth Dock, where he took a house for himself and two of his sisters. Who could have supposed that in Devonshire he was to meet with a master who was to teach him more than he could ever have learnt from Hudson and the whole of his club? Yet so it was. This man was William Gandy.

His father had been a pupil of Vandyck, and a painter of some reputation in his day, but the son possessed something more than the father,—injured genius. His portraits, painted though they were very frequently hurriedly and carelessly, display a knowledge of art and a beauty of conception which prove that with but a moderate amount of patience and perseverance Gandy's name might have been illustrious in the annals of English art. But his dissipated and reckless habits prevented this, and the highest honour that can be accorded to him is that he showed Reynolds what might be done. The truth of Gandy's maxim that "a picture ought to have a richness in its texture, as if the colours had been composed of cream and cheese," was at once perceived by Reynolds, and every picture he painted subsequently to this is a proof of the influence it had over him. No longer do we find that "hard and husky or dry manner," that stiffness and conventionality of attitude which too often characterise his earlier portraits, but in their place ease and naturalness, vigour and beauty unsurpassed and unsurpassable. There are few pictures which we can certainly attribute to Reynolds' second sojourn in Devonshire. A portrait of himself, now in the National Portrait Gallery, in which

he is represented as in the act of painting, and a very fine one of Lady Somers, are the only two of any importance that belong to this period ; and probably family business, want of encouragement, and it may be idleness, prevented his getting through much work. Still these years 1747 and 1748 were by no means thrown away, for in addition to what he had learnt from Gandy he studied landscape, and where could it better be studied than in Devonshire? One thing alone was now wanting to complete his artistic training,—he must go to Italy.





CHAPTER II.

(A.D. 1749 TO A.D. 1764.)

ITALY—FIRST SUCCESSES.

AT the beginning of 1749 nothing seemed less likely than that Reynolds, straitened as he must have been in means, from having to support his two sisters, should be able before the year was out to visit the country of Raphael and Titian, and study in Roman and Florentine galleries. And indeed this visit of his to Italy was the result of one of those happy chances which one finds not unfrequently occur in the lives of great men. The famous Admiral Keppel,—then only four-and-twenty, and a Commodore,—had been appointed to the command of the Mediterranean squadron, and on his way from Spithead put into Plymouth harbour for repairs. While there he made the young painter's acquaintance at the house of Lord Edgecumbe, and was not long in discovering that the one object of Reynolds' life at that period was to visit Italy. With graceful patronage Keppel offered to take him there in his own ship, the *Centurion*. The proposal was readily accepted, and in May 1749 they set sail.

Keppel's first business was with the Dey of Algiers, whose corsair vessels were the terror of every civilised country. Algerine pirates swarmed in the Mediterranean, and even penetrated to the English Channel, attacking merchantmen and seizing the unfortunate sailors as slaves. Often before this

had "that nest of thieves" been attacked, prisoners released, and treaties made whereby piracy should be repressed; but directly the English ships were out of sight the slave-trade commenced again, and was in reality never suppressed till, fifty years after this date, an English fleet under Lord Exmouth destroyed forever the Algerine power.

Keppel found the usual difficulties to be encountered in negotiating with Oriental potentates. The story is one of delay, evasion, and vacillation; and it was two years before anything definite was settled. Meanwhile Reynolds, whose pleasant manners and many accomplishments gained him friends wherever he went, had settled down at Port Mahon as the honoured guest of General Blakeney, the governor of Minorca. Here he remained till December, painting the portraits of all the leading men on the station, his visit to the island being prolonged by an untoward accident he met with while riding, the mark of which he bore for life in the shape of a scar on his upper lip.

From Minorca he sailed to Leghorn, and thence made his way to the goal of his desires—Rome. We can imagine how eagerly he must have hurried to see with his own eyes those masterpieces of Raphael of which he had dreamed so often, and for a sight of which he had longed so earnestly. But his first feeling was one of bitter disappointment. Could this be Raphael's work? Where were the mellow tints, the rich colouring he had hoped to see? Everything was sombre, insipid, and tame. How was it? Was Raphael a grossly overrated mediocrity, or was Reynolds ignorant of the first principles of his art? He gives us the answer himself. "Every painter," he said to Northcote, "has some favourite branch of the art which he looks at in a picture; and, in proportion as that part is well or ill executed, he pronounces his opinion upon the whole. One artist looks for colouring, another for drawing, another for handling." It was for excellence in the first of these that Reynolds had looked at Raphael, and so his disappointment is explained. For after all our painter's training was by no means

complete. He had learnt something from Hudson, something from Gandy, something no doubt from study in London and Devonshire. But as yet his taste was not thoroughly developed; the more striking beauties of colour and tone appealed to him far more than the delicate graces of form and proportion. It was in Italy alone that he could be taught that the perfect painter must be no mere colourist, any more than a simple anatomist. Mellowness of tone will not compensate for want of proportion, and the painter who neglects form and expression will inevitably be himself neglected.

Reynolds had not come to Italy to carp at the great masters: he was there to perfect his own education. His non-appreciation of Raphael showed that he lacked something, and that something he must gain, or he would never excel. He had much to unlearn, as he himself admits: "All the indigested notions which I had brought with me from England were to be totally done away with, and eradicated from my mind." In their place true ideas of art sprang up, and as his critical faculty became sounder, his pictures became better.

Reynolds spent two years in Rome, studying, and occasionally copying pictures on commission. He does not appear to have done much original work; all that we find noticed are certain caricatures of persons then resident in Rome. His Italian note-books have been preserved, and contain many admirable hints and critical remarks which show how keen an observer he was, and illustrate most admirably the growth of his critical powers. His studies in the Vatican cost him dear, for a cold caught in its draughty corridors resulted in a deafness which prevented his being able to join in conversation without the aid of an ear-trumpet.

In April 1752 Reynolds left Rome, and spent four months in visiting Florence, Venice, and other Italian cities. As was his wont, he made careful notes of all the most important pictures he saw; and, though there is more of description than criticism in them, his remarks exhibit a just appreciation of

various excellencies, and a true critical spirit differing *in toto* from the crude connoisseurship of the age.

After spending three months with his old Devonshire friends, in January 1753 Reynolds once more settles down in London as a portrait-painter. His success is assured at once. His old friend and patron Lord Edgcumbe recommends him to all his acquaintance, Hudson renews his intimacy with him, and the artistic club welcomes back its old member. In narrating the life of Reynolds we have to record no long series of struggles for fame, no instances of neglect, no want of encouragement; all goes smoothly with him, he is emphatically a thriving, prosperous man; never can he complain that he is not appreciated, that inferior rivals are preferred before him, or that a jealous clique prevents his receiving the honours that are his due. True, he was the founder of a new school, the apostle of a new creed; but the old style had but few admirers, and though Ellis might perhaps find some who would agree with him in coupling Kneller and Shakespeare together, no one who pretended to any artistic culture would assert that he had got his ideal painter in Hudson or Cotes. There was room for a new artist, for one who would dare to despise conventionality and follow Raphael rather than Kneller. The one great painter then alive, Hogarth, had long ago given up portraiture; his genius was in the truest sense humorous, and caricature rather than likeness was his *forte*. Between him and Reynolds there could be no possible rivalry. Reynolds was emphatically a portrait-painter, and he had that deep insight into human character which is essential to success in this art. Hudson and his fellows had produced likenesses which no doubt represent fairly enough the actual look of the sitter at the moment the picture was completed, but there is a total absence of soul and feeling such as in our own days we should scarcely expect in a photograph. In Reynolds' portraits, on the other hand, we find that "spirituality" and that "naturalness" which render them of the greatest interest to those who do not even care to inquire





the name of the actual sitter. Who asks who Miss Penelope Boothby was? Sufficient is it that in her childish coquetry and arch simplicity she is the type of fresh young life in the eighteenth century. That such could ever be the case had never occurred to those critics who, no doubt sincerely, lamented that Reynolds had sadly fallen off since he went to Italy. Fortunately the world at large did not think so, and before 1783 was over Reynolds was thoroughly established, his commissions were almost more than he could execute, and he had boldly raised his prices till they equalled those of Hudson.

At this time he is living in Great Newport Street with his sister Fanny, a strange companion, whose nervous restlessness, "habitual perplexity of mind and irresolution of conduct," contrast so curiously with the placid and equable temper of her brother; and it is a striking proof of his unflinching good temper that he put up with her society for so many years, even though she used to produce copies of his pictures which he said "make other people laugh, and me cry."

In 1753 he painted, amongst others, two of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, then respectively Duchess of Hamilton and Countess of Coventry; but the great picture of the year, and the one which established his reputation beyond dispute, was a portrait of his old friend Keppel. A study of this picture will illustrate what has been said above of the "spirituality" of Reynolds' portraits and of his insight into character. He had known Keppel well, and had recognised his intrepidity and resolution. His bold attitude towards the truculent Dey, who had threatened him with the bow-string, had made a lasting impression on the painter. How should he represent his friend so as to best illustrate his character? Happily an incident in Keppel's own career furnished Reynolds with the idea which he has so nobly embodied. Some years before, the sailor had been shipwrecked on the French coast, and under these trying circumstances had preserved sufficient coolness and presence of mind to rescue the greater portion of his crew.

In the portrait we find him represented walking rapidly along a wild rocky shore, his face and mien determined and resolute in the midst of the tempest which is raging round him. There is animation in every line, the whole figure is full of life; one hand on his sword, the other stretched out in a gesture of command, he looks every inch a hero.

Mr. Leslie notes with regard to this picture that the attitude is taken from that of a statue of which Reynolds had made a copy, and perhaps there never was an artist who borrowed more from others. Yet Reynolds was no plagiarist, unless indeed we are to apply that appellation to Shakespeare because he drew the materials for that most charming of comedies, *As You Like It*, from a tedious pastoral tale by Lodge, or to Mr. Tennyson, who has sifted the gold from the dross of the "Mort d'Arthur" and stamped it out into the noble "Idylls of the King."

This portrait did more for Reynolds than all Lord Edgecumbe's recommendation. Noblemen crowded to his studio, and to be painted by Reynolds was the thing. We have no list of sitters for 1754, but we know that among them was no less a person than the Home Secretary, Lord Holderness, on the treatment of whose rubicund face the painter expended a vast amount of time and thought. Mason, to whom we owe the knowledge of many interesting facts in Reynolds' career, was a personal friend of the Secretary, and having been permitted to attend every sitting, has left us a most interesting and valuable account of the painter's method of operation "at this early time." The description is worth quoting. "On his light-coloured canvas," we are told, "he had already laid a ground of white, where he meant to place the head, and which was still wet. He had nothing upon his palette but flake-white, lake, and black; and, without making any previous sketch or outline, he began with much celerity to scumble these pigments together, till he had produced in less than an hour a likeness sufficiently intelligible, yet withal, as might be expected, cold and pallid to

the last degree. At the second sitting, he added, I believe, to the three other colours, a little Naples yellow; but I do not remember that he used any vermilion, neither then, nor at the third trial; but it is to be noted that his Lordship had a countenance much heightened by scorbutic eruption. Lake alone might produce the carnation required. However this be, the portrait turned out a striking likeness, and the attitude, so far as a three-quarters canvas would admit, perfectly natural and peculiar to his person, which at all times bespoke a fashioned gentleman. His drapery was crimson velvet, copied from a coat he then wore, and apparently not only painted, but glazed with lake, which has stood to this hour perfectly well; though the face, which, as well as the whole picture, was highly varnished before he sent it home, very soon faded, and soon after the forehead particularly cracked, almost to peeling off, which it would have done long since had not his pupil Doughty repaired it." That too many of Reynolds' pictures have cracked, and either peeled off, or, what is worse, been spoilt in the repairing, is unfortunately only too true; and that the painter himself was conscious of this defect is proved by the experiments he tried for the purpose of ensuring durability—but all in vain, and at last he is driven back to assert that all good pictures cracked.

Reynolds had not been in London a year before he made the acquaintance of one who was destined to be his most intimate friend, and in whose "Life" he too lives. The story has often been told how at the house of some fair neighbours Reynolds first met Johnson, how the painter's jesting cynicism on the "comfort of being relieved from a burthen of gratitude," while it shocked the ladies, struck the Doctor as displaying observation and originality, and how Johnson walked home with Reynolds and supped with him that night.

Two men apparently more unlike than Reynolds and Johnson it would be hard to find. The gentle manner, bland accents, and imperturbable good humour of the one, contrast

with the rough assertiveness, brusque speech and irascible temper of the other. Yet they had much in common: if Johnson had no taste for art, Reynolds was by no means devoid of literary power; both were sociably inclined, and both were earnest in their honest detestation of shams. With Edmund Burke they form a trio such as it would be impossible to match in any other age. Her three sons—the orator, the man of letters, and the painter—are enough by themselves to justify the last century from the calumnies which have been levelled against her.

In 1755 Reynolds had no less than 120 sitters, and could number amongst them, heroes in Lord Anson and Colonel Haldane, statesmen in Pulteney (now Lord Bath), Hillsborough and Townshend, demagogues in Alderman Beckford and Dr. Lucas, beauties in Mrs. Bastard and Lady Kildare, besides a host of others celebrated in the world of their time, but now, alas! consigned to oblivion, or only noticeable for having been painted by Reynolds.

There was hardly one of these who did not find his professional connection with the painter rapidly lead to friendship, and by the end of this year Reynolds was as well known as any man in town. The "*beau monde*" (as the phrase then went), the artists' clubs, the literary coteries, all welcomed as an acquisition this genial and accomplished man. His friendship with Johnson was becoming greater daily, he was intimate with Garrick and Hogarth, and there was not a wit or a dilettante with whom he had not some acquaintance. Success encouraged, and did not spoil Reynolds. He was just one of those men whom fortune destines for an easy life; difficulties and disappointments would not indeed have soured that sweet temper, or ruffled that placid constitution, but they would, as far as we can judge, have made him careless and idle, and often prevented him from doing his best. But the success which had come so quickly, the praise which was so lavishly bestowed upon him, instead of enervating, only stirred him to fresh

exertions, made him determined to outdo himself, to make each portrait better than the last. Probably no painter ever worked harder or more conscientiously. There is no scamping, no haste observable in any one of Reynolds' productions; and of what other artist can that be said? The most commonplace, the most uninteresting sitter is carefully studied, and the magic of the great painter's brush produces what is at once a genuine likeness and a charming picture.

- We have no list of sitters for 1756, and all we know for certain of his work that year is that he painted a half-length portrait of his friend Johnson,—a labour of love this must assuredly have been, for the Doctor's pecuniary circumstances were not such as to enable him to indulge in the luxury of a ten-guinea picture. This is not, of course, the well-known portrait of the sage in which he is represented as peering into a book which he holds close in front of his eyes. That was painted twenty-two years later, when Johnson's sight was almost gone. The present one has been engraved for Boswell's "Life," and gives us a truer and a better idea of the great man than do any of the others.

It was in the June of this year that an untoward event occurred, which sent a thrill of horror and rage through England, and which must have affected Reynolds in no small degree. Minorca was lost. The stronghold which had been won so bravely, and which seemed to promise England the command of the Mediterranean, was no longer hers. Even the painter's placid temperament must have been stirred to emotion when he heard of his former host Blakeney manfully holding out with his little garrison against fearful odds, and looking anxiously for the promised succour, which never came.

This was indeed an *annus mirabilis*: disaster followed disaster, till England seemed to have become the Job of nations. The Convention of Kloster-seven, the failure of Hawke's expedition, the losses in America, combined with a general scarcity of provisions, make this year only too memorable in our annals. But

it was not long before our losses were retrieved and fresh glories gained. The year 1759 is the one of which Horace Walpole speaks so gaily. "It is necessary," he laughingly writes, "to ask every morning what new victory there is, for fear of missing one." The conquest of Canada far outweighed the loss of Minorca, victories such as Minden wiped out the disgraceful Convention of 1756, and Hawke's fame was established by the glorious victory of Quiberon.

But this is to anticipate and digress; we must go back to 1757 and to Reynolds. This was a very busy year with him. In reading the entries in the pocket-book one wonders how it was possible that one man could get through so much work, and not degenerate into a machine. But far from any deterioration, there is a steady improvement visible in his portraits this year, though it is not signalised by the production of any one great picture. As a proof of Reynolds' power of work—or rather as an illustration, for no proof is necessary—a list of his sitters for the month of March 1757 is subjoined, with the number of sittings allotted to each:—

Mrs. West (2); Col. Griffin; Mr. Darby (5); Col. Vernon (3); Mrs. Morris (3); Miss Pelham (6); Mrs. Watson (5); Lord R. Bertie (9); Duke and Duchess of Ancaster (9); Mrs. Charlton; Mr. and Mrs. Jubb (10); Mr. Hayward; Lord Guildford (4); Lady C. Fox (6); Capt. Tryal (3); Lord Middleton (4); Mrs. Lethulier (4); Mrs. Douglas; Lord Abergavenny (2); Mr. Lloyd (8); Mrs. Lloyd (8); Sir J. Ligonier; Col. Trapaud; Sir H. Grey (2); Mrs. Phillips (4); Lord Pembroke (3). In all, 28 sitters, and 106 sittings! And Northcote tells us that the next year was even busier than 1757. No less than 150 persons sat to Reynolds in the course of 1758, among whom were the Duke of Cumberland, Prince Edward, Lady Mary Coke, Lady Caroline Fox. No better proof can be given of Reynolds' kindly heart, than that in this busiest of busy years he should have time to paint a son of his old friend Dr. Mudge of Plymouth, and send the portrait as a gift to

the father, whom illness had prevented from seeing his son in the flesh that year.

The year 1759 is signalised by a further extension of Court favour. Perhaps it was because the King had a supreme contempt for "Bainting and Boetry," that the rival court of the Princess Dowager affected a certain love for the arts; at all events, the young Prince of Wales sits to Reynolds early in this year, and the leading members of the Prince's party ostentatiously announce that letters and arts are to be patronised by royalty in the new reign, which assuredly cannot be far off. But far more interest attaches to the portraits of two persons very different from the modest young Prince. It is a fortunate circumstance that Garrick's vanity took the form of a desire to perpetuate his face and figure. Portraits of the great actor exist in profusion; every painter had had him as a sitter frequently. Reynolds painted him no less than seven times, and he sat to Gainsborough, Angelica Kauffmann, and Zoffany, as well as to a host of minor artists. It is fortunate that we possess so many representations of Garrick, for surely otherwise he would have long before this become a name and nothing more. The actor alone of all artists produces nothing "fixed and embodied in material objects," his fame rests solely on report; we who live after his day have the scantiest means of determining whether his contemporaries were right in their criticism and their praise. The actor alone has no appeal to posterity; if he is unsuccessful in pleasing the taste of his age, his name is "writ in water." Perhaps Garrick felt something of this, and decided to call in the painter's art to ensure his being remembered by future generations. The greatest of all the portraits of Garrick is unquestionably the one Reynolds painted in 1761, in which the actor is represented between Tragedy and Comedy, as if reluctant to choose either as his only goddess. His looks and attitude tell as plainly as words could the history of Garrick's career. It was Tragedy who had been his earliest love, and even now that the allurements

of Comedy have bewitched him, he cannot altogether desert her to whom he owed his first success. All this and much more is expressed in this picture, which is to my mind one of the finest of Reynolds' allegoric portraits.

The other noteworthy portrait of this year is one of Kitty Fisher, the Phryne of the day, whose wit and adventures formed a favourite topic of conversation at this time. She was painted by Reynolds no less than five times: once, most appropriately, as Cleopatra; but in this year's picture she is reclining on a sofa with a dove on her lap, while hard by another dove is in the act of fluttering down to join its mate. The portrait is not altogether satisfactory; there is rather too much "pose" about this figure, and more studied ease than we should have expected from a lady whose vivacity was her most renowned quality. The air of innocence is evidently put on, and in the whole conception there is something so incongruous that we can hardly acquit the artist of a certain amount of irony. Still, take the picture as it is, forget who and what Kitty Fisher was, and who can fail to be charmed? To 1759 also belongs the "Venus," one of the few pictures painted during this period which are not portraits. Suggested by the famous Venus of Titian, it in some degree resembles that magnificent picture. The colouring is extremely beautiful, and the whole pose of the goddess has a delicious languor, as if she were resting from the noontide heat, while just above her Cupid is gazing with boyish admiration on the lovely figure. The landscape in which the goddess is set shows that the painter's study of the scenery of his native county had not been thrown away on him. To Mason we owe an interesting description of the curious way by which the perfect flesh-tints were obtained. After mentioning his first visit to Reynolds, while the "Venus" was on the easel, which chanced to be just when the head was being painted from the model of a beautiful girl of sixteen, "A second casual visit," he adds, "presented me with a very different object: he was then painting the body, and in his



MISS KITTY FISHER



sitting-chair a very squalid beggar-woman was placed, with a child, not above a year old, quite naked upon her lap. As may be imagined, I could not help testifying my surprise at seeing him paint the carnation of the Goddess of Beauty from that of a little child which seemed to have been nourished rather with gin than milk, and saying that 'I wondered he had not taken some more healthy model;' but he answered, with his usual *naïveté*, that 'whatever I might think, the child's flesh assisted him in giving a certain *morbidezza* to his own colouring, which he thought he should hardly arrive at had he not such an object, when it was extreme, as it certainly was, before his eyes.'

Next year is memorable alike in the history of our country and in the life of the painter. Seventeen hundred and sixty is the beginning of a new era. George II. is dead, and his place is taken by a young king who is more of an Englishman than any monarch since Elizabeth, who is determined to break free from the bonds of the Whig oligarchy, and be a king in something more than name. The Court is thronged with Tories, who for well-nigh fifty years had been proscribed, but who were now willing to forget that the king who gloried in the name of Briton was one of the hated Hanoverian race. But in Reynolds' life, this year is noticeable for his removal from Newport Street to Leicester Square, and his setting up a "chariot." This vehicle, according to Northcote, was decorated in the most elaborate fashion, and was soon well-known all over the town. Not that Reynolds himself had much time for carriage-exercise, or perhaps much inclination for it. But Miss Fanny no doubt enjoyed it, and it was an outward visible sign of the painter's prosperity; for surely if to keep a gig be sign of respectability, to have such a chariot as this must be significant of affluence. Another event in Reynolds' history is that in 1760 for the first time he sends some of his pictures to an exhibition. The Society of Arts opened an exhibition of paintings in April 1760, and to this Reynolds sent four portraits. The experiment succeeded, and after this date annual exhibitions of pictures by

living artists are continuous. Reynolds was not slow to perceive the advantages of this system, both to himself and to Art generally. By collecting together the productions of various artists, connoisseurs were better able to judge of the peculiar merits of each; and Reynolds, who had nothing to fear from comparison with any living rival, would thereby increase his reputation and his income.

Among the portraits that belong to this year are those of Dodsley, the famous publisher, Colman the elder, the Marquis of Granby, Lord Gower, Sir Richard Grosvenor, Admiral Boscawen; and Lady Waldegrave. But perhaps the most striking portrait is one of Nelly O'Brien, a young lady of the Kitty Fisher school, whom Reynolds painted again in 1763. Altogether 1760 brought the painter 120 sitters, though two years before this he had raised his prices, and now charged twenty-five guineas for a head, fifty for a half-length, and one hundred for a whole-length. Clearly his income must have been more than sufficient to have justified the chariot, and the removal to Leicester Square.

The 1761 exhibition was as great a success as the first one. Hogarth contributed no less than seven pictures, among them being "The Gate of Calais" and "The Lady's Last Stake," while Reynolds sent five, including the portraits of Lord Ligonier and of Sterne. The former is represented as a somewhat conventional hero, and the picture attracts us perhaps less than any of the great painter's. But the portrait of Sterne is a masterpiece; we seem to see, in gazing on this picture, what the man really was. The whole attitude, every line of the face, even the set of the wig, all show that Reynolds had fathomed that strange character, had distinguished the sentimentalism of Sterne from true sentiment, had seen the hideous sham, and done his utmost to unmask the living lie. But, cowardly hypocrite though he was, who dares deny rare genius to the author of "Tristram Shandy," and, what is far more uncommon, that perfect humour which against our will makes us almost love the man? There

is no trace of nobility in the face, but there is a something which marks it as belonging to one possessed, whether for good or ill, of talent unequalled. Sterne tells us that the painter refused to be paid for the picture, but desired his acceptance of it as a tribute to his genius. The story may be true, but coming from the source it does, it is at least not above suspicion; and Reynolds, generous as he was to his friends, was not in the habit of paying such substantial tributes to genius, nor would the intimate of Johnson have been altogether dazzled by Sterne.

Besides this great picture, we have in this year portraits of Admiral Rodney, Lord Waldegrave, the Duchess of Beaufort, Miss Cholmondeley, Lord Bath, and innumerable other persons. To the next year's exhibition he sent only three pictures, but all of them important ones:—Garriek between Tragedy and Comedy; Lady Elizabeth Keppel adorning a statue of Hymen with flowers; and Lady Waldegrave clasping her child to her breast. Of the first of these we have already spoken. That of Lady Keppel is emphatically bridal: the dazzling white of her dress, and the statue she is decorating, all point to the fact that she was one of the young queen's bridesmaids. It is one of those charming pictures of the beauties of the day, in which the introduction of a piece of antique statuary lends a wonderful dignity and classical grace to the portrait. The fastidious taste of the realistic school—the pedants of art—may be shocked at the incongruity, but the general verdict that they rank amongst the loveliest works of art ever produced in England will not be much affected thereby. In the other picture we see the marvellous way in which the painter could depict children. The half-shy, half-sly expression, the nestling attitude, the look of apprehension more assumed than real, are all thoroughly characteristic. The mother indeed is beautiful, but our eyes are for the child.

Amongst other portraits for 1762 may be mentioned those of Fox, the Duke of Bedford, Lady Guildford, and the Princess Amelia. But the number of sitters is not quite so great as in

some other years, for the painter found it necessary to take a six weeks' holiday, and surely never was holiday better earned or more enjoyed. With Johnson as his companion he revisited his old Devonshire haunts and his old Devonshire friends. For Reynolds was loyal to his native county if ever man was, and the west country was proud of him. News of his great success had reached Devonshire, and the squire who went up to London made it his first business to arrange for a portrait by Reynolds. In the pocket-books occur over and over again good old western names; Buller and Edgecumbe, Bastard and Parker, all are to be found in the lists of sitters.

Reynolds and Johnson shared the honours of the west between them: from Salisbury to Plymouth their journey was a royal progress. There was nothing to mar the holiday, never was the Doctor in better spirits or more ready to throw off his assertiveness.

At Plymouth they stayed with Reynolds' most intimate friend Dr. Mudge, a man, as Boswell tells us, "not more distinguished for quickness of parts than loved and esteemed for his amiable manners," and here it was they met Zachariah Mudge, a man of most uneuphonious name, but who is worthy of remembrance if he but partly deserved Reynolds' eulogium, that he was "the wisest man he ever met with," or Johnson's magnificent "character," in which he is depicted as a model of the clerical life of the time. This excellent man was painted by Reynolds four years later.

We have no list of sitters for 1763, but we know that to this year's exhibition Reynolds sent four portraits, one of which represented Nelly O'Brien, and another the Earl of Rothes, besides which we have a portrait of the new prime minister, Lord Bute, and one of Jenkinson, afterwards to be known as the leader of the "king's friends," which can be for certain attributed to this year. Again the painter raises his charges. He will not henceforth paint a whole-length portrait for less than one hundred guineas, while even for a "head," 2 ft. by 1 ft.

6 in., he is able to ask thirty guineas. Yet, despite these increased prices, there is no falling off in the number of sitters; the pocket-book for 1764 is as full as ever, and includes almost more illustrious names than any other. Shelburne, Pratt, Granby, the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, the Duchess of Hamilton, Mrs. Abington, Miss Draycote, Miss Horneck, the Duchess of Grafton, the Count of Lippe-Buckebourg, all sat to Reynolds this year. In the exhibition there are only two pictures by him, portraits of Lady Waldegrave and Lady Sarah Bunbury: the former no longer the happy mother, but a disconsolate widow, her husband having but recently died; the latter, the fairest of the fair, now in the second stage of her strange, eventful history. As Lady Sarah Lenox she had made such an impression on the young king that, but for the opposition of ministers, she would have ranked amongst our queens; as Lady Sarah Bunbury she was the wife of a worthless man, from whom she obtained a divorce; and lastly, married to General Napier, she became the mother of two of England's heroes.

But 1764 is more important, or at least more interesting, in Reynolds' life, from having seen the foundation of The Club; and this forms a convenient halting-point, where we can stop for a moment to gather some idea of the men who called the painter friend.

CHAPTER III.

(A.D. 1764.)

REYNOLDS AND HIS FRIENDS.

THE great painter's kindliness and sociability were famous even in his own days, when the social virtues were more cultivated than they are now. The unruffled temper, the gentle sympathy of Reynolds, tended to make him a man of many friends, while his literary and conversational powers were such that he had no need to fear a Johnson or a Burke. Devoted as he was to his art, he was something more than a painter, and it was not for his pictures but for himself that he was valued. Of his introduction to Johnson I have spoken above, and the acquaintance thus begun quickly ripened into a friendship which only ceased with the great scholar's death. To "The Idler" Reynolds contributed three papers, of which hereafter. Johnson as we have seen, was Reynolds' companion in the trip to Devonshire; Reynolds it was who founded The Club, of which Johnson became the Dictator; Reynolds who supported the great man in his feeble years with sympathy and kindly aid, who was present at his dying bed, and to whom Boswell dedicated his magnificent tribute to his departed friend.

For Reynolds Johnson entertained the highest admiration and respect; he was, as he told Boswell, "the most invulnerable man he knew—whom, if he should quarrel with him, he should find the most difficulty to abuse,"—and the painter is the

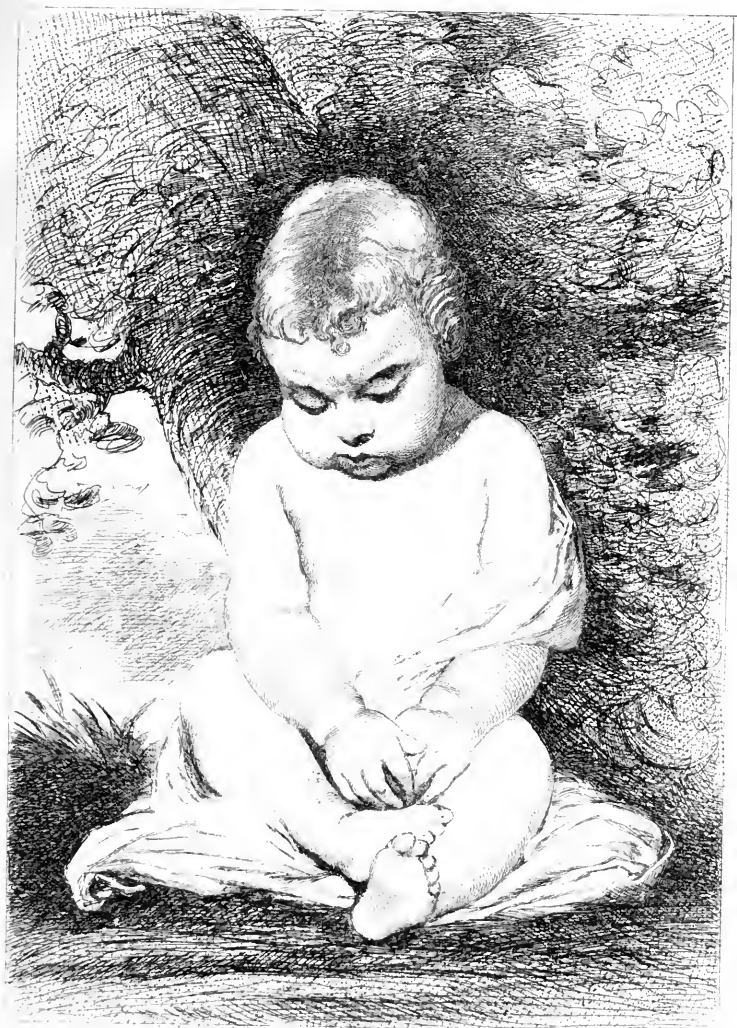
one man in The Club whom the great Chairman never assaults. Once and once only does the veracious Boswell record anything approaching a quarrel between them, and then a soft but dignified rebuke from Reynolds is sufficient to at once bring out Johnson's better feelings, and reconciliation follows before the quarrel has more than begun.

The story is hackneyed, but I cannot resist quoting it here, illustrating as it does so admirably the characters of the two great men. Before 1766 Johnson had enjoyed his glass as much as any member of The Club; but a severe illness in that year compelled him to give up the use of alcohol, and with characteristic unreason he wished to force water-drinking on all his friends. Never did he tire of inveighing against wine, and any one who ventured to argue the point with him got a severe rebuff. Witness the poor man who innocently suggested that at all events drinking made one forget disagreeable things. "Would you not," he mildly inquired, "allow a man to drink for that reason?" "Yes, sir," grunted Johnson, "if he sat next *you*." To such an inveterate hater of wine, even Reynolds' moderation was excess; and on one occasion, when the painter had urged that "to please one's company was a strong motive," Johnson, having no answer ready, retorted rudely with "I won't argue any more with you, sir—you are too far gone." Reynolds' rebuke is calmly dignified: "I should have thought so indeed, sir, had I made such a speech as you have now done." This was enough. Johnson, "drawing himself in, and I really thought blushing," says Boswell, "replies, 'Nay, don't be angry—I did not mean to offend you.'" Yet, good friends as they were, and impatient of any difference of opinion as Johnson was, there were many points on which they held opposite views, nor did Reynolds join in that absurd worship of Johnson which gave oracular value to his every utterance and invested all his opinions with infallibility. He was too clear-headed not to perceive that Johnson's weakness lay in exaggeration and arbitrariness, and though he did not make it his business to argue every point

with the sage, no doubt when Johnson became more than usually dictatorial, the painter "shifted his trumpet," and confined his attention to his snuffbox.

The Club, which owed its origin to Reynolds, used to meet at the Turk's Head, Gerrard Street, Soho, once a week, and originally consisted of but nine members, all of them men well known in the literary world, and most of whom have left a reputation behind them. Chief among these are two whose names must live as long as England has a literature and a history, for they are Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke.

In 1764 neither of them had achieved fame. Goldsmith was known better perhaps as a literary hack than as the author of "The Citizen of the World," the only important work he had as yet produced; but this year was to see the publication of "The Traveller," a poem which Johnson unhesitatingly pronounced to be the finest since Pope's time, and the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield" had already been sold. Gentle as Reynolds himself, simple-minded, careless, extravagant, possessed of a charming pen but a faltering tongue, the sport of fortune, to whose vagaries he patiently resigned himself, childishly vain and easily gratified, this curious medley of characteristics results in a character altogether lovable. And remembering what he has left us, no one will demur to Johnson's dictum, that despite this blemish and that foible, he was a very great man. Ten years only was he a member of The Club, for in the spring of 1774, then only forty-six years old, he breathed his last. Reynolds' inimitable art has prevented the features of Goldsmith from ever being forgotten. Who does not know the famous portrait, which so truly tells the life-history of the man? It is the man himself who is there, as true, as modest, as pure, as Sterne was artificial, vain and base. The nobility of the face, which shows signs of suffering and patient endurance, as well as of tenderness and humour, is the one thing that strikes us. "He was a very great man," and what Johnson said Reynolds painted.





But whatever debt Goldsmith owed Reynolds for this admirable portrait was amply repaid. In his unfinished poem "Retaliation," Goldsmith in a series of epitaphs lightly sketches his friends' characters; praise is of course lavished on all, but the highest encomiums are reserved for Reynolds:—

"Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind,
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland,
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart;
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing.
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

Strange irony of fate, that the writer of the epitaphs should be the first to be taken away!

Burke was also painted by Reynolds, but the portrait is commonplace, and does injustice to the great orator. Not that Reynolds failed to perceive, even in 1766, when the picture was painted, the grandeur of his friend's intellect, but somehow it is not expressed, and the author did far more justice to the painter when, after his death, he wrote his character. That Reynolds eagerly watched Burke's rising fame, that he rejoiced in his successes and sympathised in the neglect he met with only too often, is certain, but I fail to see that there is any ground for believing that Reynolds was an ardent whig. Political passions were left outside The Club; and Johnson, who asserted and believed that "the devil was the first whig," could none the less remain Burke's friend and admirer to the end of his days. And if this be true of such an ardent politician, how much more so is it of the painter, of whom Northcote tells us "that politics never employed his thoughts for a moment"! Party-spirit, it is true, ran high at this time, but it did not prevent social intercourse between

men of the most opposite political sentiments. England was not split into two camps, nor was the question, "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die," put in the eighteenth century more often than it is now.

Burke remained Reynolds' friend to the end of his days, and in his will Sir Joshua, besides appointing him one of his executors, left him a legacy of two thousand pounds, and forgave him a debt of an equal amount.

Besides these illustrious members, The Club as originally constituted included Langton and Beauclerk, men of fashion, but something more than wits and dilettanti, or they would not have gained the friendship of Johnson; Dr. Nugent, whose chief claim to fame is that of having been Burke's father-in-law; Chamier, whose reputation was considerable in his lifetime, and who rose to be an under-secretary of state, but is now only known to students of Boswell. Last, and deservedly last, comes Sir John Hawkins, that most "unclubable" of men, whose enforced resignation became ere long very necessary, if harmony was to be maintained. The Club prospered, and in 1792, the year of Reynolds' death, contained thirty-five members, amongst whom we find Fox and Windham, Boswell and Sheridan, Bishop Percy and Dr. Burney, Malone and Steevens; but of the original nine Burke and Langton alone are left.

Merely to enumerate all the painter's friends would occupy pages; for, as Malone says, "For above thirty years there was scarce a person in the three kingdoms distinguished in literature, art, law, politics, or war, who did not occasionally appear at his table." Sir Joshua's dinners were famous. Twice as many people were asked as could sit round the table, and dinner began at five o'clock whether the guests had arrived or not. As fresh persons came in, the original diners were more and more crowded, and "as for waiting," we are told "it was every man for himself." But if material pleasures were not very great, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" made up for all personal discomfort, and an invitation to dine with

Reynolds was not likely to be refused by any one who had once been present at these convivial repasts.

But amongst all the talent and fashion of the metropolis, Reynolds never forgot his old Devonshire friends. A west-country face was always welcome in Leicester Square, and a Devonshire name sufficient to ensure a hearty reception, and, if need were, sympathy and assistance. On his portrait of Dr. Mudge, Reynolds lavished more pains than on any other, and it takes a very high place among the painter's masterpieces. Northcote was recommended to Reynolds as being a Plymouth boy, and was received by him as a pupil on the most generous terms. To be chosen alderman of his native place was considered by Reynolds one of the highest honours man could aspire to, and when the President of the Royal Academy was raised to the dignity of Mayor of Plympton Earl, then indeed fortune could do no more for him. This feeling of Reynolds has been wondered at and ridiculed, but it is not inexplicable. Every man likes to be a prophet in his own country, every one remembers certain persons (generally officials) whom he regarded with reverence and awe. To the schoolmaster's son no doubt the aldermanship was "a thing of beauty," while the mayoralty was "a joy for ever," and long years of absence had not altogether destroyed this feeling. This gratitude for being chosen to these high offices was so great, that he presented the corporation of Plympton with a portrait of himself, with a request that it might be hung in a good light. In thanking him for the present, the worthy aldermen informed him that it had been "hung between two old pictures, which acted as a foil and set it off to advantage." These "two old pictures" he had himself painted!

Alas! Plympton corporation is no more; the ruthless hand of the municipal reformer has been heavy on it, and the office of which Reynolds was so proud is now as obsolete as that of Bretwalda.



CHAPTER IV.

(A.D. 1765 TO A.D. 1775.)

PORTRAITS: THE ROYAL ACADEMY FOUNDED.

WE return to our chronological sketch, and in 1765 we find that Reynolds sends to the exhibition only two pictures. One of these is again a portrait of Lady Sarah Bunbury, who is now represented as sacrificing to the Graces. The other portrait has no name attached to it. This was a comparatively idle year, the list of sitters is small, and if we except the picture of Lady Sarah, there is nothing worthy of a high rank. It is different in 1766, when we have a much larger number of sitters, amongst whom for the first time we notice the Princess Caroline, Lord Rockingham (the Prime Minister), General Conway, the Duke of Portland, and, last but not least, Angelica Kauffmann. The only lady but one who has attained the distinction of an R.A., and interesting to us as the heroine of a charming story, it must be confessed that her performances as an artist are of no very high calibre. The fact that she and Reynolds painted each other's portraits was sufficient for the gossips to couple their names together, but it would seem that the encouragement the great painter gave her arose rather from his usual kindness than from any deeper feeling.

To this year's exhibition Reynolds contributes four pictures: two fine heroic portraits of the Marquis of Granby and

General Amherst, a group representing Mr. Paine, a well-known architect of the day, and his son, and a semi-allegorical representation of Mrs. Hill as Euphrosyne. Nothing of Reynolds' appears in the 1767 exhibition, for reasons which I shall advert to hereafter, but this year gives us the grand portrait of Dr. Mudge, as well as a carefully painted picture of the Speaker (Sir J. Cust), to whose peruke alone a sitting is given. There is the ordinary number of sitters, including representatives of every class, from the Lord Chancellor and the Duchess of Marlborough to Johnson's black servant and Nelly O'Brien.

In 1768 Reynolds snatches another six weeks' holiday, which he spends in France, in company with Richard Burke. A trip to the Continent was by no means so simple an affair a hundred years ago as it is now. In the diary we find that the first day's journey only brought the travellers as far as Canterbury, and it is eight days before we have the entry "Lay at Paris." The stay in France was spent partly in holiday-making, partly in visiting picture galleries—for which Paris was justly famous. Owing to this holiday and other circumstances, the list of sitters is very small, and perhaps his friend and fellow-countryman, Dunning, then Solicitor-general, subsequently Lord Ashburton, is the only one of the painter's sitters who needs especial remark.

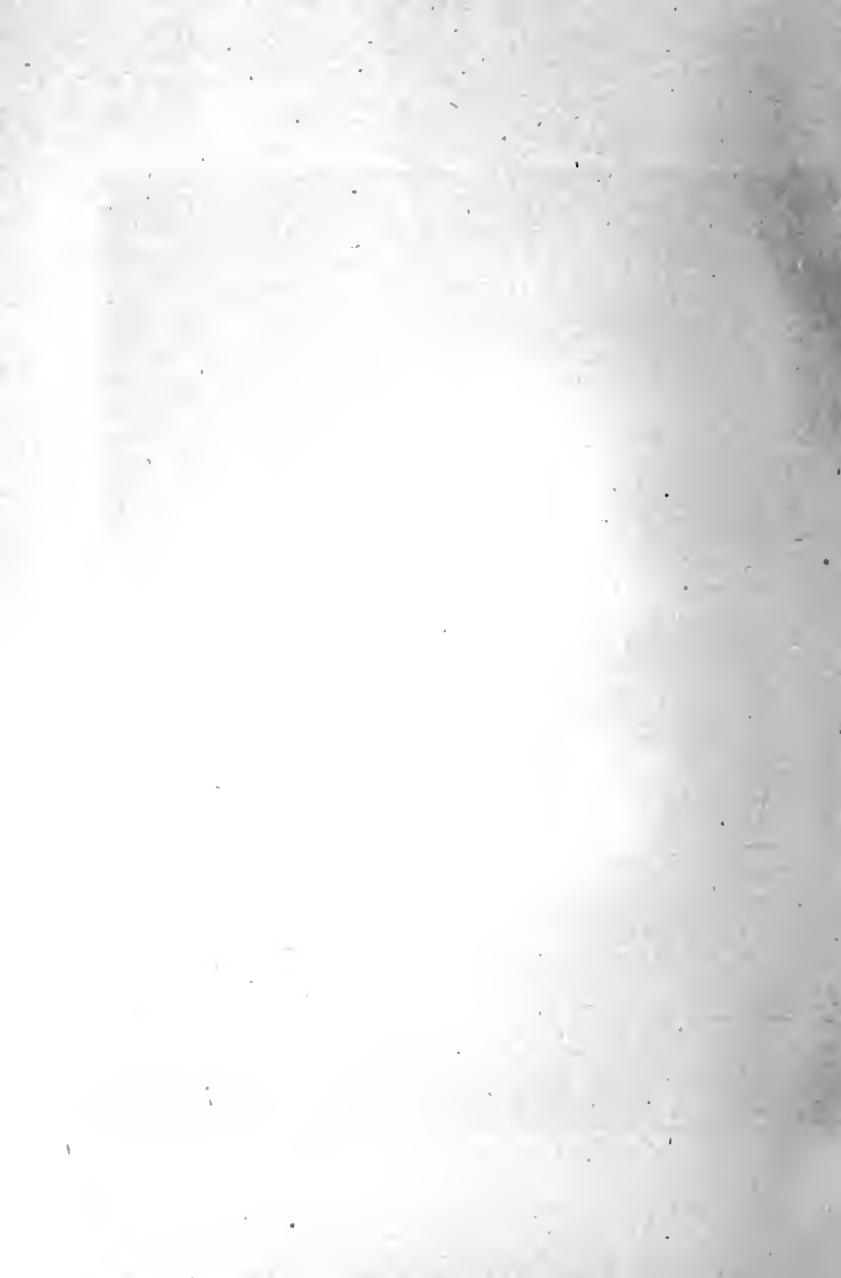
But meagre as this year is, both in the number and importance of Reynolds' pictures, it stands out as illustrious alike in the painter's biography and in the annals of English art, for it was in 1768 that the Royal Academy was founded. Academies for instruction in art were to be met with at this time in all the more important cities of Italy, and the idea of establishing an art school in England was an old one. Almost fifty years before this, Sir James Thornhill had elaborated and laid before the government of his day a scheme for a Royal Academy, but the two first Georges were little likely to do anything to encourage art, and Walpole's contempt for all "unpractical" pursuits is proverbial. Clearly, art must wait for a great change

of feeling before she could hope for more than toleration from royalty. It is true that George III. cannot lay claim to any knowledge of painting, and criticised pictures rather for the subjects they represented, than the style in which they were executed; still he did not profess that absolute carelessness for art that his predecessors had done. He was not unwilling to pose as the patron of the arts, or to associate his name with the establishment of an English School of Painting, nor would his ministers be likely to dissuade him from a course which might possibly lend a sort of reflected lustre to their names. So one great difficulty was got over; and in another most important respect there had been a change since the days of Thornhill. Imagine an Academy founded in 1723. Why, for thirty years, with the single exception of Hogarth, there would have been no artist to exhibit pictures worth the trouble of looking at! The Academy would have perpetuated the inanities of such men as Hudson, and the office of president would have fallen into as great disrepute as did that of poet laureate under Pye and Eusden. It was certainly a most fortunate circumstance that Thornhill's scheme came to nothing, and the foundation of the Royal Academy was postponed till the year of grace 1768.

Mr. Taylor gives us a most valuable account of the successive steps which led to the foundation of the Royal Academy, which he has compiled with great care from various contemporary authorities. From this it appears that the first attempt to establish an Academy was in 1711, when Sir Godfrey Kneller and other artists formed a school for instruction in drawing; and that Thornhill, after the failure of his great project, established an academy at his own house, which he kept up till his death in 1734. This was succeeded by a life-school held in Greyhound Court, Arundel Street, under Mr. Moser, which was joined in 1739 by Hogarth and others, and migrated to Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane, whence, in 1757, it removed to Pall Mall. Meanwhile schemes had been again proposed for establishing a national academy under royal patronage, but



THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS (*in the National Gallery*).



nothing had resulted from them, and the idea was dropped. As we have already seen, the first exhibition of pictures was held in 1760, in the great room of the Society of Arts, and this was so great a success that in the next year the Society of Artists held a second in their own rooms in Spring Gardens. After this the exhibitions are annual, and in 1765 the Society obtains a Royal Charter of Incorporation, and is known as "The Society of Artists." The constitution provided that there should be twenty-four directors chosen annually, who were to elect the fellows. Among the original list of directors we find the names of Wilson, Hayman, Sandby and Moser, Paine and Chambers, the architects, Wilton, the sculptor, and the engraver, McArdell. Thus it might have seemed that at last an Academy had been established on a satisfactory basis. But it was not so. A Society of Artists which did not include Reynolds could hardly be considered in a good way, and the whole organisation of the Society very quickly got out of gear. The charter had given unlimited power to the members, and apparently they spent most of their time in abusing the directors. This state of things got to such a pitch that in 1768 the members refused to re-elect sixteen of the directors, and the remainder resigned their thankless offices very soon after. Thus the management of the Society was left to men possessed of neither experience, reputation, nor talent. But the ex-directors had no intention of leaving matters in this unsatisfactory condition. Headed by Chambers and Moser, they determined to found a rival Society, if possible more directly under the patronage of the Sovereign than the former one, and in which the evils which had proved so fatal before should be effectually prevented. The upshot of their deliberations was that a memorial was presented to the King, in which the establishment of a Royal Academy was sought, and a constitution drawn up in outline. The King seemed very favourably disposed, and no doubt was somewhat ashamed of his connection with the Society of Artists. Early in December the scheme had been

elaborated and approved by the King, to whom a list of officers was to be submitted. It was the universal feeling of the artists that nothing could be done without Reynolds, and a deputation consisting of Moser and Penny called upon him to request his attendance at a meeting which was to be held at Wilton's on December 9th, for the purpose of finally deciding on the officers of the Academy. But Reynolds was cautious of committing himself. Kirby, the new president of the Society of Artists, had informed him positively that the King would have nothing to do with the rival project. West was sent off post-haste, and it needed all his persuasion before Reynolds could be induced to attend the meeting. Meanwhile, the artists who were assembled at Wilton's house knew how much the success of their scheme must depend on the great portrait-painter's co-operation, and there were grave fears that he might continue obdurate. The return of West bringing Reynolds with him was received with delight, and by acclamation it was decided that the first president of the Royal Academy should be Joshua Reynolds. The King at once gave his consent, and the Academy comes into being on December 18th, 1768.

The list of the original Academicians includes the names of Reynolds, Chambers, Moser, Hayman, and Newton, respectively president, treasurer, keeper, librarian, and secretary; Penny, professor of painting, Thomas Sandby, professor of architecture, Wall, professor of perspective, and Hunter, professor of anatomy; the professoriate being increased soon afterwards by the addition of Johnson as professor of ancient literature, and Goldsmith as professor of ancient history, while Delton, the original treasurer of the Incorporated Society, was appointed antiquary. Besides these officers we have Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Cosway, West, Wilson, Zoffany, Nollekens, and Wilton, together with two ladies—Angelica Kauffmann and Mary Moser. Other names, which it is not worth while to enumerate, made up the number to thirty-nine.

In this list two names are wanting which we certainly should

have expected to find there—those of Romney and Gainsborough. It is needless to say that in the omission of these two artists the President's maligners see proof of his jealous disposition. Reynolds, they say, would brook no rival. The accusation is gratuitously false, and can be easily disproved. With regard to Romney, it must be remembered that although he had already won prizes offered by the Society of Arts for the best historical paintings, and had obtained a fair meed of success as a portrait painter, he was in 1768 still a young man, and it might well be thought could afford to wait. Gainsborough should certainly have been included in the first list, but the omission of his name must have been a pure oversight, as in the official catalogue of the first exhibition the initials R.A. are appended to his name. That Romney felt slighted by his name not appearing on the first list is probable, from the fact that he never sent any pictures to the Academy exhibitions, and never sought admission into that body. Canvassing would have been necessary, and to this the shy, proud artist would not stoop. But Gainsborough, though he took little or no interest in the Academy, contributed to the exhibitions with regularity.

The establishment of the Royal Academy has without doubt been extremely beneficial to English art. Its judgment is not infallible: it may have occasionally failed to recognise genius, it may have sometimes given its sanction to mediocrity, its elections may have been influenced by other motives than the interests of art; but with all its failings and shortcomings, it is an institution we are proud of, whose judgment we respect, and which has numbered amongst its members all the greatest names in the history of modern English art.

Early in 1769, the king still further expressed his interest in the new Academy by conferring the honour of knighthood upon its President. As his friend Burke declared, "There is a natural fitness in his name for the title;" and it is as "Sir Joshua" that Reynolds is best known. He was not a man to despise such an honour, though, like the mayoralty of Plympton,

he may have shared it with those who were quite unworthy of any distinction. Like the chariot, it had its value: it showed the public that he was a successful man.

The Academy dinners, so famous in the history of banquets, were instituted by Reynolds, who also imposed upon himself the task of delivering a presidential address every year. Of these discourses I shall speak hereafter. It is only necessary to remark at present, that the imputation that the President got Johnson or Burke to write them for him is absolutely without foundation. Dr. Johnson's indignant disclaimer is surely sufficient to set the matter at rest: "Sir Joshua Reynolds, sir, would as soon get me to paint for him as to write for him."

The first exhibition of the Royal Academy was held in the Society's rooms in Pall Mall, and completely eclipsed all former exhibitions, both in the number and excellence of the pictures.

Reynolds sent four, all of them worthy of high place amongst his portraits. The portrait Miss Morris as Hope nursing Love is particularly exquisite. "Its success," says Mr. Wedmore, "is in a treatment felt, as one looks at the picture, to be so wholly ideal and refined. Nor in its own slight way, even, is the damsel's face—Hope's face,—in this picture devoid of subtlety. There is no touch here of a mother's abandonment, of a mother's joy. Against the child's eagerness stands in contrast the hesitation, the uncertainty, the timidity almost, of the girl." The execution of the picture is perfect: the graceful attitude and the flowing robe give it a beauty of its own; while the sad fate of the lady, who died of consumption while her picture was being exhibited, lends it a tragic interest beyond that of any other portrait. The other pictures of this year are representations of the Duchess of Manchester as Diana, Mrs. Blake as Juno, and portraits of Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Bouverie. In regarding the two first of these pictures we must remember that classicism was the taste of the age. The mythological legends of Greece and Rome appealed to the eighteenth century far more than they do to the present age. It was as natural

then to depict a lady as Venus or Juno, as it was to represent a member of parliament as a Roman senator or a general, or as a Greek hero. Modern dress did not seem to lend itself to painting or sculpture; and although Reynolds was by no means a slave to classicism, it must be recollected that a portrait painter has to consult the wishes of his sitters as well as his own taste. Let us forget that the Diana is the portrait of a Duchess of Manchester, and that Mrs. Blake sat for the Juno, and surely there can hardly be found two lovelier pictures.

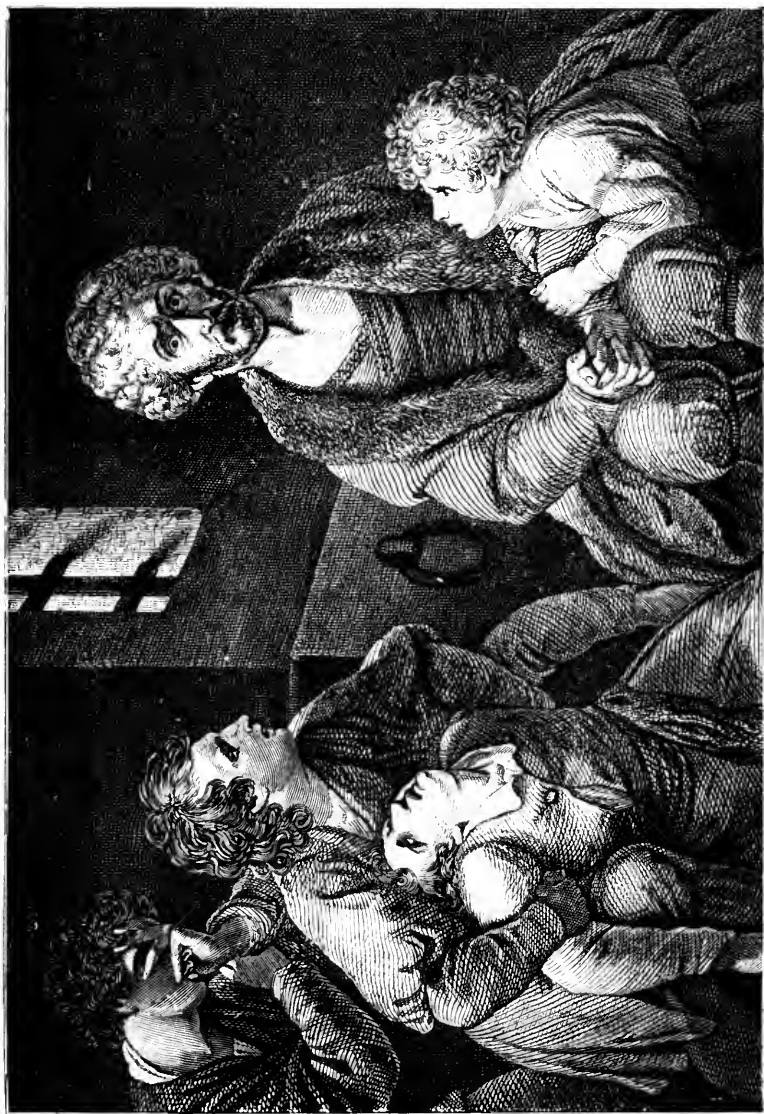
The list of sitters for 1769 is a small one, and the President seems to have found his Academy duties entail a considerable expenditure of time. In October we find only one name recorded, and in the two following months only six. Angelica Kauffmann, Burke, Dr. Hawkesworth, and Colman are among this year's sitters, and we know that Sir Joshua also painted Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith, as well as a portrait of himself, in 1769.

In the 1770 exhibition the portraits of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Colman were exhibited, as well as those of Lord Sidney, Colonel Acland, Mrs. Bouverie, Miss Price, and Lady Cornwallis. Besides these there was a picture of "The Babes in the Wood," who are represented slumbering peacefully in that sleep from which they were never to wake. This picture, Mr. Taylor tells us, "is much faded, but the expression of repose in the principal figure is admirable." Of the portrait of Goldsmith—one of the noblest Reynolds ever painted—I have spoken above. That of Johnson is, if we may judge from engravings, the least satisfactory of any Sir Joshua attempted of his friend. There is a worried, anxious expression on the face, a half suspicious, half nervous look in the blinking eyes, which give it more the appearance of a caricature than an "honest similitude." It contrasts very unfavourably either with the earlier portraits or the later ones, and is unworthy alike of the painter and the subject.

This year the painter takes two holidays. In August he

goes to York, where he spends a few days, probably, as Mr. Taylor suggests, with the poet Mason; and in September he once more revisits the haunts of his boyhood. His "fire-new stamp of honour" does not prevent his being the same genial, pleasant companion he always was. His diary shows how thoroughly he enjoyed himself, how he took his part in field-sports and banqueting with the west country squires, as if such a thing as the Royal Academy were unknown to him. In October he is back again in London, and as usual hard at work. It is true that the number of sitters was comparatively small,—owing, in all probability, to the simple fact that all the chief people in the kingdom had already been painted by Reynolds;—but Sir Joshua is not idle. He has to superintend the Academy schools, and is assiduous as ever in his attendance. He has, moreover, to prepare his discourses, which, from the amount of condensed thought they contain, and the highly-polished style in which they are written, must have occupied no inconsiderable amount of time. And besides all this, he is working at his great picture the "Ugolino," and the king and queen are sitting to him. The latter he had never painted, and the former only as Prince of Wales; and it seems that Reynolds had made it a condition of his acceptance of the presidentship that he should be allowed to paint portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte.

The "Ugolino" is not finished in time for the 1771 exhibition, but Sir Joshua contributes a portrait of an old man, studied from the model who was sitting for the figure of Ugolino, as well as five others, all extremely charming; particularly the portrait of his niece Theophila Palmer, intent on the greatest of English novels, "Clarissa," which in 1771 had not yet been voted tedious and long-winded, but could entrance a simple girl of fourteen like Miss Offy. Nor must we forget that it was in this year that the lovely portrait of the famous actress Mrs. Abington was exhibited. She is represented as "Miss Prue" in *Love for Love*. The graceful archness and spark-



UGOLINO (in the possession of Lord Buckhurst).



ling grace which contemporaries ascribed to the great comedian are all here, as well as the sauciness and simulated coyness which belong to the character. Certainly a painter who could exhibit such lovely portraits as these had little to fear from the rivalry even of Gainsborough, much less from West or Barry. This year sees Northcote, the son of a Plymouth watchmaker, whose parentage was alone sufficient to interest Reynolds, received into the President's house, and it is from his famous biography that we learn most of Sir Joshua's home life and mode of work. Northcote's reminiscences are extremely interesting, and the picture he gives of Reynolds is in itself sufficient to contradict the calumnies of Allan Cunningham; of the meanness and jealousy which the author of "The Lives of the Painters" would have us believe were among Reynolds' most notable characteristics, there is no trace to be found in the pages of Northcote. On the contrary, numerous instances are given of the painter's generosity and liberality. That he was proud of the position he had won, and of the honours bestowed upon him, is true; but it was an honest pride, not that despicable sentiment which makes a man look down on his humbler friends, or desire by fair or foul means to "burke" a rival. Reynolds, as could be abundantly proved, was ever ready to assist a rising genius, and could appreciate the merits of those who entered the lists against him. In the whole of the man's character there is no trace of meanness, no suspicion of malignity. The genial manner, the winning smile, the gentle voice of the great painter were only the outward signs of an unruffled temper and a lovable disposition. Northcote is proud to acknowledge the great debt he owed Reynolds, and frequently speaks of the encouragement he received from him. Read for instance the letter which Northcote has preserved for us in facsimile, and no one can accuse Sir Joshua of envy or even of neglect of rising talent, and remember that after all the contumely Barry had heaped upon him, Reynolds treated that most impracticable of men with studied courtesy and consideration.

It has been sometimes urged that Sir Joshua was not a good teacher, and that none of his pupils became celebrated painters. The somewhat coarse proverb about the silk purse and the sow's ear surely applies to art almost more than to anything else; and besides, it has been remarked by those who are well acquainted with the history of painting, that it is extremely rare for the pupil of any great master to rise to any eminence. The reason is not far to seek. The style of the master will be copied, and his mannerisms exaggerated, till what were trifling defects become insufferable blemishes; the *style* may be there, but the master hand which created the style will be wanting. But was Reynolds a good teacher? It would seem not. That he could discourse excellently on art, could lay down rules for his pupils' guidance, and could point out faults and suggest how they might be avoided for the future—all that is true. But he does not appear to have been a good practical teacher. All his pupils could hope for was the advantage of seeing the great painter at work, and of observing his method, of studying his pictures, and submitting their attempts to his criticism. And I think we must allow that Sir Joshua could not or did not give them much more. Not that he wilfully neglected them, but, busy man as he was, he had not that time to give, or that individual attention to bestow, which is necessary if ordinary talent for painting is to be turned into anything noteworthy. With him pupils were never the drudges that other artists too often made them,—they were his friends and companions; and though Reynolds' studio may not have been quite the best place for learning to become a great artist, the President's society alone was sufficient to compensate with Northcote at least for anything he may have lost (though in reality there was nothing for him to lose) in becoming his pupil.

The magnificent pictures which Sir Joshua contributed to the exhibition of 1772 show that his avowed principle of making each successive portrait better than the last was still being acted upon. Most charming of the six pictures of 1772

is the portrait of Mrs. Crewe as St. Geneviève, the sainted shepherdess. Her head rests upon her hand, and she is gazing intently on her book, while the sheep are grouped in various attitudes around her. There is something so exquisite in the pose, and so wonderfully effective in the drapery, that this picture alone is sufficient to contradict Horace Walpole's hasty assertion, that Reynolds seldom succeeded with women. This criticism is so unfair and preposterous that we feel a natural mistrust of all other critical remarks by *the* dilettante of the period.

That the greatest of eighteenth-century connoisseurs could have ventured to make such an astounding assertion, coupled as it is with lavish praise of Ramsay, is almost enough to shake our faith in all contemporary criticism of Reynolds. More majestic and scarcely less beautiful is the portrait of Miss Meyer as Hebe gliding up the rainbow; and there is a divine charm about the St. Agnes (a portrait of Mrs. Quarrington) with her rapt heaven-turned eyes, and her hand clasping the martyr's palm-branch. We find also in this year's exhibition striking portraits of Hickey, and Dr. Robertson the historian, as well as another study from the Ugolino model, who appears this time as a ruffianly captain of banditti. Six pictures in all, and every one of them remarkable.

This year's exhibition contained Zoffany's famous picture of the Academicians, of which the President is naturally the central figure. He is represented listening to Chambers, apparently with no very great interest, and not unwilling to put down the ear-trumpet which he is now holding. The portrait is not a striking one, but we can forgive this as Sir Joshua has left us so many representations of himself, and the picture is of extreme interest, as it contains portraits of the whole of the original Academicians. The two ladies, indeed, are not present *in propriis personis*, but their portraits are hanging on the wall.

This year it was, as we have already seen, that Reynolds was

elected alderman of Plympton; and the pocket-book shows that he was still busy on the "Ugolino." What a contrast between the Plympton alderman and the painter of the tragedy of Pisa! The great picture was at length finished, and found its place in the 1773 exhibition. It is certainly the grandest picture Sir Joshua ever produced, and it is the one on which his fame as an historical painter must mainly rest. The grouping, the attitudes, the technicalities, are, it is needless to say, perfect; but there is far more than this—there is what Reynolds had never shown himself capable of before—immense tragic power. The story of Ugolino's terrible fate is as tragically told in this picture as in Dante's famous lines. The "fear sunk to despair," and the overpowering grief of the father, as well as an inborn nobility which almost triumphs over agony, and a fierce desire for revenge which gives him something akin to hope,—all these conflicting emotions are expressed in Ugolino's face. That the picture attracted crowds, and converted those who had hitherto asserted that the President was a mere portrait-painter, we can well believe. But despite this great success it is as a portrait-painter that his name lives. Why is this? Are the "Ugolino," the "Nativity," the "Infant Jupiter" and the "Cardinal Beaufort" to count for nothing? Not so; but in the first place his historical pictures are few,—we have more than ten times the number of portraits; and many who have never heard of any of the historical works have gazed with delight on a portrait by Sir Joshua. Again, as a portrait-painter Reynolds is unequalled, as a painter of historical subjects he has many a formidable rival; and so it is that while admitting the grandeur of the "Ugolino," we would rather be without that than that Reynolds had never painted Goldsmith, and we would give up "Cardinal Beaufort" for the sake of another "Miss Penelope Boothby."

But the "Ugolino" is not the only great picture Sir Joshua exhibited in 1773. As if to show that he was equally at home in dealing with the awful tragedy of Dante and the simple



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THE STRAWBERRY GIRL



idyl of child-life, next in the catalogue to the "Ugolino" stands the "Strawberry Girl."

This is the original picture which was often repeated by the painter, "not so much for the sake of profit," says Northcote, "as for improvement,"—and we know from the same source that Sir Joshua pointed out the "Strawberry Girl" as one of his half-dozen really original pictures. And indeed it well deserves the high place its painter assigned to it. The grace and delicacy of the child are not surpassed, and indeed are unsurpassable, even by Sir Joshua himself.

No less than twelve pictures in all were sent by the President to this year's exhibition, and as Gainsborough, owing to a disagreement with Reynolds, refused to exhibit, it is probable that many of these were sent in at the last moment to fill vacant spaces on the walls. In addition to the two great pictures we have mentioned, there were portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, Garrick and his wife, and the Duchess of Buccleugh, as well as another nymph (this time Mrs. Hartley, the actress), and "Bacchus."

Fresh honours await the painter this year. Not only does he become mayor of Plympton, but a more august body—the University of Oxford—confers distinction on itself and him. The list of recipients of honorary degrees this year was large and remarkable. It included Dr. Beattie and Lord Shelburne, besides many other distinguished personages; but Northcote tells us with the honest pride of a biographer that Beattie and Reynolds were the only two to receive either encomiums from the Professor whose duty it was to present the graduates, or extraordinary applause from the spectators. It was in his D.C.L. robes that Reynolds painted himself for the corporation of Plympton, and he was always justly proud of the recognition he had met with from the great University. But Oxford was not the only place he visited this year. He had to go to Plympton to take the necessary oaths, and took the opportunity of visiting once more his old west country friends. Besides these enforced

holidays, he was absent from London in June on a visit to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. The fleet, which had Sir Joshua's old friend Lord Edgcumbe as one of its commanders, was assembled at Spithead and reviewed by the king during Reynolds' visit. At the Isle of Wight his host was Thomas FitzMaurice, Lord Shelburne's brother, and himself a great patron of art. In his company the painter explored that beautiful island, for whose scenery even lovely Devon had not spoiled him.

But holiday-making does not take up all his time. There are numerous sitters, and pictures are commenced which are to rank high in the list of his works; and above all a scheme is proposed by Reynolds which, had it been carried out, would have conferred a lasting boon on all lovers of art—the decoration of St. Paul's by the leading artists of the day. This scheme, which originated with Reynolds, had been carefully debated by the Academicians, and had received the sanction of the King, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of the cathedral, and the Lord Mayor. The painters had chosen their subjects—Reynolds was to paint the Nativity—and all seemed settled, when the unreasoning bigotry of a man who would otherwise have never been remembered—Dr. Terriek, Bishop of London—defeated the whole project. Arguments and persuasion were thrown away upon him; and indeed it was but little use trying the one or the other on a man who declared that while he lived and had the power he would “never suffer the doors of the Metropolitan Church to be opened for the introduction of Popery.” His power in the matter was unfortunately unquestionable, and St. Paul's still remains free from the Popery which, according to the Bishop, it was the design of the Royal Academy to introduce.

Mr. Taylor remarks that entries of dinners this year are greatly increased in proportion to those of sitters. One of these dinners led to the writing of some stanzas, in which we get as true and charming a character of Sir Joshua as in the “Retalia-

tion." Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, was the author, and they appear to have been written in playful apology for a fracas which took place between him and Johnson at the painter's table; though, indeed, the Dean had little to apologise for, as Johnson seems to have attacked him in the most unprovoked manner, asserting, in reply to a most harmless remark of Barnard's—that "after forty-five years of age a man seldom improves"—"I differ with you, sir: a man *may* improve, and you yourself have great room for improvement." The Dean was not a man to be browbeaten in this fashion, and retorted, "On recollection, I see no cause to alter my opinion; except I was to call it improvement for a man to grow (which I allow he may) positive, rude, and insolent, and save arguments by brutality."

The morning after this scene, Dr. Barnard sent Reynolds a copy of verses, in which he humorously admits the need of improvement, and requests his friend Reynolds first of all to assist him:—

"Dear knight of Plympton, teach me how
To suffer with unclouded brow,
And smile serene as thine,
The jest uncouth, and truth severe,
Like thee to turn my deafest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.
Thou say'st not only skill is gained,
But genius too may be attained
By studious imitation.
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll study till I make them mine,
By constant meditation."

The exhibition of 1774 contained no less than thirteen of Reynolds' pictures. The one that attracted most attention was an allegorical one, which represented Dr. Beattie in his D.C.L. robes, with his famous "Essay on Truth," while close beside him an angelic figure is driving off three ill-conditioned objects who stand for Sophistry, Scepticism, and Folly, which the Doctor

is supposed to have utterly vanquished. "The likeness of Dr. Beattie," says his biographer, Sir W. Forbes, "was most striking, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the angel. The whole composition, as well as execution, is in the very best manner of that inimitable painter." Few authors have ever had a higher compliment paid them; though Beattie, perhaps through modesty, refused to take it to himself, and Goldsmith was indignant at what he considered the gross flattery of the picture. "How could you," he asked, "degrade so high a genius as Voltaire" (for one of the vanquished personages resembled and was intended for Voltaire) "before so mean a writer as Dr. Beattie? The existence of Dr. Beattie and his book together will be forgotten in the space of ten years, but your allegorical picture and the fame of Voltaire will live for ever, to your disgrace as a flatterer." A special sadness is given to this criticism when we remember that when the picture he had so condemned was exhibited, Oliver Goldsmith was no more. Probably few felt his death more than Reynolds. Northcote tells us "it was the severest blow Sir Joshua ever received. He did not touch the pencil for that day—a circumstance most extraordinary for him, who passed no day without a line." And the gap could not easily be filled; all that remained was to provide some memorial for his friend, and it is interesting to find that while Johnson composed the stately epitaph, Reynolds it was who selected the place in Westminster Abbey for the monument.

The other pictures by Sir Joshua in this year's exhibition which deserve special notice are the magnificent portrait of Baretti, the graceful and lovely picture of the little Princess Sophia, the exquisite group of Lady Cockburn and her children, in which the famous macaw Northcote speaks of is introduced, and which is noticeable as "one of the only two pictures on which Sir Joshua inscribed his name at length," the fine portraits of young Richard Edgecumbe and Lord Bellamont, and the noble group of the three sisters, Mrs. Beresford, Mrs.

Gardiner, and the Marchioness Townshend, decorating a Temple of Hymen with flowers. Besides these portraits, there is the Infant Jupiter, a vigorous picture, but not equal to the Infant Hercules which he painted some years later for the Empress of Russia.

Gainsborough removed to London in 1774, and very soon attracted numerous sitters. Reynolds' position was, however, too strong to be seriously affected even by so great a rival as Gainsborough, and it is quite in keeping with Sir Joshua's want of anything like envy or jealousy, that he should have taken an early opportunity of calling upon Gainsborough. The latter had, however, not forgotten his quarrel with the Academy, and never returned the visit, nor took any share in the work of the Academy. This was felt by the Council to be such a slight, and so bad a precedent, that in 1775 they resolved to omit Gainsborough's name from their list, and though this motion was rescinded at the General Meeting, it did not tend to improve Gainsborough's feelings towards Reynolds, whom he seems to have regarded as the prime mover in the matter. But jealous and irritable as he was, he was too good a painter and too honest a man not to admit Sir Joshua's great merits, though the compliment was *more suo* bestowed somewhat coarsely. "D—— him, how various he is!" was the comment of the painter who ranks among the highest both in portraiture and landscape.

Nor was Gainsborough the only rival Sir Joshua had to fear. Romney returned from his second visit to Italy in the summer of 1775, and settled down in Cavendish Square, where his studio rapidly became crowded with sitters: indeed, as Thurlow remarked, "There was a Reynolds faction and a Romney faction;" but Romney himself unhesitatingly conferred the highest praise on his rival. "He is the greatest painter that ever lived," he cried in his excitable way; "I see in his pictures an exquisite charm which I see in nature, but in no other pictures." Surely few artists have won such encomiums from their rivals.

Perhaps it is hardly human nature that Reynolds should have been glad of the success of Romney and Gainsborough, but if he was to share his fame with any one, he would have been the first to acknowledge that it was far better that these two great painters should share the town with him, than that he should have been deprived of his sitters by some wretched charlatan who might have degraded English art to the state in which Reynolds found it. But from Gainsborough and Romney there was nothing of the kind to dread: rivals, even supplanters though they might be, the interests of art were safe in their hands. That Sir Joshua could appreciate the former we know from the Fourteenth Discourse, which was devoted to a careful analysis of Gainsborough's style, and in which Reynolds seeks in every way to magnify the merits of his great rival. Of his relations with or opinion of Romney we know nothing; the story which represents Sir Joshua as always alluding to him as "the man in Cavendish Square" is evidently apocryphal, but unfortunately we have no true story to put in its place; and so the matter must rest. There is no longer a Reynolds faction and a Romney faction; each painter has long ago had his true position assigned to him, the one as the greatest of English artists, while the other, though ranking far below him, occupies no ignoble place in the history of portraiture. Another rival, malicious and irritating, but by no means dangerous, was Nathaniel Hone. This man, whose talent for miniature was really considerable, regarded himself as a greater painter than Reynolds, who, according to him, was a charlatan and a plagiarist who stole all his ideas from the old masters, and often spoilt them in the stealing. Starting with this hypothesis, Hone determined to expose Reynolds, and let the public see the true character of this much-vaunted painter. Accordingly, he sent to the exhibition of 1775 a picture which he called "The Pictorial Conjuror displaying the whole Art of Optical Deception." In this painting Reynolds is represented as a conjurer who is clothing the Academic models with garments taken from

well-known pictures which float about the room. The idea is humorous enough, and Reynolds himself never denied that he very frequently got hints as to drapery, attitudes, and grouping from other pictures,—indeed, he prided himself on being eclectic, and defended, nay, advocated, the practice in his Twelfth Discourse. But everything that Reynolds took he made his own; he was very far removed from the servile copyist Hone's caricature would have made him out to be. It is needless to say that the Academy refused to hang the picture; but Hone was not to be prevented from letting the public know the truth about the President, and accordingly held an exhibition of his own pictures, in which the "Conjurer" occupied a prominent position, and no doubt raised many a laugh, without injuring Sir Joshua in the smallest degree.

To this year's exhibition Reynolds sent twelve pictures. The portrait of Dr. Robinson, Primate of Ireland, in half-length, attracted the greatest attention, and Horace Walpole declared that it was the best portrait he had ever painted. The picture is now at Christ Church, Oxford, of which Foundation the Prelate was a distinguished alumnus. It is a wonderfully unconventional portrait: the old man is sitting in the most natural of attitudes, with a book in front of him, from which his attention has been for the moment distracted. It is just one of those portraits which are so thoroughly characteristic of Reynolds: there is that graceful ease, that absence of attitudinising, which Sir Joshua was the first to introduce, and which has ever since his days lent a special beauty to English portraiture. Not quite so original, but more lovely, is the portrait of Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia. It was in 1774 that the town had been talking of the beautiful Miss Linley's marriage with the brilliant Irishman, and when it became known that she was now no longer to sing in public, many raised outcries against what they considered the prudery and jealousy of Sheridan. But he had a staunch supporter in Johnson, who was loud in praise of his noble and unselfish conduct; and here the matter

rested. Mrs. Sheridan did not appear in public any more, but that she was by no means ashamed of her early life is shown by this portrait, in which she takes the form of the beautiful Patron Saint of Song. Besides these, Reynolds painted this year the "Boy with the Cabbage Nets," and Master Crewe as King Henry VIII., though the latter was not exhibited till 1776. What a contrast there is between these two pictures! Master Crewe is evidently determined to look "every inch a king;" he enjoys the fun of the masquerading dress as he stands with his legs wide apart, his hands on his hips and the Order of the Garter conspicuous on his knee. It is the humour of the conception which strikes him as it strikes us—the idea of this little innocent-faced lad representing bluff King Hal. The attitude of the dog who is sniffing inquiringly at the little king is admirable. Can this be his young master? or is it some daring intruder, whom it is his duty to expel? To add, if possible, to the beauty of this gem of humorous art, there is a lovely bit of landscape just visible through the open window. The other boy is very different. There is no masquerade for him,—life is far too serious for fancy dress. His dress is that of an ordinary peasant, and in his hands he clasps the nets he has made, and which he hopes to find a purchaser for. A resolute, determined lad this. His life, one may venture to prophesy, was one of hard work, but of work done cheerfully and well. For his companion he has, in place of the rich man's dog, his little sister, whose look of trustful dependence and admiration, as she leans over his shoulder, are most tenderly portrayed. What a love Reynolds had for children, childless though he was himself! What a marvellous knowledge of their ways, and even of their thoughts! With the peer's son or the beggar's child it was the same. The most fastidious critic finds it impossible to discover faults in these child-portraits: the whole soul of the painter has gone into them, and he is as much at home with the gipsy child as with little Lord Morpeth. As Mr. Stephens well observes, "Reynolds of all artists painted

children best . . . knew most of childhood, depicted its appearances in the truest and happiest spirit of comedy, entered into its changeful soul with the tenderest, heartiest sympathy, played with the playful, sighed with the sorrowful, and mastered all the craft of infancy."

We are apt to think that child-life in the eighteenth century must have been a most dreary thing—the children we read of in "Sandford and Merton" and the "Young Spectator" are indeed fearful and wonderful; they are "*progenies* of virtue;" in other words atrocious little prigs, or thoroughly and despicably bad and mean. There is nothing else. At the beginning of the book one boy is labelled "bad," and bad he remains to the end, the end frequently being a violent one. The other, the good boy, never commits faults, or if he does, immediately repents, and returns to the dreary level of goodness, and closes his career as far as the book is concerned by becoming a worthy gentleman. It is the old story of the industrious and idle apprentices repeated *ad nauseam*. There is nothing merry, lovable, or attractive about the good boy, while the bad boy is such a horrid little beast as to excite little else than disgust; though I am not sure that he is not the better of the two after all. Such is the child-life of the last century as read in books: that it never existed in reality it seems hard to deny; but that it was the ordinary life, Sir Joshua's pictures entirely disprove. His children are not of one age, but of all time. They are true types of childhood in all ages. Graceful and tender,—often, if you like, wilful and petulant, but always gracious and entirely lovable. The miserable formalism of the eighteenth century did no doubt sometimes crush out all that was natural and beautiful in the child's life, did cramp the young mind and fetter the imagination, did its best to grind away all that makes childhood delightful, did produce prigs and scoundrels; but, thank God! its action and its influence was but partial. Nature, strong and vigorous as she is, was too much for Puritanism, and in the whole of Sir Joshua's gallery of child-portraits there

are none who have not a healthy, natural, and unrestrained appearance, so entirely at variance with Puritan principles. An age which could give us such children as Master Crewe, the Cockburns, Penelope Boothby, and "Muscipula," could not have been quite such an artificial age as we are sometimes apt to think. That Reynolds was an abhorrer of artificiality, his pictures alone prove; and Northcote tells us that Sir Joshua always contended that the natural gestures of children were graceful, and that it was the dancing-school which gave them any distortion or unnatural attitudes. Many are the stories which are told of the way in which Reynolds took advantage of any happy incident to get an idea for an attitude. For instance, in the famous picture of the Russell family painted in 1777, by far the most natural and expressive attitude is that of little Lord William, who is represented crouching in terror against the wall. The attitude fits in admirably with the idea of the picture—the victory of St. George over the dragon,—but it was obtained entirely by chance. Lord William was naughty, and would not be painted; and when brought into the room, "huddled himself against the wall in sulky anger and distrust." The painter at once perceived that the boy had unconsciously placed himself in exactly the right attitude, and exclaiming, "Keep where you are, my little man," proceeded to paint him there and then.

In 1775, Northcote, who had been with Reynolds five years, and was now twenty-nine years of age, left him to set up for himself. He met with a fair meed of success, but never became a great painter—lacking originality, and contenting himself with imitating first Sir Joshua, and afterwards Opie. Reynolds' parting words of advice to his pupil betray the conscious pride of the founder of a new school of painting: "Now to succeed in your art, you are to remember that something more is to be done than that which did formerly; Kneller, Lely and Hudson will not do now." Perhaps it was rather unfair to class Kneller, and especially Lely, with such a man as Hudson; but the advice was thoroughly sound, and, compared with



Reynolds, there is not so very much difference after all between the three painters.

Northcote, whose Memoirs of Reynolds must always be the best authority for this period of the painter's life, here makes a pause, and indulges his thoughts in the pleasing recollection of many little circumstances and matters of observation which occurred during the space of five years which he spent in Sir Joshua's company. Some of the anecdotes he relates are trivial to the last degree, but some are so characteristic of Reynolds that they must find a place in any biography of him. Northcote's apology for recording these "trifles" is charmingly modest. He admits that many of the stories might have been omitted, "but," he adds, "as it is all truth, and several of the circumstances are worth preserving, I was unwilling to make myself the judge by a selection, and therefore have risked the danger of giving too many lest I should fall into the worse fault of giving too few." The present writer, however, not having four hundred quarto pages at his disposal, has been compelled to make but a small selection, and must refer the reader for further anecdotes to the veracious Northcote.

"On speaking to him concerning a friend of his who was dying of a lingering disease, for which he was sensible there was no possible cure, it was remarked of this person that his situation seemed to excite in him the utmost degree of impatience and terror, and that he appeared like a criminal under sentence of death. Sir Joshua observed 'that we are all under sentence of death; but that his warrant was signed.'"

"A young painter, who was showing his performance to him in order to have his opinion and instruction upon it, when the faults were pointed out to him excused himself by saying he had committed the error by following the dictates of his employer, whom he wished to please. Sir Joshua would not allow such a reason to be any palliation of his faults, adding, 'It is you who are to understand your own business, not your employer.'"

“Mr. Edmund Burke, when in conversation with Sir Joshua, remarked to him the peculiar advantages which certain situations gave to those who chose to make use of them: ‘For instance, you, Sir Joshua, from your character and the opportunities you have by your profession of being so much in private with persons of the highest rank and power, at moments also when they are at leisure and in good humour, might obtain favours from them which would give you a patronage almost equal to that of a prime minister.’ ‘There is some truth in what you say,’ answered Sir Joshua, ‘but how could I presume to ask favours from those to whom I became known only by my obligations to them?’”

“I have heard him say that whenever a new sitter came to him for a portrait, he always began it with a full determination to make it the best picture he had ever painted; neither would he allow it to be an excuse for his failure to say, ‘The subject was a bad one for a picture’; there was always nature, he would observe—which if well treated was fully sufficient for the purpose.”

Besides these anecdotes, I cannot resist quoting some of the aphorisms which Northcote took down from his master’s lips, many of which are wonderfully epigrammatic.

“Polite behaviour and a refined address, like good pictures, make the least show to ordinary eyes.”

“Grandeur is composed of straight lines; genteelness and elegance, of serpentine lines.”

“Simplicity is an exact medium between too little and too much.”

“A good portrait painter may not be capable of painting history, but an historical painter has for certain the ability to paint portraits.”

“Rules are very necessary to, but will never make a painter, They should be used as servants, and subject to us, not we to them.”

We get a glimpse of Sir Joshua in 1776 from Hannah More.

who revisited London in that year. Her fame as a poetess was then considerable, and her vivacity and simple pleasant manners gained her many friends among the great men of the day. Early in this year she had a private view of the pictures Reynolds was preparing for the Academy, and the criticisms she bestows on them in the letter to her sister are extremely sensible. The religious bent of her mind naturally attracted her to the Infant Samuel and the St. John. "I wish," she writes, "you could see a picture Sir Joshua has just finished of the prophet Samuel on his being called. 'The gaze of young astonishment' was never so beautifully expressed. Sir Joshua tells me that he is exceedingly mortified when he shows this picture to some of the great—they ask him who Samuel was. I told him he must get somebody to make an oratorio of Samuel, and then it would not be vulgar to confess they knew something of him. . . . He has also done a St. John that bids fair for immortality. . . . I love this great genius for not being ashamed to take his subjects from the most unfashionable of books."

But art-critics of the present day have not endorsed Hannah More's eulogium. They assert, and with a certain degree of truth, that Reynolds was not a religious painter,—all his faces are of the earth earthy, there is nothing ethereal about them. The Holy Family has nothing more divine about it than the Bedford Family has; the Nativity is not the great miraculous birth which is to alter the whole destiny of mankind. This may be granted, but still one must allow that, from the point of view of religious fervour, these are the worst pictures that Reynolds ever painted, and that it is not fair to class the Infant Samuel and the Moses in the Bulrushes with them. To my mind, the Samuel in particular is thoroughly typical of English religious ideas, and is precisely the picture we should expect from the most national of our painters. England could never produce a great religious painter, for what religious enthusiasm there is in the English character has always taken an

entirely opposite direction. The preacher, not the painter, the philanthropist, not the ascetic, the statesman, not the mystic, are the types of English religious life. Raphael, Correggio, even Murillo, rank very far above Reynolds as sacred painters; but in what a different world of thought did they live! England could no more have produced them than she could have given birth to St. Francis or to Dante. And it is just because it is such a genuinely English picture, that the *Infant Samuel* has always enjoyed such popularity. A severe critic of Reynolds as a religious painter allows this, and, curiously enough, uses it as an argument against the picture. "*The Infant Samuel*," says Mr. Stephens sneeringly, "turns up everywhere in England, has been engraved under more names than any of Reynolds' pictures, and is to be seen in every country;—tawdry coloured lithographs from Berlin; steel-plate impressions from Vienna; Parisian etchings of the commonest order; English woodcuts, lithographs, copper-plate engravings, and every other means of reproduction have been employed for it; it has appeared even on anchovy and jam pots." True enough,—but what does this prove? As far as the argument amounts to anything, it seems to mean that the more popular a picture is, the worse it must necessarily be. With critics of this school the old proverb is reversed, and it is "*Vox populi, vox diaboli*." Personally, I prefer the notion which attributes a diviner origin to popular sentiment. To my mind, the *Infant Samuel* is the outcome of the best type of English religious sentiment, and I trust it will long continue to enjoy its present popularity. And, after all, is it natural to expect anything very ethereal, very divine in an *Infant Samuel*? True, he had been set apart for the service of God,—true, he had a mighty destiny; but was he conscious of anything to distinguish him from the other boys who attended on the high-priest? He is ignorant whence the voice that calls him comes, or at most the idea of a divine message is only just beginning to dawn upon him. In the case of the *Madonna* it is very different, and both in



THE HOLY FAMILY (*in the National Gallery*).

the Nativity and the Holy Family I freely admit that Sir Joshua has entirely failed,—indeed, I hold the former to be in many ways by far the worst picture he ever painted,—but I cannot allow that the criticisms which apply to the portraits of the Virgin or the Infant Saviour apply at all to those of Moses or Samuel.

While on the subject of Reynolds' sacred pictures, I will allude to the "Child Angels," although this picture was not painted till 1786. As is well known, it consists of simply five different representations of the same face—that of Frances Gordon. The perfect loveliness of the picture is beyond dispute. "But," say the critics, "where is that seraphic expression we look for in angels?" These are human faces, it is true, but can you imagine any purer, more innocent, more gentle faces? What ideal can he have who demands more than this? The whole question, in fact, resolves itself into one of sentiment, and I for one am perfectly content to accept these faces as those of the most lovely beings God ever created.





CHAPTER V.

(A.D. 1776 TO A.D. 1783.)

DILETTANTI SOCIETY—FIRST ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE 1776 pictures are very fine. In addition to the Master Crewe, we have a portrait of the lovely Duchess of Devonshire, and a magnificent half-length of Lord Temple; Master Herbert as Bacchus (another of these quaint masquerading portraits), Omiah the Otaheitian, and the very fine picture of Mrs. Montague, besides two studies of children, one of which is styled *The Child Daniel*, but is in reality the Samuel which Hannah More so greatly admired, the other representing the Young St. John. Concerning Omiah, Mr. Taylor gives much amusing information, and relates how he was brought over to England by Captain Furneaux, and at once became the greatest "lion" of the day,—how his polished and gentle bearing charmed every one, and how he was fêted wherever he went. The portrait is a very fine one: Omiah is to Reynolds the wild noble savage, and as such wears an intensely unrealistic but very becoming costume, which, contrasting as it does with his swarthy face, has an extremely good effect. The portrait of Garrick, which also finds a place in this year's exhibition, is a masterpiece: it is one of those living representations which seem to tell one at a glance what the sitter was. The mobility of feature and the bright keen eyes mark the man as having been either a great actor or a brilliant

orator, while the vigour of the frame and the resoluteness of the attitude bespeak a man of great power and great endurance,—and such Garrick was throughout his career, which was now coming to an end. That two of Reynolds' finest pictures should have been portraits of Garrick is very interesting, for, as has been well remarked, their characters and careers were not altogether dissimilar. "Both had broken loose from a dreary, artificial, monotonous school of copyists, and reverted to the freshness, the spirit, and variety of nature. Both had joined unwearied study to intuitive genius. . . . Both had advanced the dignity of their callings by their morals, their manners; their intelligence and social charm, as well as by their transcendent excellence in their professions. . . . Both had risen from poverty to wealth, both were accused by the malignant of avarice, and both united generosity to prudence."

We have no list of sitters for 1776, but Mr. Taylor has transcribed from the price-book a list of the pictures paid for this year, which shows that, despite the rivalry of Gainsborough and Romney, not to mention painters of less merit, Reynolds was able to adhere to his charges, and obtained a hundred guineas each for his Samuel and St. John.

In 1777, Sir Joshua, who held the position of Painter to the Dilettanti Society, commenced his famous portraits of the members of that Society, which consist of two groups of seven persons each. The word "Dilettante" has been much abused, and has fallen from its high estate, till it has got to signify little more than a dabbler and an idler. But the Dilettanti of Reynolds' portraits are far more than this, as the names of Henry Dundas, Lord Mulgrave, Payne Gallwey, and Stanhope are sufficient to prove. They were all of them connoisseurs of no mean order,—all of them actuated by a real love of art, and a desire to encourage it. They undertook the publication of valuable works, they established studentships to enable young artists to proceed to Italy, and in numerous other ways acted as beneficent patrons. The portraits were not completed till

1780, but the Society was fully repaid for the time it had to wait. The likenesses appear to be excellent, the grouping (no easy matter in such cases) is very effective, and the pictures show that Sir Joshua was thoroughly conversant alike with the characters of the different members, and the objects of the Club. The picture of the Marlborough Family belongs to this year, and (an unusual circumstance) was not painted in Sir Joshua's studio. This great picture seems to have occupied Reynolds a very considerable time. He appears to have been at Blenheim the whole of August, and again in November, and every detail is elaborated with the greatest care. And the sitters were worthy of the artist. Rarely do we find such an amount of personal beauty in a family group: the Duke and Duchess were strikingly handsome, and they transmitted their good looks to all their children, six of whom appear in this picture. The grouping is admirable, the individual figures excellent, and the classic surroundings most effective. If we must criticise this grand work of art, I should be inclined to object to the do-nothing attitudes of most of the group. The only "action" in the picture is in the child who holds the mask in front of her face, to the terror of her little sister, and the indignant astonishment of the dogs. This idea was, it is said, suggested to Sir Joshua by some such incident as that which determined the attitude of Lord William Russell in the Bedford group, and is most effectively worked out.

The Marlborough picture was sent by Sir Joshua to the exhibition of 1778, together with a fine half-length of the Archbishop of York, and two other portraits. Mr. Taylor tells us what a narrow escape the great picture had just before it was exhibited. Sir Joshua goodnaturedly lent it to a young artist of the name of Powell to copy. Now Powell was unfortunately in debt, and one fine morning the bailiffs paid a visit to his room. The artist escaped, but "the picture was seized by the creditor, who determined that the best way of making his money out of it would be to cut out the heads, and the dogs,

and sell them separately. Luckily, Sir Joshua heard what was in the wind, and Ralph Kirkley (Reynolds' servant) was sent with a cheque to redeem the picture."

The lovely picture of Mrs. Payne Gallwey (whose husband figures in the Dilettanti groups) with her child riding "pick-a-back," belongs to this year. The little girl clings to her mother's shoulder, half afraid of tumbling, but all the while proud of her lofty position, while the mother supports the baby with her hands, and seems to enjoy the fun of being painted in this attitude. The landscape is very beautiful, and is another proof of the folly of regarding Reynolds merely as a portrait-painter. It is true we have scarcely a landscape *pur et simple* from his brush, but the backgrounds of his pictures show that had he entered the lists he need not have feared comparison in this style of art even with Wilson or Gainsborough.

A considerable portion of this year was taken up with the "Nativity" and the "Virtues," which were designed for the west window of New College Chapel, Oxford. Of the Nativity I have already spoken—it is not a great picture. The grouping is of course good, but the unity of the picture is destroyed by the angel (a very substantial one), who is flying above the central figures. The original picture has perished by fire, and the tracery of the window fortunately hides this great blemish. The Seven Virtues beneath are as lovely as anything Sir Joshua ever painted, and are well worthy of the noble chapel of William of Wykeham. The central figure of Charity is particularly striking, and affords an instance of the truth of the dictum that Reynolds is at his best when painting children. The motherly tenderness of Charity, for which Mrs. Sheridan sat, is even surpassed by the clinging, trustful children whom she is protecting.

Next year, 1779, is memorable for the trial and triumphant acquittal of Reynolds' old friend, Keppel. In gratitude for the professional assistance he received from Dunning, Erskine, and Lee (who were the counsel for the defence), and the sympathy

bestowed on him by Burke, the Admiral had four portraits of himself painted by Sir Joshua, and presented them to his friends. The King and Queen also sat to the President this year, it being the desire of the Royal Academy that their portraits should hang in the new rooms in Somerset House.

Miss Monckton, the great heiress and blue-stocking, was among the sitters for 1779, and it is wonderful how Sir Joshua has lent a charm and almost a beauty to this extremely plain young lady. The attitude is graceful, and one well-nigh forgets the unattractiveness of the face in the loveliness of the *entourage*, while the attitude cleverly conceals the clumsiness of her figure.

More than one of Reynolds' friends pass away in this year. His old master, Hudson, bad painter as he was, was no doubt sincerely mourned by the great painter. What thoughts must have crowded on Reynolds' mind when he heard of Hudson's death! How he must have looked back to the days when his ambition had been to tread in his footsteps! How he must have marvelled at the state of art which had allowed Hudson to occupy the high position he did! And with all this there must have been mingled a sincere gratitude to that man from whom he had learnt the first principles of his art, and without whose generosity he would never have become a painter.

But however Sir Joshua may have mourned Hudson, his greatest grief this year must have been at the almost sudden death of Garrick—his Club-companion and intimate friend, and whose character he has so clearly portrayed both with pen and pencil. There is something, I think, of pathos, in the simple entry, "Mr. Garrick," which occurs in the pocket-book under February 1st. It was on that day that the great actor was borne to his last resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

From Miss Burney's Diary we get many extremely interesting anecdotes of Reynolds at this time. She ranked as one of his intimates; and gossip, never tired of marrying the bachelor, coupled their names together. I can do no more than allude to this charming book, from which space forbids my quoting; but

to every one who wishes to get a clear idea of society during the latter part of the eighteenth century, the perusal of the memoirs of this accomplished and vivacious authoress is so necessary, that I omit quotation with less compunction.

In 1780 Reynolds painted for Horace Walpole the beautiful group of the Ladies Waldegrave—a picture well worth the eight hundred guineas which is said to have been paid for it. It is indeed as charming a picture as any of the great master's: the beauty of the sisters seems to be enhanced by the air of sadness in their faces. All three had been destined brides this year, but in each case the engagement had come to an untimely end. Very different, but equally striking, is the admirable portrait of the "Luminous Gibbon," which appeared in this year's exhibition, whither the President also sent the design for "Justice" in the New College window, a lovely portrait of Miss Beauclerk, as "heavenly Una," a full-length of Prince William of Gloucester, and three other portraits.

This exhibition was the first held in Somerset House, where the Academy now had a local habitation more worthy of the importance it had attained to than its former humble abodes. I quote the following description of the rooms occupied by the Academy from a contemporary source—the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May 1780:—

"The right wing of the buildings is appropriated to the Royal Academy. The exhibition room of sculpture and drawings is on the ground floor; it is plain and unornamented. . . . The library is on the first floor. It is a small room, but elegantly ornamented with a painted ceiling. The centre represents *Theory*,* by Sir Joshua Reynolds. She is described sitting on a cloud, darting her eye through the expanse, and holding a scroll in her hand on which is written, 'Theory is the knowledge of what is truly nature.' This piece possesses a most beautiful lightness, and the figure seems rather to hover

* Theory is not here opposed to practice, but is the Greek *θεωπλα*, a looking at, and so generally, science, speculation.

in the air, than to have any settled seat. In the Coves are also emblematical pieces representing *Design*, *Character*, *Commerce*, and *Plenty*, by Cipriani. Over the chimney is a bust of *His Majesty*, by *Carlini*. It is a strong, expressive likeness. Under the bust is a *basso relievo* of *Cupid and Psyche*, by *Nollekens*, which is delicately executed. . . . The *Lecture Room* is spacious, elegant, and well-proportioned. The ceiling is painted in compartments, and the style does honour to the genius of Sir *William Chambers*. The centre compartment represents *The Graces unveiling Nature*. And the four next to it are *The Elements*. These emblematical pieces are the productions of Mr. *West*. In four small circles are the heads of ancient artists, *Apelles*, *Archimedes*, *Apollodorus*, and *Phidias*, by *Biaggi*. At each end of the ceiling *Angelica Kauffman* has exerted her very utmost powers. The pieces represent *Genius*, *Design*, *Composition*, and *Painting*. . . . In the end of the room fronting the door we are struck with two noble pictures of *their Majesties*, by Sir *Joshua Reynolds*. The *King* is sitting in the coronation chair in *Westminster Hall*, with all the insignia of royalty. The *Queen* is also drawn sitting in the chair of state, and drest in her royal robes. In the right-hand corner of the room there is a most beautiful picture of *Samuel and Eli*, by Mr. *Copley*. . . . Over the door of the exhibition room there is a painting in *basso relievo* of the *Heads of their Majesties*, in a medallion, supported by *Design* and *Painting*. And on the top of the door we read the following motto, imitated from that of *Pythagoras* :

‘οὐδεὶς Ἄμουρος Εἰσέρω.’

‘Let none but Men of Taste presume to enter.’

The grand exhibition room is noble and spacious, measuring about sixty feet by fifty. It is very judiciously lighted by four arched windows, which distribute an equal light over the whole. The ceiling is painted with a tender sky, and has a very good effect. . . . On the whole, there is a taste both in the contrivance and execution of the plan of the rooms which does

high honour to the artist; and even without the paintings they would be worthy the admiration of the public."

The opening of the new rooms seems to have produced a race of art critics whose observations are quoted by Northcote, and at greater length in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1780. As usual, there was the optimist and the pessimist critic: the former is astonished at the rapid progress of the Academy, which "has already made Britain the seat of arts; and in painting, sculpture, and engraving it rivals, if it does not excel, all the other schools in Europe." The other critic takes a more gloomy view, and while appreciating Reynolds, both as a painter and an art-teacher, cannot but perceive a mortifying disparity in the best of these pieces in the late exhibition when placed in competition with the works "of ancient Greece and Rome, or of the modern Italian or Flemish schools."

Without endorsing the opinions of either of these learned critics, we may content ourselves with noting the difference between the state of English art in 1753, when Reynolds came to London, and the position it had attained in 1780. An enumeration of names is sufficient. In 1753 England had to be content with Hudson and Ellis, Pine, Cotes, and Hayman; in 1780 she could boast of Reynolds and Gainsborough, Copley and West, Wright, Wilson, and Romney.

But we must pass on, merely noting by the way that the exhibition, whatever its merits, was a great pecuniary success, more than £3000 being taken at the doors. The year 1780 saw London for a whole week given up to the insane fury of a mob, led by the half-crazy fanatic Lord George Gordon. The scene must have been enough to try even Sir Joshua's equanimity, and no doubt he was glad to escape from the turbulent city and pay his long-promised visit to Lord Darnley at Cobham. Nor was this his only holiday. In July he is at Cheveley with the Duke of Rutland, in August he visits Keppel, and in September once more re-seeks his beloved Devon, where he still finds many old friends to welcome him.

In 1781 he goes further afield, and in company with Mr. Metcalfe makes the tour of the Low Countries. The "Notes" he made during this trip were published after his death, and are valuable, not only for the art-criticisms they contain, but the interesting descriptions of the country and the manners of the people. Sir Joshua's keen eye detected the grave faults of Rubens and his school, but candidly admitted their wonderful technical skill, and aptly remarks that young painters could nowhere learn the rudiments of their art better than from the Dutch school. That Reynolds should have failed to appreciate Rembrandt is not surprising. Titian was his ideal master: he would willingly have ruined himself, he told Northcote in an unusual burst of enthusiasm, to possess one really great picture by Titian—and Rembrandt and Titian are as the poles asunder. The magnificent effects which the great Dutch painter produced were thrown away on the admirer of a school which scarcely did more than recognise the existence of *chiaroscuro*.

The visit to Holland was a very pleasant one. The fame of the English painter ensured every facility being given him of seeing the picture-galleries, and the President of the Dutch Academy was proud to act as his *cicerone*. So much was there to be seen, and so much hospitality to be received, that the travellers were absent nearly two months, and even then sight-seeing and hospitality were not exhausted, and two years later Sir Joshua paid another visit to Flanders.

The exhibition of 1781 contained no less than fourteen pictures by Reynolds. Chief among these is the lovely group of the Ladies Waldegrave, though the portrait of Master Bunbury is perhaps more characteristic of the master. The child (a son of Goldsmith's Miss Horneck) is a charming specimen of eighteenth-century boyhood as he leans against the mossy bank, his hair falling idly over his face and shoulders, and his hands resting on his thighs. He seems to be earnestly watching the painter who is reproducing him on the canvas: there is a look in his eyes as if he was longing

to rush forward to have a look at the picture, and see if it is really like him ; but he has promised to keep still and be good, so he controls himself. For some reason or other the picture remained in Sir Joshua's possession, and in his will he bequeathed it to the boy's mother. But not only do we find in this exhibition the lovely maidens and the high-spirited lad : to this year belongs "The Sleeping Child," scarcely less lovely than the other pictures. Wonderfully natural is the quaint attitude of the baby as it hangs one hand over its cot in its dreamless slumber, while through the open window we catch a glimpse of a fair landscape which shows that it is the mid-day sleep of the child the painter is depicting. The historical picture of the year, Dido, is not impressive. It is too stagey and melodramatic, and altogether is one of the least satisfactory of Sir Joshua's pictures. It is certainly surpassed by the Thais, painted as Dryden represents her with a flambeau in her hand, when she "led the way . . . and like another Helen, fired another Troy."

Among the portraits, those of Dr. Burney, the author of "The History of Music," and Lord Richard Cavendish, are the best. Two more of the New College "Virtues" are exhibited this year—"Fortitude," with the lion by her side, and "Temperance," holding a mirror in her hand. As an illustration of that generosity which Allan Cunningham denied to Reynolds, it is perhaps worth while inserting a letter of thanks from Johnson. Mr. Taylor conjectures that it refers to Mauritius Lowe, the Doctor's godson, "an improvident and helpless man," who, despite Johnson's repeated efforts on his behalf, failed to become either a respectable painter or a respectable member of society. Be this as it may, the letter is wonderfully characteristic alike of the writer and the recipient, and it is a fortunate circumstance that it has been preserved :—

"Dear Sir,—It was not before yesterday that I received your splendid benefaction. To a hand so liberal in distributing, I hope nobody will envy the power of acquiring. "I am, dear Sir, yours, etc.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

My space is limited, otherwise I should like to give my readers another letter—this time from Sir Joshua to a favourite niece “Offy,” whom we may remember as the original of “The Strawberry Girl.” She was this year married to Mr. Gwatkin, and on this occasion received congratulatory letters from her uncle and Burke, for which I must refer my readers to the pages of Messrs. Leslie and Taylor.

Sir Joshua had now arrived at an age when each year witnesses the death of some friend and companion, whose vacant place can never be filled by a new acquaintance. Goldsmith, Beauclerk, and Garrick were gone; and this year Thrale—the worthy brewer whose chief, indeed only title to fame is through his wife and his friends—dies suddenly, and the pleasant house where “all the wits of the town” had so often met is shut up.

In the list of sitters we find the name of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, whom Reynolds appears to have portrayed only too faithfully, thus earning for himself from that great master of abuse the character of “a great scoundrel and a bad painter,” which, however, like many other dicta of that wisest-looking of men, posterity has, curiously enough, refused to endorse.

In 1782 Sir Joshua painted Mrs. Robinson, better known as “Perdita,” whose affection for the Prince of Wales sheds some little romance over “the first gentleman in Europe;” a little boy whom history knows as Beau Brummell, but who was then scarcely more than an infant; and the eccentric genius Beckford. Besides these, the other noticeable picture by Reynolds in the exhibition was a portrait of Mrs. Baldwin, the wife of the British Consul at Smyrna, “seated on cushions in the eastern fashion, and habited in Greek costume.” It is pleasant to have to record that this exhibition seems to have brought about a *rapprochement* between Reynolds and Gainsborough. It was in 1782 that Gainsborough exhibited his famous “Girl and Pigs,” which he modestly valued at only sixty guineas. The President, at once perceiving its striking merits, became himself the purchaser, but insisted on paying

a hundred guineas for it. This led to a request from Gainsborough that he might be allowed to paint Sir Joshua's portrait; accordingly in the winter Reynolds sat to him, but an untoward event prevented the completion of the picture, for after the first sitting Sir Joshua had a somewhat severe paralytic stroke, which necessitated his immediately hurrying off to Bath, then at the height of its fame as the resort alike of health-seekers and pleasure-seekers. Here he remained for a fortnight, and appears to have thoroughly recovered his health, but the sittings to Gainsborough were not resumed. Probably Reynolds found arrears of work waiting to be finished, and there was no time for him to sit to any one, or it may be that Gainsborough's friendliness had evaporated by this time.

If Art suffered a loss this year by the death of Richard Wilson, that most neglected of men, whose entreaties were scarce sufficient to induce the public even to look at his pictures in his lifetime, and whose true position has only gradually and grudgingly been recognised, there was a counteracting advantage to him from the fact that the exhibition of 1782 was the first in which the name of Opie appears. This self-taught genius came up to London in company with the bold lampooner Dr. Wolcot, better known under his *nom de plume* of Peter Pindar. This worthy was a fellow-countryman of Sir Joshua's, and in his "Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians," which he published this year, the President receives the highest praise—but judiciously mingled with subtle criticism. His verse runs smoothly enough, and the whole poem is full of humorous hints at the various painters of the day, by a man who had a sound and thorough knowledge of the principles of Art. His concluding verse on Reynolds runs thus:—

"Yet, Reynolds, let me fairly say,
With pride I pour the lyric lay
To most things by thy able hand exprest—
Compared to other painting men,
Thou art an angel to a wren."

This year Sir Joshua's old friend Mason, once esteemed a poet, now known to be a poetaster of the feeblest type, produced a translation of Du Fresnoy's "Art of Painting," a work of no great merit either for matter or style, and which owes whatever fame it has to Reynolds having supplied some interesting notes, which admirably illustrate the principles laid down in the Discourses; and certainly Mason was too extravagant in his praise when he speaks of these notes pouring "on Fresnoy's rules a fuller day."

Early in 1782 Moser, the Keeper of the Academy, died, and Reynolds as President composed an obituary notice. An honest, kindly old man he would seem to have been, more distinguished as a metal-worker than a painter, an admirable disciplinarian, who could "keep order in the Academy, and make himself respected, without the austerity or importance of office," and such a good man of business that all the societies he belonged to "always turned their eyes upon him for their treasurer and chief manager." He plays an important part in the attempts which preceded the foundation of the Royal Academy, and forms an interesting link between Thornhill and Hogarth, and Reynolds and Opie.

Many stories are told which illustrate the readiness of Sir Joshua to assist rising genius, but perhaps none is more striking than the one which recounts the pains he took to advance Crabbe, who had come up to London with his poems ready to be published; and only waited for the patron—a necessity to every literary man in the eighteenth century. He had at length found this patron in Burke, who was not a man to do things by halves, but at once introduced him to Reynolds. The painter proved a firm friend to the young poet, frequently invited him to his house, and submitted one of his poems, "The Village," to Dr. Johnson. The literary dictator praised it highly, Dodsley agreed to publish it, and the poet's fame was assured.

The exhibition of 1783 contained no great picture by Sir Joshua, and his friends began to fear that he had already passed

his zenith, and that his paralytic attack had prevented his ever producing again a really great picture. Mortifying this must have been to the President, who would have been the first to own that he was but poorly represented in the exhibition; and particularly galling at a time when his rival and inveterate enemy, Barry, was attracting crowds and gaining immense reputation by the exhibition of his designs for the decoration of the Society of Arts' Room. Posterity has endorsed the opinion of the best critics of the day, and places Barry's designs on a far lower level than Reynolds' historical pictures; but for the moment the good sense of the public deserted it, and eager crowds asserted that Barry's incomparable genius would now at length be acknowledged. And indeed there was something very noble in the manner this uncouth, ignorant, and passionate man had worked. Nothing could daunt him; nothing make him alter his style by a hair's breadth. He might have acquired a fortune as a portrait-painter, but he would be content with nothing less than the "grand style." History or allegory, treated with the most rigid classicism, was all he would attempt. So for years he goes on, neglected by the public, often with scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, but never relaxing his efforts, never swerving from his determination. And now he has his reward. Nor would we grudge it him, false as we know his principles to have been, but for the unmeasured abuse and the libellous scurrility with which he attacked the gentlest and sweetest of men. With Barry, Reynolds is a quack and a hypocrite, who used his position to crush his rivals,—a mean, avaricious man, whose despicable character was mirrored in his tawdry and worthless pictures. It is the old story of the unsuccessful man using every means, fair or foul, to pull down the hated rival from his pinnacle of fame; and the result is always the same: the great man remains firm and placid amidst all the rude and bitter assaults, while the rant of the libeller is scattered to the winds and remembered no longer.

Once only did Barry wring from Reynolds anything like a response, and this half in banter. "It is a very bad state of mind to hate anybody, but I fear I do hate Barry," Sir Joshua remarked to Northcote; but no other notice was taken of this Ishmael of painters. In 1782 he was elected to the Professorship of Painting at the Academy, when, instead of aiming at instruction, he seems to have regarded his new position as giving him fresh opportunities for abuse of all his rivals, and attacks on the "wretched business of face-painting." A strange being, surely, for when he finds that the President does not deign to answer him, he not only ceases to attack, but actually in Sir Joshua's dispute with the Academy gives him his support, and after his death lauds to the skies the man he has reviled, and the pictures he has abused.

Sir Joshua was hard at work this year on his greatest picture—the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, but found leisure for many a little holiday. At one time we hear of him at Belvoir, where his *protégé* Crabbe was enstalled as chaplain, at another time he is with Lord Harcourt at Nuneham; and he is able to pay a flying visit to his dear old Devonshire friends at Saltram and Mount Edgecumbe, Port Elliot and Plympton, besides running over to Flanders to renew his acquaintance with Rubens and the Dutch masters, but chiefly to acquire some of those pictures which the ecclesiastical policy of the Emperor was compelling the Flemish monks to dispose of.





CHAPTER VI.

(A.D. 1784 TO A.D. 1792.)

MRS. SIDDONS—BOYDELL GALLERY.

THE year 1784 is in many ways a most important one in our painter's career. It saw the exhibition of his greatest picture, and the death of his greatest friend. Never had Reynolds been stronger than in the 1784 exhibition. There are no historical or religious pictures, but we have the beautiful groups of Lady Dashwood and her child, and Lady Honynwood and children, the magnificent portraits of Fox and Warton, the charming representation of Mrs. Abington as Roxalana, and above all the masterpiece of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. Wolcot does not criticise this year's exhibition, or he would have at once retracted his last year's opinion, "We've lost Sir Joshua." The worshippers of Barry were in a hopeless minority, and Reynolds once more resumed his true place in the world of Art.

To my mind the portrait of Warton, which hangs in the Common Room of Trinity College, Oxford, is one of the very finest of Sir Joshua's portraits. It is in a magnificent state of preservation, and possesses every quality that a good portrait should have—that blending of the real with the ideal, that character and force, that grace and beauty which we so rarely meet with combined in the same picture. A fine type of the eighteenth century "Don" was Thomas Warton,—not a great

poet it may be allowed, but a ripe scholar and an appreciative critic, and who shares with Bishop Percy the honour of re-kindling a love for our early poetry, and so helping to wean the world from its admiration of Beattie and Mason, and other tenth-rate imitators of an exotic style.

Not less characteristic is the portrait of Fox, who this year wins the famous Westminster election, but whose political character has received a stain which nothing can efface. His desire that the painter should docket one of the papers upon the table "A Bill for the better regulating the affairs of the E. I. Company," savours more of effrontery than any other quality—for whatever Fox's motives may have been in bringing forward his India Bill, the verdict of History upon that measure is that it was one of the worst ever proposed by an English minister. He was now reaping the fruits of his unscrupulousness: driven from office, and deserted by many of his old friends, he had the mortification of seeing his great rival becoming every day stronger, and his own position more and more unbearable. The picture gives us the best side of Fox's character. His resolution, manliness, and courage are admirably depicted;—it is the hero of the Westminster election, not the Coalition Minister that stands before us.

Mrs. Abington is charming as ever. Her archness, her quaint humour, her dainty sauciness are as apparent in Roxalana as in Miss Prue. She is no older in 1784 than she was in 1771. But we are half ashamed to linger even a moment here, when next to it in the catalogue stands "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse."

It in nowise detracts from the greatness of this portrait that the general idea was probably borrowed from Michelangelo's Isaiah in the Sistine Chapel: it only furnishes an example of the way in which Reynolds could borrow ideas, and yet make them thoroughly his own. He was determined to do justice to the great actress. "The picture kept him in a fever," says Northcote; the unfavourable reception his last year's pic-



CHARLES JAMES FOX.

tures had met with, made him resolved to show the critics that he was not in the "sere and yellow leaf" of art, while the grandeur and magnificence of the sitter spurred him on to fresh exertions. The picture is above criticism. Lawrence, Fuseli, Stothard, and Barry, artists of the most different tastes and styles, unite in considering it the finest female portrait ever painted. It was at once recognised as the greatest picture Reynolds had as yet produced, and it has never been surpassed. The great Queen of Tragedy sits in her stately chair brooding over deeds of horror and woe. Her noble head is resting on her hand. Behind her stand two awful figures, the one bearing a bowl, the other a dagger,—types of secret and open violence; and the whole atmosphere seems charged with a lurid light. But description is useless,—the picture must be seen. And this fortunately is easy enough, for it hangs in the charming little gallery at Dulwich College. Mrs. Siddons was justly proud of it, and would relate many an anecdote of her sittings: how when first she came to him, the painter had led her to the platform and said, "Ascend your undisputed throne: bestow on me some idea of the Tragic Muse!"—how Sir Joshua would have "tricked her out in all the colours of the rainbow,"* had she not entreated to have more sombre drapery; how, when the portrait was finished, the gallant painter had insisted on inscribing his name on her robe, saying that he could not lose the honour that opportunity afforded him of going down to posterity on the hem of her garment. It would perhaps be truer to say that Mrs. Siddons goes down to posterity as the Tragic Muse of Reynolds, for we who have never heard a word or seen a gesture of hers, can from this picture gain a real idea of what the Queen of English Tragedy must have been. This great picture, together with the Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, and the Mrs. Abington as the Comic Muse (painted

* "The mistake," says Mr. Leslie, "must have arisen from seeing the portrait in its early state; the dress laid in with the most brilliant tints which Sir Joshua intended to glaze down to their present rich depth."

in 1787), illustrate the histrionic annals of the last century far better than volumes of criticisms and reminiscences.

To this exhibition Johnson goes, as well as to the Academy dinner. He has been failing of late, and is now an old man; but still his friends do not despair; if only he can get abroad—to Italy—all will be well. Reynolds and Boswell arrange the matter for him, but *Dis aliter visum*. And indeed the journey would have killed him. A visit to his native county is all that can be managed; in November he returned to the London he knew and loved so well, and on December 13, 1784, with a “God bless you” on his lips, he breathed his last.

“So passed the strong, heroic soul away.”

On his death-bed he asked three things of Reynolds,—to forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him; to read the Bible; and never to use his pencil on Sundays. How characteristic of the man are these requests! “Sir Joshua,” says Boswell, “readily acquiesced,” or perhaps, as Hannah More would have us believe, he hesitated a while before promising to grant the third desire. Did he keep these promises? The debt was cancelled; let us hope the Bible was read; but (alas for weak human nature!) the pencil was not always laid aside on Sundays.

When Johnson’s will came to be read, it appeared that he had appointed Reynolds one of his executors, and had left him as a legacy a copy of the last edition of the Dictionary. Of Reynolds’ opinion of the Doctor I have already spoken, but Mr. Taylor has printed for the first time his “Character of Johnson,” which sheds a great deal of light on the relations which existed between the two great men. One passage strikes me as particularly remarkable, though Sir Joshua’s modesty would seem to have led him to attribute too much to Johnson’s influence:—

“We are both” (he was writing probably to Boswell) “of Dr. Johnson’s school. For my own part, I acknowledge the



MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE (*in the Dulwich Gallery*).



highest obligations to him. He may be said to have formed my mind, and to have brushed from it a great deal of rubbish. Those very people whom he has brought to think rightly, will occasionally criticise the opinions of their master when he nods. But we should always recollect that it is he himself who taught us, and enabled us to do it."

Johnson was succeeded in his Academy professorship by Bennet Langton, who, as we have noted, was one of the original members of the Club; but the vacant chair could never be filled. After Dr. Johnson's death, Reynolds had only Burke remaining of the great friends of his early manhood; while among his later acquaintances, Gibbon appears to have been the only one worthy the name of friend. Before quitting 1784 we must notice that it was in this year that Reynolds was appointed "Painter to His Majesty," in succession to Ramsay, who had died the year before.

In 1785 Boswell was busy on his great work, and very anxious to be painted by Sir Joshua, but unfortunately the money was not forthcoming. But, sanguine as ever, he proposes that the portrait shall be paid for out of the first fees he receives as a barrister. Goodnatured Sir Joshua agrees to the conditions, and in 1785 commences his portrait of Bozzy. He was not a fine subject for a painter, but Reynolds' wondrous art lends a grace and charm which the original did not give outward proof of. Very different is another whom we find among the sitters for this year; for, awkward, vain, and dissipated though he was, Boswell was an honest man, while, even in these days of white-washing, no historian has ventured to apologize for the infamous Duke of Orleans, the brutal and cowardly Philippe Egalité of the French Revolution—traitor alike to his king and his country. What disgust the pure-minded painter must have felt for this blustering prince, who came swaggering into his studio, boasting loudly of his great admiration for England and his friendship with the Prince of Wales! And how thoroughly Sir Joshua saw through the man! The portrait is that of a man endowed

with a not ignoble presence, but sunk in every species of vice, and lost to all feelings of shame and honour, ready to propitiate a mob by the sacrifice of his dearest friend or his most sacred obligation.

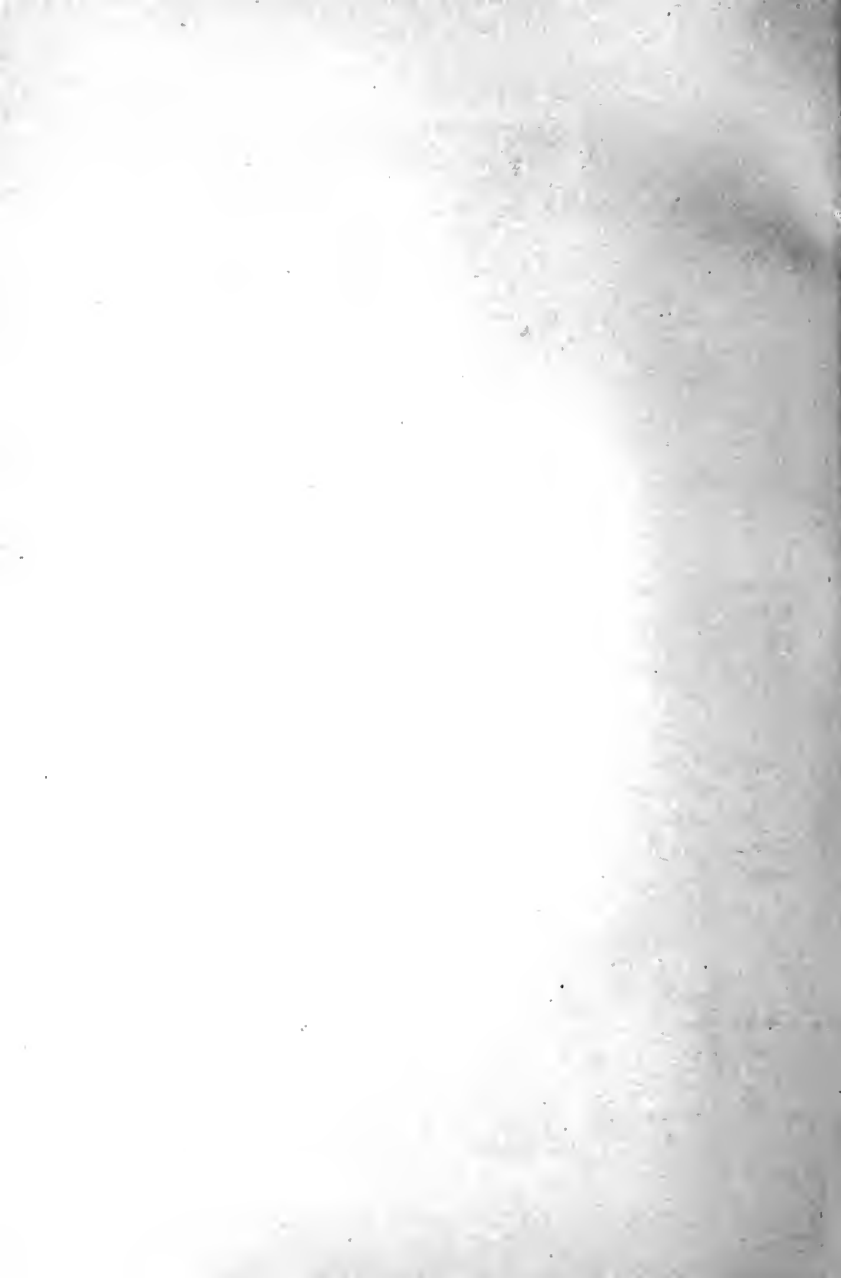
Another sitter differs both from Boswell and Orleans. This is Hunter, the great surgeon, and Professor of Anatomy to the Academy. His is a magnificent portrait: full justice is done to the noble, massive head, the strong individuality of the features, and the "intent" expression of the great anatomist. The attitude is that of a man of the highest intellect, absorbed in reflection; of one whose thoughts are far away,—not in the idle day-dream, but in the eager search after truth.

There is nothing important of Sir Joshua's in this year's exhibition. There are portraits of the Prince of Wales, Lord Northington, and Sir Hector Munroe; and one of Mrs. Masters, which, despite Horace Walpole's very unfavourable criticism, "flat, and one of his worst," is to my mind an extremely beautiful production—if indeed this be the one in which she is represented as Hebe. Nor can I think there will be many to endorse the virtuoso's opinion of the lovely "Duchess of Devonshire and her Daughter," which he characterises as "little like, and not good." Of the likeness we can hardly judge, but as regards the "goodness," the verdict of a modern writer that "it is a superb work, and that in motive, colour, and composition it ranks as a triumph alike of nature and art," will, I think, be the opinion of all who have seen this exquisite picture. This portrait Sir Joshua exhibited in 1786, together with twelve others, the most noticeable being the lifelike portraits of Joshua Sharpe the lawyer, and of Erskine, Lady Lucan's children, Lady Spencer, and her sister Miss Bingham, besides the portraits of Orleans and Hunter mentioned above. But the great work on which Sir Joshua was engaged this year was the *Infant Hercules*.

In 1780 Reynolds had painted a portrait of the Princess Daschkaw, a woman who played a most important part in



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE



the *revolution du palais* which resulted in the murder of the Emperor Peter by the orders of his wife, who at once seized the reins of government, and became as Catherine II. one of the greatest of Russian sovereigns. Whatever her crimes were, and even for these apologists have not been wanting, Catherine was a grand woman, and her name will always be honoured in Russia. Her policy was in great measure a continuation of that of Peter the Great, and she aimed at civilising her country by the introduction of western arts. Under her, literature flourished, and now she was to come before the world as the patroness of the great English painter. Russian art at this time consisted of little more than the production of icons, or pictures of saints, in which originality was downright heresy, while portrait-painting was unknown at that period. Catherine had probably seen and admired Reynolds' portrait of her friend, and accordingly, through her ambassador in England, signified her desire that the painter would execute an historical picture for her,—the subject to be left entirely to him. Never has a greater compliment been paid to an English painter. Reynolds appreciated it, and determined to send to St. Petersburg a masterpiece of his art. The first subject which suggested itself to him was Queen Elizabeth reviewing her troops at Tilbury, but on second thoughts it must have struck him that there was little in common between the two sovereigns, and that the incident proposed to be depicted was of national rather than universal interest.

It was a most happy inspiration which led him to fix upon the Infant Hercules as the subject for his Russian picture. The Empire, then as now, had its two foes—despotism and ignorance—who must be crushed if it is to exist among the states of the civilised world. It is a struggle for existence in its best aspect—an heroic struggle in which there is a consciousness of victory, but a victory not to be gained without a resolute and strenuous effort—that Reynolds depicts in his magnificent figure which forms the centre of the picture. The Hercules is divine, and

majestic in his terrible strength, but he is an infant nevertheless. "It teems with man," says Fuseli, "but without the sacrifice of puerility." The other figures of the group are hardly so successful, though there is something exceedingly noble in the figure of the blind seer, Teiresias—for whom Johnson was the model—as with uplifted hands he "prophesies concerning the child." The figures of Alcmena, and of Juno, who "hangs over the scene like a black pestilence," are singularly unsuccessful, the latter being at once poor and incongruous, with but little of the "*Mene incepto desistere victam?*" about her, and far less of the "*ox-eyed Hera.*"

But with such a magnificent central figure to gaze upon, the eye is hardly likely to wander to the motley mob that surrounds it. This great picture was most carefully elaborated by Sir Joshua: Crabbe tells us that when he visited the studio while the Hercules was being painted, Reynolds informed him that he was then engaged on his fourth attempt; and when in 1788—after having been exhibited—it was leaving England, the painter said, "There are ten pictures under it,—some better, some worse."

In 1786 he was painting the lovely group of angels—five likenesses of one child, Miss Gordon—which was exhibited in the next year. Besides this, there were portraits of Boswell, the Prince of Wales, Sir H. Englefield, and others, including a charming one of "Master Yorke teaching his Dog to beg," admirable alike for the figure and the beautiful landscape in which it is set. Groups of Lady St. Asaph and Lady Smyth with their children were also sent to this year's exhibition; and in all there were thirteen pictures to represent the President. In 1787 Boydell, the great print-publisher of the day, hit upon a plan by which the public taste for Shakspeare as well as for Art should be gratified. A grand edition of the poet's works was to be produced, illustrated by all the great artists of the age, and edited by Steevens. Romney, West, and Copley agreed to take part in the scheme, but Reynolds hung back for a long while.





It may be that he thought "book-illustration" beneath him, but more probably he did not particularly care to be associated in a work the greater part of which would necessarily be executed by men of very inferior talent. However this may be, he gave in at length to Boydell's earnest solicitations, and consented to paint three pictures—"Puck," "The Witch Scene in Macbeth," and "The Death of Cardinal Beaufort." Of these, the first is far the best, though it scarcely represents the mischievous little elf of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* any more than the negro in the portrait of Mrs. Tollemache as Miranda can be accepted as the Caliban of Shakspeare. Still Puck is a charming little fellow, and Alderman Boydell deserves our gratitude for having suggested the idea to Sir Joshua. Very little can be said for the Macbeth. The composition and grouping are alike unsuccessful, and the witches are not the witches of Shakspeare,—the "secret, black, and midnight hags, so withered, and so wild in their attire." The other picture is far finer: it is the Beaufort of the dramatist, not of history, which is depicted, and whose awful death-bed we are introduced to in this picture. The terrified visage of the dying Cardinal as he lies "blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth" and the "busy meddling fiend" who sits upon his pillow and "lays strong siege unto the witch's soul," are worthy of the painter and poet. But here, as in the Hercules, the surroundings are very inferior to the grandeur of the central figure, and the composition is by no means good.

The exhibition of 1788 showed that there was no falling-off in his powers. The Hercules naturally formed the chief attraction, but there were to be seen, besides this great picture, no less than sixteen others from the President's brush. The most important portrait was one of Lord Heathfield, the heroic defender of Gibraltar, who was *par excellence* the lion of the day. Reynolds was particularly adapted to represent the great general, for he had himself passed some days at Gibraltar on his way to Italy, and could fully appreciate the importance of

the Rock, and the bravery and skill of Elliot's defence. This picture, which is now in the National Gallery, is one of the finest of Reynolds' portraits. Almost all my readers must be familiar with it, and there are few who will not endorse the high praise Mrs. Jameson bestows upon it. "It is," she says, "in all respects one of the finest and most characteristic portraits Sir Joshua ever painted. The head is full of animation; the figure finely drawn, especially the left hand, which is foreshortened with consummate skill; and the whole is painted with the greatest possible breadth of manner and vigour of colouring. The background is sublimely conceived, and serves to throw out the figure with surprising force of effect. Volumes of smoke obscure the atmosphere, and we almost hear the roar of artillery: a cannon behind him, pointed perpendicularly downwards, shows the immense elevation of the spot on which he stands. This circumstance, and the keys grasped firmly in his hand, give to the picture something beyond mere portraiture; almost an historic interest and significance."

The other picture of note is "*Muscipula*," well known to us just now from Mr. Cousins' beautiful engraving. The eagerness of the girl, as she watches lest the captive should escape her, is wonderfully true to life, but it is not the best side of girlhood that Sir Joshua portrays. It may be we have got over-sensitive nowadays, but I believe every one will prefer "*Robinetta*" to the pretty mouse-catcher. It is somehow more in accordance with our ideas that a child should be tending her pet bird than gloating over an entrapped mouse.

To 1788 belong two pictures of great merit, some idea of which my readers may gather from the accompanying illustrations—the portraits of lovely Mrs. Bradyll, and charming, quaint little Penelope Boothby.

It was in this year that Gainsborough died, at the age of sixty-one. He hardly comes into Reynolds' life at all, save as the greatest of his rivals. There might have been friendship between the two great painters, and certainly Reynolds did



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MRS BRADYLL.



what he could to promote it. But their tastes, pursuits, and modes of life were entirely different, and it was only as artists that they had anything in common. Considering how little intercourse there had been between them, and how quickly the brief friendship of 1782 had terminated, one is pleased to find that on his death-bed Gainsborough wrote to Sir Joshua desiring that he might see him once more before he died. To this interview Reynolds alluded in his Discourse on Gainsborough which he delivered before the Academy at the end of this year. "The impression on my mind," he says, "was, that his regret at losing life was principally the regret of leaving his art; and more especially as he now began, he said, to see what his deficiencies were; which he said he flattered himself, in his last works, were in some measure supplied." From another source we learn that the dying painter had a large number of his unfinished pictures brought to his bedside, and explained to Reynolds how he had intended to finish them. Gainsborough's funeral was attended by nearly all the Academicians, and the President acted as one of the pall-bearers. Little could Reynolds have thought, as he stood beside his rival's grave in Kew churchyard, that he himself was so soon to be lost to art,—but so it was.

In 1789 Sir Joshua was at the height of his fame. There are no signs of declining years in his pictures, no symptoms to tell that the hand had grown unsteady or the eye dim. The great master was as fresh as ever, able to enjoy the society of Sheridan and Burke, and to chat affably with Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Billington; able, moreover, to paint such pictures as "Simplicity" and "Robin Goodfellow," and the portraits of Sheridan and Lord Henry Fitzgerald. The first of these, the lovely picture of little Offy Gwatkin, his great-niece, is the most charming of all Reynolds' child pictures. The name "Simplicity," which was given it, exactly expresses its character. There is none of that roguishness, that playful archness, which we find in so many of his portraits of children; but it is

none the less attractive for that. It is the ideal of happy, guileless babyhood, the personification of the "simple child that lightly draws its breath." Yet there is nothing insipid in the little maiden ; she is just an honest, frank, good little girl, "who fears no evil, for she knows no ill." It is an idyl in itself. The landscape in which the figure is set, the simple wild flowers she holds so carelessly, are thoroughly in harmony. It lacks nothing of the charm of the greatest of all the painters of children ; and the age which could admire such a picture, could not have been after all so utterly depraved as we have been taught to believe.

All the mischievousness of "Simplicity" has been carried off by "Robin Goodfellow," who looks the impersonation of frolic and roguishness as he sits on his mushroom, resting for a moment, it would seem, from the fatigues of some practical joke, and pondering in his mind who shall be the next victim of his *diablerie*.

The portrait of Sheridan is a very characteristic one. The young orator had made himself a great name in the Hastings trial, which was still dragging its slow length along, and everything might be expected from this eloquent and witty young Irishman. But he lacked that 'stay' and those larger views which are necessary to the statesman. To bring forward a grievance, to attack a policy, to destroy a feeble adversary's arguments, there was no one like Sheridan ; add to which, liveliness, geniality, and goodnature, and we get the man as Reynolds painted him. A striking face truly, but without that power which makes one at once recognise in Burke a leader of men. The portrait gained the highest praise from the veteran Horace Walpole, who was as assiduous as ever in his attendance at the Academy Exhibition. "Praise," he writes in his catalogue against this picture, "cannot overstate the merits of this portrait. It is not canvas and colour, it is animated nature. All the unaffected manner and character of the great original."





The more ambitious pictures, are, as usual, the least effective. The *Cymon* and *Iphigenia* would appear to have been the most successful, while the very title of the other one, "*The Continnence of Scipio*"—quite the most hackneyed of all subjects—is sufficient; and we can bear with equanimity the knowledge that it now hangs in the Imperial Gallery at St. Petersburg. Mr. Waagen, comparing it with the *Hercules*, says, "*The Continnence of Scipio* is incomparably less happy: the composition is too crowded; the *Scipio* not weighty enough; the bride, seen in profile, nothing but a pretty, somewhat shamefaced English miss; the head of *Allucius* is lifeless and mask-like. The colouring, moreover, is untrue, the execution unequal, and in various parts too slight."

I have quoted this criticism on account of its severity, for it is, I believe, the harshest criticism ever applied to any of Sir Joshua's productions; and when we remember the immense number of pictures he painted, it is marvellous how very few—they could be counted on one's fingers—can be entirely condemned. No doubt there is hardly a picture of Sir Joshua's in which, if you are so minded, you cannot pick holes. In one the colouring is patchy, in another the drawing is atrocious, in another the perspective is at fault, and in a fourth the composition is ungraceful. But the critic who is more than a mere fault-finder, involuntarily stops in the midst of his animadversions, for the charm of the great master is upon him: he forgets the imperfections he was going to point out, the shortcomings he was about to dilate upon; and, laying aside cursing, blesses him altogether. The pocket-book for this year contains the ordinary number of sitters—the Prince of Wales among them; but on Monday, July 13th, occurs this entry, "10½ for Miss —," opposite to which is written, "Prevented by my eye beginning to be obscured." It was on this day that the great painter "laid down his pencil, and never lifted it more;" in ten weeks' time he had entirely lost the sight of one eye. Over-work, as Mr. Leslie says, was in all probability the

cause of this blindness, which, like Milton's, was occasioned by *gutta serena*.

“So thick a drop serene hath quencht their orbs.”

To a painter, what trial could be greater than blindness? To one who revelled in the visual delights and the enjoyment of the beautiful, what grief so great as to be cut off at a blow from all powers of sight? Never more to gaze on his own lovely productions, never more to handle the wonted pencil! It might seem that his remaining years would be dragged out wearily—a mere death in life; and so, no doubt, it would have been with Gainsborough, had blindness overtaken him; but Reynolds, though yielding to no painter in his intense love for art, had other pleasures, other delights. He could still attend the Club, and join in converse with such men as Burke and Gibbon: the Academy would not lose him altogether; he could in his Discourses still inculcate the true principles of art; the literary *salons*, the assemblies of the great, were still open to him. His life was not a dreary one. His equable temper, which had kept him from undue exultation, was now to preserve him from despondency; his kindly disposition, which had ever been ready to sympathise with the sufferings of others, now ensured him, in turn, sympathy and attention.

And his affliction did not come upon him all at once: the progress of his malady was gradual, and it would seem that he never became totally blind, although very soon after his first attack he found that it was impossible for him to read the paper without considerable trouble and pain. His niece, Miss Palmer, devoted herself to him, accompanied him in his visits to Beaconsfield and Brighton, and put up with a stay of two months at the Richmond Villa, which she tells us she hated, “for one has all the inconveniences of town and country put together, and not one of the comforts.”

Sir Joshua's great picture had reached Russia safely, and together with it he had ventured to send to the Empress a copy

of his Discourses, which Catherine gracefully acknowledged in a letter (dated March 5th, 1790) to Count Woronzow, the Russian ambassador. She declares that she perused the Discourses "with avidity," and that in them, as well as in the picture, she could "easily trace an elevated genius." As a proof of her appreciation of the painter, she presented him with a snuffbox having her own portrait in bas relief on the cover.

For the "Infant Hercules" the Empress paid, though not very promptly, the sum of fifteen hundred guineas.

But the same year in which so pleasing a testimony was given to the value of his Academy Lectures, saw a most unfortunate disagreement between Sir Joshua and the Society of which he had been the President and the chief ornament for more than five-and-twenty years.

As in all personal quarrels, it is always most difficult to apportion the blame in this most unpleasant affair. That the President's usual suavity and slowness to take offence somewhat deserted him on this occasion must be admitted; but, on the other hand, the conduct of the majority of the Academicians was extremely discourteous, and altogether wanting in that deference which one would have expected to have been shown to the man to whom more than to any one else they owed the high position to which their art had been raised. Indeed, it would appear that they presumed on their President's good-nature and mild disposition, and were considerably astonished when they discovered the effect their conduct had had.

The facts of the quarrel, as far as they can be unravelled from the contradictory statements we have, are briefly these. After the death of Wall, the Professorship of Perspective remained vacant for a considerable time. Sir Joshua considered it his duty to take whatever measures seemed best to him to fill up the chair. But it was impossible to find, either among the Academicians or the Associates, any one able and willing to undertake the work. This state of things went on for some while, till, in 1788, Edwards, an Associate, offered to give a

series of lectures on Perspective, probably with a view to the vacant chair. The success of these lectures clearly indicated that they supplied a want; indeed, the idea of an academy professing to teach painting without providing instruction in the art of perspective is ludicrous. The President, for some reason or other, seems to have been dissatisfied with Edwards,—at all events, he did nothing to further his candidature for the Professorship. On the contrary, he had a *protégé* of his own to bring forward. This was the Italian Bonomi, whose knowledge of perspective was unrivalled; but then he was not an Academician, or even an Associate, and it had been decided that the Professor should be chosen from among the R.A.s. Such being the case, Sir Joshua was determined to obtain Bonomi's election to the Associateship, and accordingly he proposed that the next Associate should be chosen with special reference to his eventually filling the Professorship of Perspective, and at the same time it was suggested that candidates for the post should send in specimens of their skill in perspective drawing. In this Bonomi acquiesced, and sent a drawing of Lord Landowne's library, which appears to have been excellent. Edwards, on the other hand, turned sulky, and wrote that "if specimens were required, he was past a boy, and should produce none." Shortly afterwards an election for Associate was required, when Reynolds advocated Bonomi's claims most warmly; but the result was hardly what he expected, as it appeared that Bonomi and Gilpin had received an equal number of votes. Sir Joshua naturally gave his casting vote in favour of his own candidate, and Bonomi was thus placed on an equality with Edwards. But symptoms of revolt very soon began to show themselves in the Academy: against the President and his *protégé* were brought the two gravest charges that Englishmen ever bring against those with whom they differ,—Reynolds was accused of favouritism, Bonomi was branded as a "foreigner."

The result of this absurd jealousy was quickly seen. A vacancy occurred amongst the Academicians: the time was





now come when they would show the public that they were not going to be ridden roughshod over by their President. An opposition candidate must be started to the foreign favourite, and fortunately in Fuseli they found one whose genius and merits could not be denied, and whose claims on general grounds far surpassed those of Bonomi. But Sir Joshua's argument was not invalidated. He still held that the first thing to be done was to fill up the vacant Professorship, and that the election ought to turn on the question who knew most of the art of Perspective, and who could teach it best. "The students," he said, "are our children, and it is our duty to provide for them the best of masters, . . . to make the Academy itself whole and complete before we think of its ornaments." There is much to be said for this view, but the Academicians might fairly urge that to reject Fuseli for Bonomi was impossible, and that Edwards or some one else might continue to give lectures on Perspective without occupying the chair. There was nothing in this difference of opinion to lead necessarily to a rupture, but somehow or other a great deal of ill-feeling seems to have been engendered, and on the occasion of the election the President was certainly treated with unpardonable discourtesy, while the result of the ballot, which showed that Bonomi had obtained only eight votes against twenty given to Fuseli, must have still further irritated Sir Joshua. The cavalier manner in which his wishes had been disregarded by the majority of the Academicians, and the positive rudeness he had met with at the hands of some of them, who interrupted his attempts to explain and justify his conduct, and responded to his request that they would examine Bonomi's productions by ordering them to be removed from the room,—all seemed to Sir Joshua to form part of a preconcerted scheme to drive him from the Presidential chair. In all probability this was not the case. Some of the Academicians may possibly have been envious of Reynolds' fame, but the motive with most of them would

seem to have been rather a jealousy of what they deemed an infringement on their rights—an attempt to convert the oligarchical form of government which the original constitution of the Academy had established, into a despotism.

However this may have been, there was only one course open to the President—to resign, which he did forthwith. This led to a strong protest from the minority who had supported Bonomi, including Barry, Northcote, Opie, Nollekens, and Zoffany; and eventually the breach was healed by the Academicians passing a resolution half-apologising for their conduct, alleging that it arose from a mistake, and requesting Sir Joshua to withdraw his resignation. This he did most readily, reflection having no doubt shown him that no insult was intended, and no “conspiracy” had been formed against him, that there had been faults on both sides, and the best thing to do was to forgive and forget.

So ends the single unpleasant episode in this gentle life. He was as assiduous as ever in his attendance at the Academy, where in December 1790 he delivered his fifteenth and last Discourse. To the exhibition he contributed six pictures, including a portrait of himself, and one of Mrs. Billington the actress. There was nothing of surpassing merit in any of these pictures, but they clearly proved that the painter’s skill was as great as ever, and that English art had lost no dotard who “lagged superfluous on the stage,” but a man in the full enjoyment of his powers, and who might, had his eyesight been spared, have outshone his previous achievements. As it was, all that he could do now was to occasionally clean one of his pictures, and perhaps even add here and there some little touch which was needed to give it perfection.

His friends still remained true to him, and he is welcomed at Beaconsfield, at Woburn, and at Ampthill. To Ampthill he received a most pressing invitation from the Countess of Ossory, her letter being accompanied by a waistcoat which she had herself worked for the painter. Sir Joshua’s letter of

acknowledgment shows how little his spirits had been affected by his malady, and is moreover so charming a specimen of his epistolary style, that I subjoin it *in extenso* :—

Madam,—I am just setting out for Beaconsfield, with an intention to stay there all next week, which, I am sorry to say, will prevent me from waiting on your Ladyship at Amptill—I should have said, throwing myself at your Ladyship's feet, and expressing my thanks and acknowledgments for the honour conferred on me by this new mark of favour. I really think, as it is the work of your Ladyship's own hand, it is too good to wear. I believe I had better put it up with the letter which accompanied it, and show it occasionally, as I do the Empress of Russia's box, and letter of her own handwriting. I will promise this at least that when I do wear it, I will not take a pinch of snuff that day—I mean, after I have it on.

Such a rough beast with such a delicate waistcoat ! I am sorry to say I am forced to end abruptly, as the coach is waiting. Miss Palmer desires her most respectful compliments, and I beg mine to Lord Ossory and the ladies,

I am, with greatest respect,

Your Ladyship's, &c., &c.,

J. REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua was busy this year (1791) raising funds for Johnson's monument in St. Paul's. It had been decided to erect a colossal statue at the cost of £1200, of which, as Reynolds tells Malone in April, only £900 had been collected, but to prevent the scheme falling through he had guaranteed the remainder. He had hoped that the Academy would recognise the honour which Johnson had conferred upon them in accepting the honorary post of Professor of Ancient Literature to that institution, by subscribing handsomely to the memorial; and after some discussion a hundred guineas was unanimously voted, but the King vetoed the subscription, probably thinking it a bad precedent, and one likely to lead the way to reckless grants of the funds of the Academy. So the affair dragged on, and it was not till many years after, when Reynolds was lying at rest by Johnson's side, that the statue of the great author was erected.

To show that his quarrel with the Academy had been made up,

Sir Joshua offered his collection of paintings to them for a very small sum, on condition that a special gallery should be built to contain them. This generous offer was foolishly refused, whereupon Reynolds determined to exhibit the pictures, which consisted of many "old masters," as well as a large number of his own productions. His object in so doing was partly to secure purchasers for them, and partly to provide a sum of money for his faithful old servant, Ralph Kirkley. From this latter circumstance, it received the name of "Ralph's Exhibition," which gave a handle to the wits for many a jest and lampoon—the neatest witticism being an application of a couplet from Hudibras :

" A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
Who in the adventure went his half."

Almost all the states of Europe had recognised Reynolds' position as the reviver of art in England, and had honoured him in different ways. In France, Holland, and Flanders he had been welcomed enthusiastically ; to Florence he had sent his portrait on being elected an honorary member of that famous Academy ; Catherine of Russia had extolled his powers as a painter and a teacher ; and now the Academy of Sweden sent an earnest request that the great English artist would allow his portrait to be painted by a young Swede then resident in London, and hung in the Academy's rooms at Stockholm.

When this picture was being painted, in May, Sir Joshua, despite his blindness, was a hale, vigorous man, for whom one might have thought eight or ten more years of life might be predicted. Even in September Malone tells us that "he was in such health and spirits that during our return to town from Mr. Burke's seat near Beaconsfield, we left his carriage at the inn at Hayes, and walked five miles on the road, in a warm day, without his complaining of any fatigue. He had at that time, though above sixty-eight years of age, the appearance of a man not much beyond fifty, and seemed as likely to live for ten or fifteen years as any of his younger friends."

But appearances were deceptive, and in reality the end was near at hand. In October he began to feel great pain in his eyes, and became almost totally blind, and in consequence extremely dejected. He was compelled to give up attending the Academy, and in November wrote resigning the Presidency. But the Academicians would not hear of it,—he must continue President even though his infirmities might prevent his discharging his duties. West (who succeeded him) was appointed Deputy, and Sir Joshua retained to the last moment of his life the high office he had so greatly adorned.

During December and January it was evident to his friends that the painter was gradually sinking. Each successive visit they paid him found him weaker and more despondent. Still the doctors insisted that there was nothing serious the matter with him—that his fears arose from nervousness consequent on his loss of sight; but no danger was to be apprehended. But they were entirely at fault: he was in reality suffering all the while from a severe form of liver complaint, which was gradually wearing him out; and the pain they declared to be imaginary, was unfortunately too real. For a considerable while his strong constitution, unimpaired by excesses, enabled him to battle against the malady, but every day it gained upon him, till at length he perceived that his illness could have but one termination, and all he could pray for was cessation of pain. In January he was compelled to take to his bed, where he tranquilly resigned himself to his approaching end, and on February 23rd, 1792, he peacefully breathed his last.

The news of his death was received with the utmost grief at the Club and the Academy, while there could hardly have been one of his sitters who did not feel that he had lost a personal friend. Every one was determined that the great man should be honoured in his death. He was buried in St. Paul's, close beside the greatest of English architects, Christopher Wren; and the town "had seldom seen a costlier funeral." The body lay in state in the model-room of the Academy, and on

February 29th the procession set out from Somerset House. Among the pall-bearers were to be seen the Lord High Steward (the Duke of Dorset), the Dukes of Leeds and Portland, the Earl of Ossory, and Lord Eliot, while the mourners included all the members of the Royal Academy, the Archbishop of York, Sir C. Bunbury, Hunter, Burke, Malone, Windham, Boswell, and Langton. "Never," writes Burke, "was a funeral of ceremony attended with so much sincere concern of all sorts of people. The day was favourable; the order not broken or interrupted in the smallest degree. . . . Everything, I think, was just as our deceased friend would, if living, have wished it to be, for he was, as you know, not altogether indifferent to these kind of observances."

The will had been written by himself shortly before his death, and by this he left the whole of his property, after certain legacies had been paid, to his niece, Miss Palmer, who subsequently became Marchioness of Thomond. It has been calculated that she must have inherited at least £100,000, an immense fortune for those days, and indeed at any time a very large sum for an artist to be able to bequeath. The executors were Burke, Malone, and Metcalfe.

So ends the life of Joshua Reynolds, and never was a happier life lived. "Everything," as Burke remarked, "turned out fortunately for him, from the moment of his birth to the hour of his death." In his profession, for which he had a genuine love, he rose to the highest place; he was fond of society, and he could number among his friends the greatest and the wisest of his contemporaries. "The whips and scorns of time," "the insolence of office," were not for him; but thoroughly prosperous as he was, he never forgot his old friends, never refused to assist less fortunate men. He was not an ascetic or a devotee, but a thoroughly moral and religious man; and it is marvellous that, in those days of reckless abuse and coarse invective, not one word was breathed against his fair fame. Of his unruffled temper, goodnature, and affability I have

already spoken, and I will conclude this brief and imperfect sketch of this great man with the eulogium Burke pronounced upon him immediately after his death: "In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art, and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse. His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow."





CHAPTER VII.

LITERARY WORKS.

IN this chapter I propose very rapidly to survey Sir Joshua's literary works, to consider his claims to a place among our great writers, and to exhibit the principles which he inculcated.

A word as to his style. There is a clearness and perspicuity about it which enables us at once to perceive the drift of his remarks; he does not conceal himself in a dense mass of verbiage, nor does he write ambiguously, hinting at this and suggesting that, but arrow-like goes straight to his point. Withal, there is no baldness; every sentence is carefully constructed, and there are everywhere marks of the *labor limæ*; perhaps here and there it savours somewhat too much of elaboration. Still, it is a very graceful style; just what we should expect from a cultured, well-tempered mind,—scholarly without pedantry, easy without vulgarity. He is of course tainted somewhat with the classical heresy, and often uses a trisyllable where we should prefer a monosyllable, or a word of Latin origin in preference to one of native English growth. But for a man who had lived so much in Johnson's society, he is no great sinner in this respect; and all is so natural and so unaffected, that we are certain it was done, not out of a desire to parade his learning, but simply because it was the ordinary style of the time.

His matter is as pleasant as his manner. No trace of that lofty superiority, that assumption of infallibility, which the critic generally thinks it necessary to put on, is to be found in Reynolds. His own views he puts forward as being in his opinion the right ones, not as the *only* ones it is possible to hold. He is severe on pretenders, on sham connoisseurs, but the severity is always tempered with a playful banter or a half-excuse. And his opinions are those of a sensible, unprejudiced man: he has his favourites among the old masters, but he respects every great name. Fault-finding is not his *forte*, and often we find him touching lightly on errors and defects, only to pause over the excellences of the artist he is criticising. His advice to students is, I should conceive, most valuable and practical; but of this I have really no means of judging. It seems, however, to me, that having rescued English Art from the degradation in which he found it, his great object in his Discourses was to prevent its ever sinking to that state again.

"Reynolds' Discourses" has always been a favourite book. It has passed through innumerable editions, and appeared in every imaginable form. But his three papers in the *Idler* have been somewhat overlooked, yet in the whole of that admirable collection of essays, few are to be found more charming than those which the painter contributed. They are Nos. 76, 79, and 82, and appeared respectively on September 29, October 20, and November 10, 1759. The date is worth noticing, for it shows that they were written at a time when artistic criticism was in its infancy. A visit to Italy, and a gallery of 'old masters,' most of them copies, and too often copies of worthless originals, was sufficient to set a man up as a 'connoisseur.' This charlatanry it is that Reynolds exposed and ridiculed. He illustrates his remarks by an account of an imaginary visit paid to Hampton Court in the company of a 'man of taste,' whose cue it was to be for ever lamenting that Van Dyck had not 'the flowing line,' that Raphael lacked 'harmony,' and so on. He had, in fact, learnt by rote the names of the great masters, with

a suitable epithet appended to each name, but here his knowledge stopped. He could rattle on about the 'purity' of Domenicheno, the 'learning' of Poussin, the 'art' of Guido, and the 'sublimity' of Michelangelo, but to suggest that Guido had purity, or attribute learning to Michelangelo, was rank heresy in the eyes of the connoisseur.

The second *Idler* exposes the errors of the realistic school, and is not altogether without its moral in the present day. Reynolds combats most successfully the notion that all a painter has to do is to imitate Nature, and shows that Art bears the same relation to Nature that Poetry does to Narration. Art is in fact the idealisation of Nature. The labour of the realistic painter is "merely mechanical, in which the slowest intellect is always sure to succeed best." Art does not consist in painting a cat or a fiddle so finely, that, as the phrase is, 'It looks as if you could take it up,' but in giving a grace and sublimity to the most commonplace object. It is the grandeur of the Italian school, not the literalness of the Dutch, which is to be imitated.

No. 82 is on "The True Idea of Beauty," and is a contribution to a controversy as old as any in metaphysics, but which had come just then into special prominence—Whence do we get our ideas of beauty? It is a question for metaphysicians to argue over in ponderous tomes, but it is also a question, and a very practical one, for painters. Reynolds arrives at the conclusion—probably the true one—that habit and association are everything. The negro sees in thick lips, woolly locks, and a coal-black complexion, the ideal of loveliness. Each animal admires its own species. So there is hardly such a thing as abstract beauty, nor can it be said that one species is more beautiful than another. The question of individuals is different; and here Reynolds adopts the theory that we consider that excellent which is most common: a straight nose is more often seen than a crooked one, therefore the one is a beauty, the other a defect; a squint is a rarity, and so it is considered a

deformity. There is, he contends, "a central form which Nature most frequently produces, and always seems to intend in her productions," and therefore a painter should attend to "the invariable and general ideas of Nature," and not regard "minute particularities and accidental discriminations," if he would produce beauty, and not "pollute his canvas with deformity."

The Discourses are fifteen in number, and were delivered before the Academy at intervals from 1769 to 1790. The circumstances of the case prevented his giving a systematic course of introduction, "but," as a writer in the *Quarterly Review* adds, "more methodical lecturers have not had equal success in placing the student upon the vantage-ground occupied by the master. He expatiated upon the qualities which go to form a fine picture; he described the various schools of painting, with the merits and defects of each; he specified the characteristics of the several masters, showing what was to be imitated and what to be avoided; and he detailed to learners the modes of proceeding which would best enable them to appropriate the beauties of their forerunners."

Space forbids my attempting anything like an analysis of these Discourses, and I must refer my readers to the admirable abstracts of them in Messrs. Leslie and Taylor's work, or, better still, to the originals themselves, which, as old reviewers were wont to say, "will amply repay perusal." Still I cannot forbear touching on some of the topics Sir Joshua expatiates upon, as without a knowledge of his principles of Art it is impossible to judge fairly one of his paintings.

The first Discourse is extremely interesting as being concerned principally with the advantages of the establishment of an Academy of the Fine Arts, and with laying down rules for the guidance of students. The Academy will be a repository for the great examples of art. "There the student receives, at one glance, the principles which many artists have spent their whole lives in ascertaining." There will be an "atmosphere of floating knowledge in this seminary, where every

mind may imbibe somewhat congenial to its own conceptions." Emulation will be excited, ideas will be interchanged, and a student will often learn more from his companions than from his masters. "One advantage," he adds with just pride, "we shall have in our Academy, which no other nation can boast we shall have nothing to unlearn."

Proceeding next to methods of instruction and study, he lays down as a general principle that the great thing to be exacted from the young students is "implicit obedience to the rules of Art as established by the practice of the great masters; that those models, which have passed through the approbation of ages, should be considered by them as perfect and infallible guides; as subjects for their imitation, not their criticism." The boy who has exclaimed "*Ed io anche sono pittore*," and forthwith expects the world to recognize in him a second Raphael, is to learn in the Academy how slight his knowledge is, how small his powers. He has first of all to acquire the rudiments of Art; then, and not till then, may he criticise or select any particular style and make it his own. Precociousness, above all things, is to be discouraged, and the uselessness of talent without industry should be demonstrated. Patience and perseverance—two very homely virtues—are what the great painter insists upon, and his whole life is a commentary on the text. If these maxims are attended to, England will never lack great painters; the present age may "then," he hopes, "vie in arts with that of Leo the Tenth, and the dignity of the dying art may be revived under the reign of George the Third."

In the second Discourse he continues the same subject, and proceeds to divide the study of painting into three periods. The first is that of acquiring the rudiments, the grammar of Art; after which comes the second period, "in which his business is to learn all that has been known and done before his own time. Having hitherto received instructions from a particular master, he is now to consider the Art itself as his

master." He is still, however, under subjection and discipline, and it is not till he has arrived at the final stage that he is emancipated from "subjection to any authority but what he shall himself judge to be supported by reason." Now he "no longer compares the performances of Art with each other, but examines the Art itself by the standard of Nature." Then, his mind having been properly disciplined, he may indulge in enthusiasm; then at length he may dare to be original.

Such is the advice Sir Joshua gave to the first students of the Royal Academy, and it is just the counsel a wise teacher should give his pupils. Enthusiasm, invention, originality, have to be restrained, but not crushed. Nothing can be done without a knowledge of rules and a study of models, but such knowledge and such study as not to crush individuality and damp the fire of genius.

In his third Discourse, Reynolds enumerated "the great leading principles of the Grand Style," and distinguished "the genuine habits of Nature from those of Fashion." The Grand Style is touched upon again in the next Discourse, in which he also describes the Composite style. There is a curious passage in this lecture which might be only too well illustrated from Sir Joshua's own pictures. "A portrait painter," he says, "when he attempts history, unless he is upon his guard, is likely to enter too much into the detail. He too frequently makes his historical heads look like portraits. . . . A history-painter paints men in general; a portrait painter, a particular man, and consequently a defective model." He might have added, "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.*"

The fifth Discourse treats of a subject which he had already touched upon—the difficulty of expressing a mixed passion, and of combining different excellences. In the second *Idler*, he had shown the impossibility of blending the Italian and the Dutch styles; and in this Discourse he goes still further, and demonstrates the arduousness of attempting to unite all the excellences of Art.

The sixth Discourse is very important, for its subject is Imitation, and it is a magnificent defence of the true method of imitating, by a man who was not ashamed to borrow ideas from every source, whether Michelangelo or Jacob Cats, and who had been satirised and abused for this very thing. "There is nothing new under the sun," is the burden of this Discourse; "or if there is, it is not so good as the old." Inspiration in Art he quietly laughs at; "genius," he ventures to affirm, "is the child of imitation." It is "by imitation only, that variety, and even originality of invention, is produced." This seeming paradox he most ingeniously proves, and then proceeds to define the true limits of imitation and borrowing. He sees clearly enough that imitation is very likely to degenerate into a mere reproduction of peculiarities, or a feeble plagiarism. But he insists that "the sagacious imitator does not content himself with merely remarking what distinguishes the different manner or genius of each master; he enters into the contrivance of the composition—how the masses of lights are disposed; . . . he admires, not the harmony of colouring alone, but examines by what artifice one colour is a foil to its neighbour." The defence of imitation was never better put than in Sir Joshua's words: "What is learned in this manner from the works of others becomes really our own, sinks deep, and is never forgotten; nay, it is by seizing on this clue that we proceed forward, and get further and further in enlarging the principles and improving the practice of our art." The true imitator is eclectic in his tastes: he will not copy the crudity of Rubens, or the want of proportion of Correggio, but, like Raphael, he will take many models, and not one guide alone to the exclusion of others. Thus there will be no servility in the imitator, and the quality which will enable a painter to know what to imitate, and why, is closely akin to genius, if it be not genius itself.

In his seventh Discourse the President dwells on the fact that there is "a standard of Taste, as well as of corporal Beauty,"

but perhaps the most interesting part of the lecture is that in which he enumerates the qualifications necessary for the painter to possess. Industry of the mind must be joined to industry of the hand; for "he can never be a great artist, who is grossly illiterate." He must imbibe a poetic spirit, he must study human nature, if he wishes to excel. "Reading, if it can be made the favourite recreation of his leisure hours, will improve and enlarge his mind, without retarding his actual industry. What such partial and desultory reading cannot afford, may be supplied by the conversation of learned and ingenious men, of whom there are many in this age."

The eighth Discourse has for its subject Moderation. Excess is bad, and particularly to be avoided by artists, in colour, light and shade, and attitude. Rigid rules or minute details are worse than absurd; general principles of art, admitting often of modification, are all that a lecturer can lay down. It is the strict following of laws useful, but not infallible, of wide but not universal application, which has so often led painters into excess.

Of the next five Discourses I can do nothing more than enumerate the subjects. The ninth deals with the "advantages accruing to society from cultivating intellectual pleasure." The tenth is on Sculpture; the eleventh on Genius, which, according to Reynolds, "consists principally in the comprehension of a whole; in taking general ideas only."

The twelfth Discourse teaches that particular methods of study are of little consequence; while the thirteenth is in some degree a complement to the sixth, and shows art to be, "not merely imitation, but under the direction of the imagination."

The fourteenth Discourse possesses a peculiar interest, as it deals with the character of Gainsborough, who had died just previously to the annual meeting of the Academy. No greater honour could have been paid to the deceased painter than that he should thus have been selected as the subject of discourse by his great rival. High is the praise that Reynolds bestows

upon him. "If ever," he says, "this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity in the history of the art, among the very first of that rising name." . . . "Upon the whole, we may justly say, that whatever he attempted, he carried to a high degree of excellence." Gainsborough's intense love for his art, his keen appreciation of beauty, his great judgment in the selection of subjects, and his untiring application, are all dwelt upon with generous appreciation. And though the President thinks it necessary to warn the students against copying Gainsborough's mannerisms, he admits that in the master these defects become almost beauties. Sir Joshua, the man of culture and refinement, saw clearly enough what the other lacked, but this great deficiency—this absence of poetic feeling—is only lightly touched upon. The Discourse is a model which all critics would do well to follow: it is not a panegyric, there is nothing fulsome in it, but there is the genuine, hearty praise that a noble spirit alone can give.

The last Discourse was not delivered till December, 1790, after Reynolds had ceased practice, and after the quarrel with the Academicians had been made up. The early part is devoted to a review of his connection with the Academy, of which he feels he is now taking farewell. He then speaks of his Discourses, apologising for their defects, but declaring his purpose to have been, not the promulgation of any novel theories, or "unfledged opinions," but the inculcation of rules which have commended themselves to the experience of past ages, and which have been followed by "the most approved painters." Thus, as he truly says, though he made no new discoveries, he "succeeded in establishing the rules and principles of Art on a more firm and lasting foundation than that on which they had formerly been placed."

But the greater portion of the Discourse is taken up with a panegyric on Michael Angelo. But he does not venture to

attempt the style of that great master; it is as his admirer rather than his imitator that he appears. He acknowledges that the course he has taken is more suited to his abilities and the taste of the age; "yet," he adds, with genuine enthusiasm, "were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master: to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man. I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these Discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo."

And these were the last words Sir Joshua was to utter from the chair he had so adorned, for though he lived for more than a year after the delivery of this Discourse, his health forbade his ever again attempting an appearance in public.

Besides the *Idlers* and the Discourses, we have among Reynolds' 'works' an account of his journey to the Low Countries in 1781. Of the actual incidents of the tour, or the impressions made upon the travellers, we get few details; but we have what is far more important and interesting—Sir Joshua's notes on all the great pictures of the Flemish School. It is Rubens, naturally, who attracts him the most; and his criticisms on that painter are very full and valuable; and though a staunch adherent of the Italian School, he is impartial enough to assert that "those who cannot see the extraordinary merit of this great painter, either have a narrow conception of the variety of Art, or are led away by affectation." The colouring of Weeninx, the freshness of Ruysdael, the manly style of Jan Steen, and the handling of Teniers, receive high praise from this most catholic-minded of artists.

But Reynolds was more than an art-critic: we have a sketch from his pen which for quiet humour and delicate parody is

hardly inferior to anything in our literature. Johnson's relations with his fellow-townsmen, Garrick, are singularly characteristic of that obstinate, prejudiced, but generous-hearted man. He had affected to despise Garrick, and may very likely have been really jealous of the extraordinary fame the actor had acquired. At first he had strongly opposed Garrick's introduction into the Club, and sneered at the 'player' as a being not worthy of such a society. But the more he knew Garrick, the more he discovered that he was more than an actor—that he was a man of commanding genius, of ready wit, and of kindly heart. And so it came to pass, as Reynolds said, that the Doctor got to consider Garrick as his property, and would never suffer any one to praise or abuse him but himself. For any one to suggest that Garrick was no great actor, but merely a good mimic, was enough to make Johnson wax eloquent in his defence, and attribute to him all the talents under the sun; while, on the other hand, an assertion that Garrick possessed extraordinary and magnificent genius, gave the cue to Johnson, who forthwith proceeded to depreciate the actor, and contend that he was nothing more than 'a clever fellow.'

This habit of contradiction and exclusive patronage of Garrick, in which Johnson loved to indulge, has been admirably hit off by Reynolds in two imaginary dialogues. In the first of these, Sir Joshua begins by praising Garrick, and asserts that he was "a very great man." This is enough to draw Johnson out, who retorts, *more suo*, "Garrick, sir, may be a great man in your opinion, as far as I know, but he was not so in mine; little things are great to little men." And so he goes on, Reynolds in vain striving to get a word in edgeways, and Johnson becoming more dogmatic every minute. "There are various kinds of greatness," he contends; "a man may be a great tobacconist, a man may be a great painter, he may be likewise a great mimic; now you may be the one, and Garrick the other, and yet neither of you be great men." Reynolds

attempts to show that the Doctor has often expressed diametrically opposite opinions about Garrick, but Johnson refuses to listen, and closes the discussion by exclaiming, "Have done, sir; the company you see are tired, as well as myself;" and thus the dialogue ends.

The other side is shown in a conversation between Johnson and Gibbon, where the Doctor indulges in the most extravagant praise of Garrick. He is to actors what Homer is to poets, while in the lighter kinds of poetry he is, "if not the first, in the very first class." His manners were most polished, his sensibility extreme, his generosity lavish. As a man and as an actor he was alike admirable.

In these dialogues Johnson is drawn to the life: it is no caricature, as those who know their Boswell will admit. The subject of the satire would have been the first to have acknowledged its truth. To possess more of such sketches, we would willingly give up the "Continence of Scipio" and the "Cymon." But Sir Joshua had no ambition for a literary fame, and this delicious little satire was probably never intended for publication, but only for private circulation in the Club. It was, however, preserved among his papers, and was printed after his death by the Marchioness of Thomond, and bears conclusive testimony to the fact that Reynolds has claims to be considered a man of letters, as well as an artist; and we may endorse his friend Courtenay's opinion, that "Reynolds' pen with Reynolds' pencil vies."

Such, then, as painter, writer, and man, was Sir Joshua Reynolds—a man of whom England may well be proud. His is one of the very few instances in which an epitaph is alike extremely eulogistic and perfectly truthful. The art of writing monumental inscriptions is, I fear, a lost one; and so my readers may complain that I inflict upon them so lengthy an epitaph. But I take it that, as a novel must, of necessity, end with a wedding, so a biography should end with an epitaph; and I may, moreover, plead in extenuation that I give my

patient reader Northcote's English instead of Knight's Latin:—

TO
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS,
CONFESSEDLY THE FIRST ARTIST OF HIS TIME;
SCARCELY INFERIOR TO ANY OF THE ANCIENTS IN THE SPLENDOUR
AND COMBINATION OF COLOURS,
IN THE ALTERNATE SUCCESSION OF LIGHT AND SHADE
MUTUALLY DISPLAYING EACH OTHER;
WHO,
WHILST HE ENJOYED WITH MODESTY THE FIRST HONOURS OF HIS ART,
WAS EQUALLY COMMENDED
FOR THE SUAVITY OF HIS MANNERS AND THE ELEGANCE OF HIS MIND,
WHO RESTORED, BY HIS HIGHLY BEAUTIFUL MODELS,
THE ART ITSELF LANGUISHING AND ALMOST EXTINGUISHED
IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD,
WHO ILLUSTRATED IT BY THE ADMIRABLE PRECEPTS CONTAINED
IN HIS WRITINGS,
AND TRANSMITTED IT IN A CORRECT AND REFINED STATE
TO BE CULTIVATED BY POSTERITY,
THE FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS OF HIS TALENTS
HAVE RAISED THIS MONUMENT.

1813.



PICTURES BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

There are now in the National Gallery twenty-three of Sir Joshua's paintings, which, fortunately, illustrate every variety of the art he practised. Among them are *The Holy Family*, *The Banished Lord*; *Portraits of Admiral Keppel*, *Lord Heathfield*, *Lord Ligonier* (on horseback), *Dr. Johnson*, the *Marchioness of Townsend* and her sisters, and the *Hon. Mrs. Musters*, *The Snake in the Grass*; *The Infant Samuel*, *Heads of Angels*, *Age of Innocence*, and *Robinetta*; and there are several more of his masterpieces in the *Dulwich Gallery*. His pictures are extremely numerous, and are met with in almost every mansion in England. There are about 700 prints after them by *McArdell*, *John Raphael Smith*, *Valentine Green*,

Watson, *E. Fisher*, and other celebrated engravers of the day; and fine examples realize very large prices whenever they are sold by auction.

As it would be impossible to give a list of his paintings in this volume, the reader is referred to the *LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS*, by *C. R. Leslie, R.A.*, and *Tom Taylor, M.A.*, which contains an almost exhaustive account of

his works, and to the manuscript catalogue which has been prepared from Sir Joshua's own note-books and ledgers by Mr. Algernon Graves of 6, Pall Mall, who will gladly give any information on the subject of the Reynolds pictures that he is able to supply.



THE INFANT HERCULES. (See page 83.)

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ROMNEY AND LAWRENCE

BY

LORD RONALD GOWER, F.S.A.

A TRUSTEE OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY



PREFACE.

I HAVE been asked to write a preface to these short Memoirs of two very original but unequal portrait painters, Romney and Lawrence.

This enables me to give a line of thanks to a gentleman whose labour in the following pages has caused this book to be of real value to art lovers and historians of the English school of painting. In the admirable catalogue inserted at the close of the work, Mr. Algernon Graves, the son of the well-known art dealer of Pall Mall, has compiled what will be of lasting value in the history of English art; it will also give a better idea than can the account of his life of the astonishing prodigality and energy of Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose fault it certainly was to paint too great a number of portraits.

Lawrence, in fact, made his art into a trade, and there can be no doubt that, had he contented himself with painting one-half the people he did, his name would have stood higher in the records of the great artists. The fact is that for about the last twenty years of his life he painted but little more than the face of his sitter, the rest of the picture being done by his pupils, or rather his assistants; this practice has, of course, much lessened the value of his portraits, and individually I should prefer

such a work as the portrait of "A Countess," a mere sketch in oil of a head, now in the National Gallery, or one of his beautifully drawn pencil studies, to any of the full-length portraits of his Majesty, George IV., in his Garter Robes, to be met with in half-a-dozen of our palaces, and in some of our great country houses.

Lawrence's stumbling-block was his ruling passion for being the leading portrait painter of his day. In order to keep that position he sacrificed care and finish. Let his example be a warning to others, especially to the young portrait painters, on whom it would be well to enforce the precept that one single solidly and carefully painted portrait is worth a gallery full of hastily limned likenesses of people, however popular the painter may be. None of the truly great portrait painters hurried over their work—neither Holbein nor Titian, Raphael nor Velazquez; and the decline in Van Dyck's work becomes marked only after his second visit to England, when Charles and his Court patronised him, and when, in order to keep up with the ever-increasing number of sitters, he "scamped" his work and employed pupils and assistants to finish his portraits.

Luckily, I think, among the rising portrait painters who are now coming to the front, such as Herkomer, Dicksee, and Holl, we have men who emulate in care and completeness even those five great artists that I have named above.

RONALD GOWER.

April, 1882.



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GEORGE ROMNEY.



GEORGE ROMNEY.

From the Portrait painted by Sir Martin Archer Shee in 1799.



CHAPTER I.

BIRTH—PARENTAGE—EARLY STRUGGLES AND SUCCESS—REMOVAL TO LONDON—JOURNEY TO PARIS IN 1764; AND TO ROME IN 1773—EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY—RETURN TO LONDON.

A.D. 1734 TO A.D. 1774.

ROMNEY and Stothard are the most poetic painters of the English School of the eighteenth century. Both loved to represent forms and scenes from the pages of our greatest poets; both had that rarest gift which the artistic temperament can possess, next to that of genius, poetic imagination—a true and intense charm.

Had Romney never painted a portrait (and some of his portraits are second only to those by Reynolds and Gainsborough), his name would even then stand very high among the artists of Britain, for some of his poetic and dramatic compositions are replete with great imaginative power. Romney was to his fingers' ends a true artist, and his faults, those of a want of care and ignorance of anatomy, are amply compensated for by the glory of his colour, by his exquisite sense of beauty, and by an originality that places his name in the front rank of the great painters of his country.

George Romney was born at Beckside, near Dalton, in Cumberland, on the 15th of December, 1734. His father, John Romney, was a carpenter, joiner, and cabinet-maker. His mother was Ann Simpson, of Sladebank, in Cumberland. George was one of a family of nine sons and one daughter.* He seems to have been only for a short time at school, and, before he could have been taught much, was kept at home in order to help his father in his professional work. He early gave proof of the bent of his character by carving small figures in wood; he showed, too, some proficiency in music, and constructed a violin, on which he played tolerably well, and this violin, in after-years, he used to show to his friends with much pride; he was also while a lad passionately fond of mechanics. According to Cumberland, the first thing that turned young Romney's mind to graphic art was the sight of some woodcuts in a magazine, and a copy of Da Vinci's "Treatise on Painting" containing illustrations. A young painter named Steele, discovering the lad's capacity, engaged the boy cabinet-maker to assist him in his studio, and George Romney agreed to work for four years for Steele, who was to receive a premium of £20. However, the contract was not kept; Steele soon after eloped with an heiress to Gretna Green, and later went to Ireland, where he disappeared. Romney soon followed his employer's example, and in 1756, in a rash moment, won the affection and the hand of a young woman, named Mary Abbott, of Kirkland, who seems to have had good looks, and who was endowed with a most amiable and forgiving disposition, of which, as

* Cunningham's "Lives of the British Painters," new edition, by Mrs. Heaton.

the future conduct of her husband will show, she had great need; for never did a husband wear lighter the fetters of the married state than did Romney. At the age of three-and-twenty he, refusing to accompany Steele to Ireland, began in earnest his career of painter. His first commission was to paint a sign-board for a post-office window at Kendal, the subject a hand holding a letter; but better commissions than this soon followed, and Romney got faces as well as hands to paint. The gentry of Westmoreland flocked round the young artist, and in a few years he had collected enough capital to enable him to carry out the darling ambition of his soul, namely, to practise his art in London. Before leaving Kendal he had attempted to paint some scenes from Shakespeare and other compositions, pictures which he sold by lottery after exhibiting them in the Town Hall in that place. The mere attempt to illustrate the works of the great poet by a youth who had only been educated for a short season, and in a country grammar school of that period, shows that Romney was no ordinary young devotee of art, and that even in these early days he dreamt of attaining fame in the highest walks of his profession. He had amassed the sum of £100, partly by the sale of his lottery pictures, partly by his portraits, although his portraits, when life size, only commanded two guineas per head, and small full-lengths six; out of these £100 he retained thirty, giving the rest to his wife for the support of herself and his two children.

Romney, now in his twenty-seventh year, started at length for London full of high endeavour, courage, and what is still better, faith in himself. A young man thus equipped, although with only £30 in his pocket, is not to

be pitied. It took our artist a week to get from Kendal to the metropolis, which he reached on the 21st of March, 1762.

There he found a lodging near the Mansion House, and, having had some of his pictures sent to him by his wife from Kendal, he invited purchasers to inspect and buy. "The Death of Wolfe" was a very favourite subject with artists at that time, and, in the year following his arrival in London, Romney carried off the second prize of fifty guineas for a painting of that subject at the Society of Arts. This award created discontent amongst some who considered that Mortimer's "Edward the Confessor seizing the Treasures of his Mother" should have had the prize; and to Mortimer the fifty guineas were ultimately given, and poor Romney received but twenty-five guineas as a present. It was on this occasion that he is supposed to have considered himself slighted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who gave his preference to Mortimer; be this as it may, Reynolds and he were enemies for the rest of their lives.*

Romney's prospects brightened; sitters increased, and, leaving the city for a more fashionable situation, he took up his quarters near Charing Cross, not far from where Reynolds and Hogarth were working. He could now ask five guineas for a head; and he soon made enough money to go on an artistic visit (in 1764) to Paris. Claude Joseph Vernet, the marine painter (grandfather of Horace, and the sire of a family of artists), received the young English painter with kindness, and did him the honours of the

* Sir Joshua, indeed, disliked Romney so much that he would not ever allude to him by name, but in after-years, when he had to refer to him, spoke of him as "the man in Cavendish Square."

art treasures of the French capital. Romney was most struck by the superb series of Rubens's paintings then in the Luxembourg Palace, and the progress he made in his art on his return to England proved how valuable his study of the great Flemish painter's works had been to him. His fame spread rapidly in London; and he seems to have been especially popular among the gentlemen of the Long Robe, whose portraits he painted in profusion. He now again changed his quarters, this time placing his easel in Great Newport Street, hard by the President's own dwelling.

A group he there painted, of the family of Sir George Warren, created quite a sensation, and soon all London began to flock to Great Newport Street, and, rapidly as he worked, his list of engagements to paint portraits was larger than he could carry out. He was now the fashion, and even Reynolds felt that the tide had turned and that he must look to his laurels. The feud between the painters only increased with the increasing popularity of the younger artist, and Romney showed his resentment by never sending any of his pictures to the exhibitions of the Academy; but he exhibited his portraits in a house in Spring Gardens. Two parties had been formed in society; two "factions," as Lord Thurlow called them; the Chancellor was loud in his praise of Romney, and openly declared that he for one was of the Romney faction. Nor was the painter ungrateful to the Chancellor, for Thurlow's portrait—a splendid full-length, now at Trentham in Staffordshire—is as fine a presentment of the Chancellor as even Reynolds himself could have produced.

Romney was now gaining a clear income of twelve hundred a year; a sum which would now be equivalent to more

than twice that amount; and the wish to see the great works of foreign cities again was strong within him.

Rome was now his goal. Furnished with a letter to the Pope from the Duke of Richmond, and accompanied



MISS SNEYD AS "SERENA."

by the miniature painter, Ozias Humphrey, he started in March, 1773, for the city of the Seven Hills.

The Diary of this journey to Rome—which he kept for his friend, Thomas Greene—very much *contre cœur*, as his son informs us, for he hated every occasion of writing—contains interesting illustrations of the manners

and costumes which immediately preceded the French Revolution. Of the dress of the men in Paris he writes that the principal difference he has observed from that of England is, that "the men, from the prince to the valet de chambre, wear muffs of an enormous size, slung round their waists, and always *chapeau bras*, though the weather is very cold. I have not seen a woman's hat on in any order of people. It is a part of dress which gives much softness to the face, by throwing it into half-shadow of any colour that the wearer chooses." From Paris Romney travelled, by *diligence*, in a day and a half, to Lyons, and was confined there for a week with a cold; and thence by a boat, which was chartered for his party, down the Rhone to Avignon; "but, on the second day, it blew very hard, and obliged us to stop at St. Esprit." His description of the journey is worth transcribing:—

"The Rhone is a rapid river, and the prospects from it are in general very beautiful. The latter part of the first day we saw a range of very grand mountains, covered with snow, called the Grenoble Mountains. The river, likewise, affords several grand and picturesque views; some of the towns are particularly so, and group well with the hills and rocks. On the way from St. Esprit to Nismes, and about twelve miles from the latter place, is a Roman aqueduct, perhaps the most beautiful specimen of that kind of architecture in the world.

"Nismes is situated facing the south-east, with a range of hills forming the quarter of a circle to the north-west; the plains before it are very extensive, beautiful, and fertile; they are covered with olive-trees, and the ground between each tree is sown with some kind of grain, or planted with vines, &c."

The whole description of Nismes, Avignon, and the incidents of the further journey, especially of that beyond Marseilles, along the shores of the Mediterranean, is

written with a freshness and simplicity, and at the same time an artist's appreciation of the natural beauties of the scenery, and poetic element of the social incidents, which it is very pleasant to read. He disapproves of the conventual system:—

“The convent of St. Pont, for women, is about a quarter of a mile from this; it is a very large and beautiful building, with a church situate on a little eminence by the side of the river. It is very extraordinary that the policy of so many different nations should suffer so large a proportion of both sexes to be secluded from the world as useless members of society; one may suppose that, upon an average, every twentieth woman, and every fortieth man, are shut up for life, to spend their time in idleness and sloth.” “The Nissard women,” he says, “are very ordinary-looking; they are remarkably brown and rather masculine; notwithstanding, they are exceedingly pleasing in the dances.”

At Lyons he had written also of the women of the place. “The women are of a middle size, with all their forms round and full-grown; full-chested and with necks as round as the Venus de Medici; their faces not very beautiful, and browner than at Paris.”

From Nice, on the 25th of May, the friends sailed “with a fair wind” to Mentone within an hour and a half, which is fifteen miles. Here they were taken to the house of a Mr. Albans, “a great merchant and polite gentleman,” where they stayed till the 27th, when—

“At 10 o'clock in the morning, having a fair wind, we set sail for Genoa, which is 145 miles distant. We had a very fine prospect of the coast all the way, which consists of lofty mountains of every form and shape; but in general very steep to the shore . . . After the most delightful voyage imaginable, with a wind that carried us sometimes 14 miles an hour, we reached Genoa about twelve o'clock at night, and continued in the boat in the harbour till three, the time when the gates were opened. . . . The Genoese women are in general elegant in

their figure, have great ease in their action, and walk extremely well. They are of a good size, are fair, but very pale, which is occasioned by the dress they wear. It is a loose robe of calico or thick muslin, which goes over their heads like a veil, and over their shoulders and arms like a capuchin. They let it fall over the forehead as low as the eyebrows, and twist it under the chin; they generally have one hand up almost to the chin, holding the veil with their fingers, beautifully disposed among the folds, and the other across the breast. They are short-waisted, and have very long trains, which produce the most elegant flowing lines imaginable; so that with the beautiful folds of the veil or cloak, they are, when they move, the finest figures that can be conceived. When the veil is off, you see the most picturesque and elegant hair; it is braided up the back of the head and twisted round several times, and beautifully varied; it is pinned with a long silver pin; where it is not braided, it is flat to the head, with some loose hair round the face."

This close and conscientious observation of the details of costume is characteristic of the portrait painter. After encountering a tremendous storm between Genoa and Leghorn, and a hasty glance at Florence, they arrived at Rome on the 18th of June; and here Romney's filial biographer is at great pains to invent excuses and apologies for his father's very natural withdrawal from society. "Such," says Hayley,* "was the cautious reserve of Romney, which his singular mental infirmity and a perpetual dread of enemies inspired, that he avoided all further intercourse with his fellow-traveller and with all the other artists of his country who were then studying at Rome." Romney's son, however, asserts that the only *enemies* whom Romney was shy towards were *naturally* the friends of Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they came about him—"knowing well that they were so attached to his rival from

* "Life of George Romney," by William Hayley.

personal motives, that he had little chance of candour from them." It was at Rome, however, that Romney first became acquainted with "Wright, of Derby, Harrison the architect, and Marchant, the sculptor in gems; all men highly distinguished for professional talent and private worth."

Among the paintings which he executed at Rome was a remarkable one which he himself called *Providence brooding over Chaos*.

"It represented a venerable old man borne upon the clouds. He fronted the spectator, and had his arms outspread; his hair was parted on his forehead, and his beard flowing. There was a mild expression in his countenance, and he seemed rapt in the performance of some great operation. The lower part of the picture exhibited a chaotic mass of obscurity and darkness. This picture remained in his gallery in Cavendish Square for some years. It was placed over the copy of the 'Transfiguration,' opposite to the entrance. At the time of Lord George Gordon's riots, in 1780, it excited great alarm in the mind of Mr. Romney, lest it should attract the notice of the rioters, and be regarded as an object of Roman Catholic idolatry, and thus lead to the destruction of his house. It was therefore immediately removed to a back apartment."

His son, however, who regarded this picture, in respect of its subject, "rather as an object of censure than of praise," when he made out the catalogue for the sale of his father's pictures after his death, called it *Jupiter Pluvius*; "borrowing the idea from a representation of that pagan divinity on the column of Marcus Aurelius, to which the figure in Mr. Romney's picture bore some resemblance."

But his principal work at Rome was the copy of a group from Raphael's "Transfiguration," which was then pre-

served in the church of San Pietro in Montorio. The Rev. John Romney records that, after the refusal of an offer of one hundred guineas for this work from the Duke of Richmond, it was sold at the auction of his pictures for six guineas. At Rome, Romney studied hard for a year and a half, copying the frescoes and cartoons of Michelangelo and of Raphael. The ceilings of the Sistine Chapel and the halls of the Vatican were his academies, and much they taught him; but he also worked from nature, and made many studies of the beautiful living models of which Rome is so prolific.

The feelings with which Romney left Rome are those of many modern travellers, expressed in the language of a hundred years ago.

“After a good night's rest (at the Monte Rossi), the hurry of departing being over, my affections began to revive, and something hung about my heart that felt like sorrow, which continued to increase till I reached the summit of Mount Viterbo. I arrived there about half an hour before the vetturino; indeed I had hastened to do so, as well knowing it would be the last time I should see Rome. I looked with an eager eye to discover that divine place. It was enveloped in a bright vapour, as if the rays of Apollo shone there with greater lustre than at any other spot upon this terrestrial globe. My mind visited every place, and thought of everything that had given it pleasure; and I continued some time in that state, with a thousand tender sensations playing about my heart, till I was almost lost in sorrow—think, O think, my dear Carter, where you are, and do not let the sweets of that divine place escape you; do not leave a stone unturned that is classical; do not leave a form unsought out that is beautiful; nor even a line of the great Michel Angelo.”

The letter is dated from Venice, where Romney was studying Titian. He says, “Upon the whole I am very

glad I did not make any studies from his works in Rome or Florence, being thoroughly convinced that a just idea of Titian can never be formed out of Venice. His great works are of a much higher order, and of a very different character from those in Rome."

Romney returned by land to Paris, where he arrived penniless; and thence, after borrowing the necessary funds, to London, which he reached on the 1st of June, 1775—where he found awaiting him "A Poetical Epistle to an Eminent Painter," beginning:—

"Blest be the hour, when fav'ring gales restore
The travell'd artist to his native shore!"

and continuing five hundred lines of eulogy in a similar strain.





CHAPTER II.

WORK IN LONDON—PORTRAITS—AMBITION TO ILLUSTRATE
SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON—LADY HAMILTON—SECOND
VISIT TO PARIS—GREAT PROJECTS OF HIS LATER DAYS—
FAILING HEALTH—RETURN HOME AND DEATH.

A.D. 1775 TO A.D. 1802.

ON his arrival he took a large house in Cavendish Square, in which Francis Cotes, R.A., had resided till his death in 1770, and which after Romney's death was occupied by Sir Martin Shee, P.R.A. ; and here for the next twenty years his career was one of enduring and complete success. The only blot—but it is a serious blot—in that well-spent life of the painter was, that in all these prosperous years he almost entirely neglected his wife and children; only twice did he visit them, and only when broken in health and crushed in spirit did he return home, then only to die. This is indeed, as Allan Cunningham says, "a sore blemish" in the character of the great artist.

There was much unmeant flattery in Reynolds's jealousy of Romney's success, and this "the man in Cavendish Square" must have felt; but it detracts not a little from our esteem for Sir Joshua that the two rivals he had to

fear, Gainsborough and Romney, were for many years neither of them on speaking terms with the President.

It was about this time that Romney painted a series of portraits, now at Trentham, of the Gower family; the largest of them is that group of dancing children, that made so brilliant a show at the Winter Exhibition of works by the "Old Masters" at the Royal Academy in 1875; a painting that Allan Cunningham has commended as being "masterly and graceful." It is only within the last score of years that Romney's paintings (which appear but rarely in sale-rooms) have fetched great prices; but now a fine example by him commands as high a price as correspondingly good works of Reynolds and Gainsborough.

Not a few of Romney's portraits have a charm beyond those of his greater rivals. No artist could impart more voluptuous grace and loveliness to his female portraits, when his model was as passing beautiful as Emma, Lady Hamilton, than did George Romney.

Although he had become the second most successful portrait painter in London—gaining the immense sum (for those days) of nearly £4,000 a year—Romney would not give up Shakespeare and his creations for the more lucrative, but less noble, art of portrait painting. The works of the great dramatist inspired the painter's imagination, now that he was at the height of his renown, as they had done when he was an artist unknown to fame, painting portraits for two guineas a head at Kendal. It was at this time that he produced those fine mythological pictures which have reference to the youth or infancy of the bard—of these, *The Infant Shakespeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy*, now at Petworth; and its companion, *The Infant*





THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER. By Romney.
In the National Gallery.

Shakespeare attended by the Passions, and *Alope*, an unfinished but fine work, were all painted about this period. As to his manner of working at this time, "he mostly," says the artist's son, "painted a gentleman's three-quarters portrait in three or four sittings; especially if no hands were introduced . . . During the spring months he frequently had five sitters a day, and occasionally even six. The only time he had for fancy subjects was in the intervals between the sitters, or when they disappointed him; and having a canvas at hand, he often regarded such a disappointment as a schoolboy would a holiday. He often wrought thirteen hours a day, commencing at eight, or earlier, and, except when engaged out, which was not frequently, prolonging his application till eleven at night."

Alderman Boydell's scheme of forming a gallery, the subjects to be taken from Shakespeare's poems and plays, was entered into warmly by our painter, and met his fancy for illustrating the matchless creations of the poet; but fond as he was of Shakespeare, his ardour soon cooled on learning that while for his picture for the gallery, a scene from *The Tempest*, only six hundred guineas was paid, Reynolds and West each received one thousand for theirs.

No artist was ever more influenced by beauty than George Romney: it was his fate to meet and be intimate with one of the most extraordinarily attractive women that even England has ever seen. I refer, of course, to Emma, Lady Hamilton, maid of all work, model, mistress, ambassadress, and pauper. Imagine a perfect form, and a face as fresh and as divinely fair as Hebe's—eyes that could express the deepest passion, and melt in the softest languor—a mouth like a rosebud, the clear white brow framed by

a profusion of deep auburn hair, on which the sun seemed continually to shine. Her form and limbs, till they lost their contour from too much adipose tissue, served as well as her matchless face for the painter's or the sculptor's art; and she loved to represent some well-known figure of a goddess, or to throw her graceful form into an attitude which recalled the inspired fancies of the most voluptuous creations of the pencil or the chisel. If Romney painted that superb creature once, he certainly did scores of times—and in how many different attitudes, and in what a variety of characters—as Hebe, and as a Bacchante; as a Sibyl, and as Joan of Arc; as Sensibility, and as St. Cecilia; as Cassandra, and as Iphigenia; as Constance, and as Calypso; as Circe, and as Mary Magdalen; and in many of these characters not only once, but frequently.

No wonder the poor wife in the North was forgotten while “the divine lady,” as Romney fondly called Lady Hamilton, was inspiring him with so many forms of loveliness in Cavendish Square.

In 1790 Romney made another expedition to Paris. It was the eve of the great Revolution, but the storm was only then rumbling onwards from the south, and Paris was still unstained with blood. Hayley (a forgotten poetaster, now only remembered through his pompous life of the artist), in his “Life of Romney,” mentions that the Marquis of Stafford, the father of our then Ambassador in Paris, “had ever shown a particular regard for Romney, and as his son, the Ambassador, expressed a similar disposition,” he was invited to accompany Lord Gower's chaplain, Dr. Warner, to Paris. Romney's biographer, Hayley, and the Rev. Carwardine,

were of the party. They lodged in Paris at the Hôtel Modène, and found in my grandparents, Lord Gower—(Sutherland as he was then called)—and his Scotch wife, an artist herself of no mean skill, excellent hosts to do them the honours of the galleries and studios of the French capital. The Orleans Gallery (then the finest private collection of paintings in the world, so soon to be dispersed by its infamous owner, Egalité d'Orleans, who had inherited those priceless art treasures) was the first visited: here the future King of the French, Louis Philippe, accompanied the party over his father's palace, and his governess, Madame de Genlis (whose clever face even Romney's brush failed to make attractive), was of the company. The two artists then in Paris, whose works Romney most admired, were David, the future regicide, and leader of the classical school of painting, and Greuze; both of these painters he met at dinner at the Ambassador's table. They visited with David the galleries of the Luxembourg, where Romney had, a second time, an opportunity of admiring the superb paintings it contained—and that stately allegory of a queen's life by Rubens, which is now in the Louvre.

On returning to London, Romney was possessed of what afterwards proved an unfortunate ambition: he longed to surround himself, in some vaster building than his house in Cavendish Square, with the mouldings of the finest fragments of antiquity. For this purpose he commenced building a large house at Hampstead, and wrote to Rome to his friend Flaxman to send him a vast number of casts taken from the finest statues in the galleries of the Vatican. Of these schemes he writes, in 1794, to Hayley, "I had

formed a plan of painting 'The Seven Ages,' and also 'The Visions of Adam with the Angel,' to bring in 'The Flood,' and 'The Opening of the Ark,' which would make six large pictures. Indeed, to tell you the truth, I have made designs for all the pictures, and very grand subjects they are. My plan is, if I live and retain my senses and sight, to paint six other subjects from Milton—three where Satan is the hero, and three from Adam and Eve;—perhaps six of each. I have ideas of them all, and I may make sketches; but, alas! I cannot begin them for a year or two, and if my name was mentioned, I should have nothing but abuse, and that I cannot bear. Fear has always been my enemy: my nerves are too weak for supporting anything in public." A sad letter, and full of dim forebodings, too soon to be fulfilled.

Romney's friends fell fast around him, struck down in the midst of the battle of life; Gibbon the historian was the first to die, and then Cowper went out of his mind, and sunk into a state of hopeless insanity. Romney himself became terribly melancholy; he lost nerve power, and although he tried what visits to the sea at the Isle of Wight could do for him, no good came to him until Flaxman appeared on the scene and cheered the poor sufferer by his kind thoughtfulness and warm sympathetic nature.

Romney became calmer in spirit, but the power of his painting was gone for ever. It was in 1797 that he bade Cavendish Square a lasting farewell, for now the new house which he had planned and built, and in which he looked forward to pass many years of leisure, if not of work, was nearly completed. He was now sixty-three, not an old man as to years, but it was rather late in life to

hope to start a new house, or to attempt a fresh career of artistic labour. His imagination was still full of poetic schemes and subjects, and many of his ideas he sketched, hoping that the time might come, when in his new house and large studio surrounded by the casts that Flaxman had sent him, he would be able to carry out his ambitious designs from Milton and Shakespeare. But it was not fated that any of those wishes should be realised; the end was nearer at hand than Romney or his friends imagined. "I found Romney," writes Hayley at this time, "much dejected in his mansion on the hill at Hampstead, for want of occupation and society." In April, 1799, he again writes of his "grief of foreseeing that Romney's increasing weakness of body and mind afforded only a gloomy prospect for the residue of his life." "*Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.*" Then at last, when feeling unable to do more than gaze wistfully on the "cart loads" of unfinished paintings in his room, did the poor dying artist bethink him of the deserted wife who still waited so patiently for him down in the North—and of his children, children to whom he had been all his life a father but in name. To these he returned in the summer of 1799, like a wearied child; and at Kendal, soothed and tended by these long-neglected relations, he gradually sank into a state of unconsciousness; life flickered on, however, till the 15th November, 1802. He had lived nearly sixty-eight years.

Romney rests in the place of his birth, Dalton. A man of intense sympathy, he wanted strength both in his character and in his art; kind to all but to those to whom kindness was essentially due, he cannot be considered more than a man of great gifts without the highest, that of the



LORD DERBY AND HIS SISTER. By Romney.

In the possession of the Earl of Derby.

sense of duty. But his own forgave him, and it is not for others to cast a stone on the memory of an erring brother. As an artist Romney ranks among the greatest of our painters, both as a portraitist and painter of imaginary subjects, and his fame will endure as long as the charming creations of his brush last.

The greatest of our sculptors, Flaxman, has said of Romney, in words that are better than an epitaph carved in marble or in bronze, "I always remember Mr. Romney's notice of my boyish years and productions with gratitude; his original and striking conversation, his masterly, grand, and feeling compositions are continually before me; and I still feel the benefits of his acquaintance and recommendations."

In figure Romney was broadly built, rather below the middle height; his face was rather more intelligent than handsome, but his eyes, like those of most eminent painters, were remarkable for their penetration; it is to be regretted that he left no good portrait of himself, nor did he sit for any, but when comparatively an old man, to Sir Martin Shee.

Contemporary engravings after Romney's works are rare. J. R. Smith made a fine mezzotint after the group of the children of Lord Gower at Trentham, and W. Dickinson a few. In Hayley's life of the painter are some good steel plates after a few of his works, engraved by Caroline Watson; and both Blake and Bartolozzi engraved some of his pictures. One of Romney's chief merits being his transparent and brilliant colouring, no engraving can give a fair impression of his style, as in the case of Reynolds and of Lawrence.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

From a drawing by himself.



CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, PRECOCITY OF GENIUS IN EARLY LIFE—
REMOVAL TO LONDON AND STUDIES UNDER SIR JOSHUA
REYNOLDS—ROYAL PATRONAGE—SUCCESS AND EARLY
ELECTION TO THE ACADEMY—WORK IN LONDON—SATAN
AND FUSELI—CONTEMPORARY CRITICISMS—DEATH OF HIS
FATHER.

A.D. 1769 TO A.D. 1798.

WHAT Holbein was to the court of Henry VIII., and Van Dyck to that of Charles I., such was Lawrence to the court of the Regent and King, George IV.

On the canvas of Lawrence the features of the highest, brightest, and most beautiful women of the close of the eighteenth and the first thirty years of this century have been handed down to us; and although he was essentially a painter of womanly charms, some of his men's portraits, such, for instance, as those of Pius VII., Cardinal Gonsalvi, and Benjamin West, might, without detriment to themselves, be placed by the side of any portrait by Titian or Van Dyck.

Thomas Lawrence first saw the light on the 4th of May, 1769, at Bristol, in the White Hart Inn, of which his father was the landlord. This father, the son of a clergyman, appears to have been what the Scotch call a "feckless" man, and from being a lawyer, had declined

in the social scale to keeping an inn. Lawrence's parents, soon after his birth, left Bristol and moved to Devizes, where, at the sign of the Black Bear, young "Tommy," who must have been a very precocious child, was made use of by his father; for when visitors appeared, his father would place the little wonder—the child being only five years old—before them on a table, where he used to recite odes by Collins and spout passages from Milton and Shakespeare. But Tommy could do more, he could draw; and the proud father would invite his guests to have their portraits taken in pencil or chalks by this distinctly precious paragon. There is a pleasant story told by Allan Cunningham, of Garrick once stopping at the Black Bear at Devizes; and after listening to the child's declamation of a passage in Shakespeare, patting him on the head and saying, "Bravely done, Tommy; whether will ye be, a painter or a player, eh?"

What was the boy's answer to this question tradition saith not; but that young Lawrence wished to be an actor was only natural with his facility for reciting, and after having won the applause both of Garrick and the great Siddons. It is said he finally decided to become a painter, when yet only nine years old, from having seen a collection of pictures at Corsham House, where he was found gazing with tears in his eyes on a painting by Rubens: "I shall never be able to paint like that," he sobbed. Years passed. The feckless father removed from Devizes to Oxford, and again from Oxford to Bath, following the seasons at those then fashionable towns in order to get as many sitters as could be found to sit for their portraits to Tommy. At this period young Lawrence employed only chalks, and made

the then highly popular pastel portraits, half life-size heads in an oval form. One of these drawings in coloured chalks, probably done at this time, is the portrait of the lovely *Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire*, which still hangs at Chiswick House in the room in which Charles Fox died. This is doubly interesting, not only from being a very early work by the future President of the Royal Academy and the likeness of a celebrity, but it proves that in these early days Lawrence did not flatter his sitters, even when they were duchesses and professional beauties to boot.

That the clever artist lad was not spoilt and his handsome young head turned by all the praise and flattery he now obtained shows that he must have had more than an ordinary share of common sense and manliness in his character, which is not generally the case with such youthful geniuses. He now set to work in earnest as a portrait painter, and met with a success that may well encourage youthful would-be painters in their early efforts; a success, however, only gained by steady and continuous labour and hard toil, and when he commenced to study at the Academy, Mr. (afterwards Sir Martin) Shee writes of him that his patience and perseverance were something quite out of the common; in fact, from the age of ten up to the day of his death, half a century later, Lawrence worked without a pause. Nature had endowed him with extraordinary facility in seizing on a likeness, and with rare skill of hand; and, although he lacked genius, he possessed artistic talent of nearly the highest order. He knew his own deficiencies, and was not contented with his measure of success, but studied, even when he was President of the Royal Academy and member of half-a-dozen foreign

academies, as laboriously as he had worked when he first arrived in London, and began portrait painting there under the eye of the great Sir Joshua.

It was in 1787 that Lawrence first visited London; he lodged close by Reynolds in Leicester Fields, and from the kind old President, who was then near the end of his splendid career, he received much valuable advice. Lawrence was now in his eighteenth year, and is described as being extremely handsome in person, with fine and regular features, lighted by eyes full of brilliancy, and long chestnut-coloured hair falling in curls on his shoulders. Later in life these locks were sadly thinned, and one recalls his face as that of a handsome aristocratic-looking middle-aged gentleman, with a bald and finely shaped dome-like brow, not unlike his contemporary George Canning.

"Study Nature" was Reynolds's often-repeated advice to Lawrence when first the young painter called on the great President; and if Lawrence had followed this advice more than he did, and had studied nature more and fashion less, he would have a higher niche in the Temple of Fame, and a brighter renown among the great English painters, than he has. In the first years that he spent in London he attempted to illustrate high or classical art. In 1788 Mr. Richard Payne Knight commissioned him to paint *Homer reciting his poems to the Greeks*; this painting—like the few (and luckily he attempted but a few) imaginary pieces that he tried his hand upon—proved a failure. It was exhibited in 1791. The painting that appears to have given the impetus to his marvellously successful career as a portrait painter in London was the full-length portrait of the beautiful *Miss Farren*. the

actress, who became Lady Derby. This work was painted in or about 1790.

"She was represented in what was then called a white *John* cloak and a muff, and the painting had the good fortune of exciting among the critics of the day very many and not unfavourable comparisons between it and Sir Joshua's admired portrait of Mrs. Billington as St. Cecilia. This portrait placed him above all competitors except Hoppner, who, although always second in the race, vigorously contested the palm with him till his death in 1810."—*Williams*.

In this picture there is a strange anachronism; the lady is attired in furs, but all around blooms a summer's landscape. It is said that the young painter was so struck by the graceful manner in which Miss Farren unfastened her sable-trimmed cloak as she entered the painting-room, that he begged her to remain in that attitude. Whatever be the faults or the merits of this picture, it was the portrait of the year, and made young Lawrence at a step the most fashionable painter of the town. The moment for him was propitious, for the greatest of the portrait painters had recently died or retired from the arena of their profession. Gainsborough was dead, and Reynolds was almost blind and had given up his victorious contest, and Romney had but a faction. Lawrence now raised the price of his portraits from ten to thirty guineas for the head, from thirty guineas to sixty for the half length, and for a full length he was now paid one hundred and twenty.

"He was now induced to speculate upon a more expensive style of living; and the patronage he received, and the influx of business, so steadily progressive, fully authorized him to incur these increased charges, notwithstanding the claims upon him which have

been already noticed. He this year resigned his apartments in Jermyn Street to Mr. Shee, and took a house, No. 24, Old Bond Street, in which he aimed at a more showy style of life."—*Williams.*

The King had already patronised the young painter; his Majesty had sat to him, as had also the Queen and the Princess Amelia.* Honest old King George had evidently taken a liking to the handsome young portrait painter, and interested himself almost as much in his welfare as his son and successor did some thirty years after. George III. went so far in his patronage that, in spite of a law which he himself had sanctioned, and which prevented an artist from becoming an Associate of the Royal Academy until he was twenty-four years of age, he insisted upon Lawrence being made an extra-associate when he was only one-and-twenty.

The Gipsy, painted in 1794 (representing a romantic and far too elegant girl, very *décolletée*, stealing a fowl; a background of a wood, with gipsies, now the property of the Royal Academy), was the presentation picture of Lawrence on becoming an Academician.

His election gave rise to one of Peter Pindar's poems. published in 1791, called the "Rights of Kings!" It is great nonsense, of which the following is an extract:—

* The portrait of the Princess Amelia, then a child of seven, was exhibited in 1790, together with that of the Queen and ten others, including Miss Farren (under the title—171, *An Actress*). Princess Amelia's portrait became, by some means, the property of a broker near Soho Square, from whom it was purchased by Lawrence a few years before his death. It formed part of his property at his decease.



THE COUNTESS GOWER AND LADY ELIZABETH GOWER
(*at Stafford House*).

“ Refuse a monarch’s mighty orders !
 It smells of treason, on rebellion borders.
 ‘Sdeath Sirs ! it was the Queen’s fond wish as well
 That Master Lawrence should come in.
 Against a Queen so gentle to rebel,
 This is another crying sin.

* * * * *

I own I’ve said (and glory in th’ advice),
 ‘ Be not, O King, as usual over nice.
 ‘ Dread sire (to take a phrase from Caliban),
 ‘ Bite ’em :
 ‘ To pour a heavier vengeance on the clan,
 ‘ *Knight ’em !* ’ ”

The official record states :—“ In November 1791, (November 10), he (Mr. Thomas Lawrence) was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy at an earlier age than any artist before or since ; and in 1794, (February 10), an Academician.”

But George III. liked having his own royal way, and probably cared very little for what the Royal Academy thought of this mark of his regard for Lawrence. And this was not all, for in the following year the King, Reynolds having died, appointed Lawrence to the office of Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty. Such an appointment bestowed on so young an artist must have created a considerable stir in the artistic world. “ What ! appoint a young fellow of only two-and-twenty to the highest post but one in the country, when such veteran portrait painters as Romney, Opie, and Hoppner are passed over and ignored ! ” But here again the excellent good sense and tact of Lawrence now, as when he was but a child, the wonder of the dons of Oxford and the fine ladies of Bath, seem to have disarmed envy and stilled the tongues of the malicious.

And “ about the same date also,” Mrs. Heaton, in her



NATURE. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The Children of C. B. Culmady, Esq.

notes to Cunningham's life of Lawrence, tells us, "he was elected a member of the Dilettanti Society, and for his sake this aristocratic society rescinded its rule that no person was admissible as a member who had not crossed the Alps. He entered also upon the office of painter to the Society which Sir Joshua's death had left vacant."

In July, 1792, Lawrence was commissioned to paint their Britannic Majesties as a present for the Emperor of China, and Lord Macartney took these portraits with him to the flowery land. The young courtier painter now felt he might make a greater display in the world of fashion; and as soon as he had become settled in the rooms he had taken in the then all "*à la mode*" Old Bond Street, he became in other ways extravagant, and from this time commenced the financial embarrassments that harassed all his after-career, successful as that career was. For, in spite of being the most run-after and sat-to portrait painter that London had known since the days when King Charles lounged and chatted in Van Dyck's studio at Blackfriars, Lawrence from this time till the grave closed over him was always short of money, and the melancholy that brooded over his later years must be ascribed to that greatest of worldly annoyances—a want of convenient and ready cash. "I began life wrongly," he confessed to a friend in after-years.

The patronage of princes is not an unalloyed boon for artists; few indeed do not suffer in their talents from such an honour, generally very dearly bought. The patronage of princes is often the grave of artistic effort. Why it is that the limner of royal features should generally be an inferior artist (Titian, Holbein, Rubens, and Van Dyck are, of

course, brilliant exceptions) to others of the craft, would be difficult to account for or explain.

Perhaps, to put it shortly, their royal sitters do not give the artist a fair chance of painting them well, and the painter favoured by royalty does not care to bestow much pains on sitters who are not Royal Highnesses, Serenities, or Transparencies. Excepting some of the very greatest of court painters, Velazquez for instance, how few have been anything more than spoilt painters—spoilt both in the artistic and the social sense! Reynolds, fortunately for his fame, after a brief time was not greatly favoured by our Court, and certainly Gainsborough's early works are generally better than those of his later years now at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace.

In 1792 the young Associate exhibited ten portraits, of which the most remarkable was that of the King. It was hung next to West's historical painting of *Edward III. passing the Somme*, and divided the public attention with that picture. Mr. Williams mentions Opie and Hoppner as rivals to Lawrence in his own branch, at this time, of a most formidable character. Of the former he adds:—

“Without depreciating the very extraordinary talents of this eminent man, it may be justifiable to remark, that imagination could scarcely conceive a stronger difference, than his style of thick colouring and heavy touch, and the brilliant colouring, vigour, and grace which Mr. Lawrence infused into all his portraits. Many of Mr. Opie's productions speak forcibly to the feelings, and must ever be invaluable to men of taste; but his portraits were identity seen through an unpleasant medium, whilst Lawrence, with equal truth to the original, cast over it the graces and serene cheerfulness of his own mind.”

But Hoppner, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, was a most formidable rival, for the Prince's in-

fluence as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form—the positive *arbiter elegantiarum* from whose decision none had the temerity to appeal"—was much greater than that of his royal father.

In this year Sir Joshua Reynolds died, and West was elected to the office of President in his place. The election, which was made the occasion of a great display of party feeling, called up, Williams says, "a host of acute and acrimonious writers, by whom every eminent man in the profession was ridiculed or otherwise attacked, in a manner which the good taste of the present age could not tolerate or sanction." Lawrence, however, we are told, either escaped censure or received praise in these writings, "although one of the belligerent writers, the saturnine and malignant Anthony Pasquin (his real name was Williams), two years afterwards selected him as an object of his virulent acumen."

In 1793 Lawrence exhibited nine pictures, including *Prospero raising a Storm*, and eight portraits.

In 1794 he appears in the catalogue as R.A. elect, and Principal Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty; and exhibits eight portraits, including one of *Dr. Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury*, of which Pasquin said:—"It conveys a full idea of the florid, well-fed visage of this fortunate arch-prelate, and a monk better appointed never sighed before the tomb of Becket." A portrait of *Lord Auckland* was more severely criticized:—

"This heterogeneous nobleman is so fantastically enveloped in drapery, that I cannot ascertain what is meant for his coat, and what for the curtain: they are all of the same strength and importance. This is destroying the subordination of objects

most completely. Perhaps his lordship is portrayed in the very act of writing his glorious manifesto at the Hague, as he appears to think so intensely on the theme, that his eye-balls seem bursting from their spheres.”

“This latter remark,” as Mr. Williams says, “is curious, for scarcely can ancient or modern art produce a better painter of eyes than Lawrence.”

Sir Joshua Reynolds laid it down as a fixed principle that to create the beautiful, the eyes ought to be always in mezzotint. Lawrence never pursued this rule, for his eyes had scarcely any tint at all, or were tinted above the mezzo. In his painting-room in Russell Square the light was high, but in that at 57, Greek Street it was higher than artists usually paint from, for it was introduced from the second story by the removal of a floor.

Of the picture of *Lady Emily Hobart in the character of Juno*, Pasquin said:—“The face is chalky and sickly; the robe is so white and so unencumbered with shadow that it might pass for an habiliment of porcelain texture. While I viewed it I was betrayed from a recollection of the surrounding objects, and I momentarily imagined that, if I cast a stone at the vestment, I should shiver it to pieces.” In consequence, as Williams supposes, of this criticism, the family refused to accept the portrait, and Lawrence never painted anything for the lady’s family afterwards. Of the portrait of *Mr. Knight* the critic said:—

“It is repulsive in the attitude. It fills one with the idea of an irascible pedagogue explaining Euclid to a dunce. Mr. Lawrence began his professional career upon a false and delusive principle. His portraits were delicate, but not true and attractive—not admirable; and, because he met the approbation of a few fashionable spinsters (which, it must be admitted, is a sort of enticement

very intoxicating to a young mind), vainly imagined that his labours were perfect; his fertile mind is overrun with weeds; appearing to do well to a few may operate to our advantage in morals, but will not be applicable to the exertion of professional talents. Many have caught a transitory fame from the ravings of idiotism, but none have retained celebrity but those who have passed through the fiery ordeal of general judgment. There appears to be a total revolution in all the accustomed obligations of our being. Men can do as well and be as much respected now, after the forfeiture of character, as before; and artists seem to think that they can paint as well and be as much encouraged without a knowledge of the common elements as with them. This surely is the saturnalia of vice and insignificance."

The criticism was sharpened no doubt to Lawrence by the fact that Hoppner was spoken of in terms of praise.

In the year 1794 Lawrence removed from Old Bond Street, and took a house in Piccadilly, overlooking the Green Park. "This," Mr. Williams says, "he furnished in good style, and, though his habits and disposition for moderate pleasures and calm enjoyments precluded his being what, in the language of the world, is termed a *hospitable* man, he lived with a repute for liberality."

Of nine portraits exhibited by Lawrence in 1795, the most interesting is that of the poet *Cowper*, with whom he had been intimate for many years. Mr. Williams has inserted in his biography an affectionately worded letter from the poet, containing a pressing invitation to Lawrence to come down to Weston and give him "a drawing of the old oak."

Anthony Pasquin remarked of his portraits of this year that they were among "the very best of the good!"

About this time Lawrence felt it again incumbent upon him to attempt a work of high imagination, and after a great

effort he spoilt a huge canvas on which he had tried to represent the great enemy of man; but his Satan was only Kemble in a carnival habit, and to quote the scurrilous critic, "Belial looked like a mad sugar-baker dancing naked in the conflagration of his own treacle." Warned by this colossal failure, Lawrence returned to his sitters and their portraits. In 1796 he exhibited eight portraits.

The *Satan calling his Legions* was exhibited with *John Kemble*, *Mrs. Siddons*, and other portraits, in 1797. The critics were by no means unanimous upon its merits. Pasquin abused it *more suo* as above; others thought the subject "ably and nobly conceived,"—"the countenance, though terrible, still retains part of its former lustre and beauty, and he appears, altogether, no less than angel fallen." Fuseli was disappointed with it. He said the *Satan* was the "Lubber Fiend," and not the "Master Fiend," of Milton. Cunningham gives a very amusing conversation that he had on the subject with Lawrence, who said:—

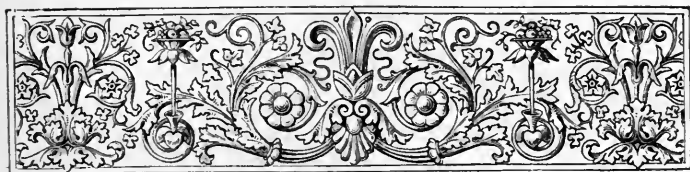
"When he (Fuseli) first saw my Satan, he was nettled, and said, 'You borrowed the idea from me.'—'In truth, I did take the idea from you,' I said, 'but it was from your person, not from your paintings. When we were together at Stackpole Court in Pembrokeshire, you may remember how you stood on yon high rock which overlooks the bay of Bristol, and gazed down upon the sea which rolled so magnificently below. You were in raptures; and while you were crying, 'How grand! how terrific!' &c., you put yourself in a wild posture; I thought on the Devil looking into the abyss, and took a slight sketch of you at the moment: here it is. My Satan's posture now, was yours then.'"

The *Satan* is now the property of the Royal Academy, and hangs in Burlington House.

Of *John Kemble's* portrait it was said, "There is a black

air of defiance in it, which does not argue a mind at peace either with himself or with mankind." *Mrs. Siddons*, being in fact of mature age, was represented extremely youthful, and the naturally stern expression of her face was altogether changed. A portrait of *Lord Exeter and his Family* was also of this year.

Lawrence had removed in this year to a new residence in Greek Street, Soho, and here he had his father and mother staying with him. In May, however, his mother expired there. Lawrence writes with great feeling of the expression of her face in death. "You can have no notion of the grand serenity it has assumed. I think I cannot but persuade myself since the fatal stroke, it seems as if the soul, at the moment of departure, darted its purest emanations into the features, as traces of its happier state. Have you seen death often? It cannot be a common effect." In the following October his father, to whom he was strongly attached, died suddenly. "Lawrence was engaged at his house, in Piccadilly, when a messenger burst into the room and announced that his father was dying. Lawrence, in the intensity of his feelings, ran out of the house and proceeded through the streets without his hat; but, notwithstanding the rapidity of his pace, he did not arrive until after his father had expired." This account which Williams gives us would lead one to believe that the father was residing in London. But Cunningham says that he died at Rugby



CHAPTER II.

COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD—WORK IN LONDON—PORTRAITS OF
MRS. SIDDONS, KEMBLE, CURRAN, ERSKINE, PITT, &C.—
SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS — CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ROYAL
ACADEMY EXHIBITIONS.

A.D. 1798 TO A.D. 1813.

THE great French Revolution, that was then making the monarchies of Europe tremble, had among vaster changes obliterated the fashion of wearing powder on the heads of the well-dressed world. The age of hair powder was at an end, except for Jeames de la Pluche; but it was succeeded by that of pomatum. Lawrence was essentially fitted to reproduce in his portraits the new fashion. Gentlemen wore pyramidically shaped coats and collars; with numerous waistcoats overlapping each other, of as many hues as Joseph's coat; hessian boots, and velvet coats lined with furs and frogs; ladies appeared in voluminous turbans with birds of Paradise in them; and had their waists immediately under their bare arms, up which gloves were loosely drawn till they reached the shoulders, from which puffed-out sleeves, graphically described as shoulders of mutton, stood; and covered their brows and eyes with their hair in glossy curls. These monstrosities of fashion

had superseded, in the early years of this century, the superbly satin-coated and be-ruffled dandies, the prodigiously tall dressed-out hair of the dames of the end of the last century, and all the picturesque pomp and splendour of the "old régime." The Brighton Pavilion and the "first gentleman in Europe" had stepped into the place of Versailles and Marie Antoinette.

For the next thirty years Lawrence worked assiduously at painting these preposterously accoutred men and women, and seems to have revelled in the very ugliness of the fashion. Although simple in his own attire and always wearing a black coat, there is hardly a picture by him in which his sitters are not, even the men, in red or green, or blue or purple. Lawrence, of course, could not be expected to alter the fashion of the dress of his day, but he certainly did not seem to see the ludicrousness of it. He painted every one that was celebrated or beautiful, in fact any one who paid to be painted, and the consequences of this plethora of portrait painting were that he lost much individuality, getting into a groove, and giving little character to his portraits; and even Kemble as Hamlet, as Rolla, as Cato, or as Coriolanus, is always Lawrence plus Kemble.

His portrait of Siddons herself, whom he almost idolized, and whose daughter's heart he is said—but I believe this is untrue—to have broken, lacks the grandeur that Gainsborough and the sublimity that Reynolds gave to her majestic face; and the heavy-browed Thurlow has little of the almost terrific majesty of judicial wisdom that Romney transferred to his canvas. Lawrence lacked genius; he was determined to please in his portraiture, and no painter



MASTER LAMBTON. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.

In the possession of the Earl of Durham.

was more successful in his undertaking. His was the art which was certain to succeed among princes and fine ladies, high dignitaries and *grands seigneurs*; but contrast, for instance, Reynolds's portrait of Heathfield (in the National Gallery), with that of *Wellington* by Lawrence, at Windsor Castle: how feeble the latter appears! And yet surely the hero of Waterloo was a better subject to paint than he of Gibraltar.

Lawrence's method of work was as follows:—he always painted standing; on one occasion he worked all through one day, through that night, the next day, and all through the night following. At the first sitting he carefully drew in the outline of his sitter's face in pencil on the canvas. At the second he commenced to colour, but he always carefully painted in the head before even sketching more than the shoulders of the figure—as any art-student may see in his unfinished portrait of *Wilberforce* in the National Portrait Gallery, or the brilliant sketch of a woman's head in the National Gallery. Often he kept his sitters for three hours at a stretch, and sometimes required as many as eight or nine sittings. All this proves how hard and how conscientiously he worked.

Some of his more rapid portraits are better than his more finished and coloured ones. That now at Stafford House, a kit-cat portrait of the present *Lady Westminster* (when Countess Grosvenor), C. R. Leslie said was painted at one sitting, “begun and finished off hand;” as was also, writes the same good authority, “the best male head he ever painted, his first portrait of Mr. West; not the whole length in the National Gallery, in which he much exaggerated the stature of the original;” not an

uncommon fault with this flattering portrait painter, who made all his men look brave, and all his women beautiful.

In 1798 he exhibited six portraits, of which that of *Kemble as Coriolanus* was the most important; of the rest, even Williams describes the portrait of *Lord Seaforth* as an “absolute caricature;” “the savage dress of the Highlands is mixed with the modern military dress of England in its worst taste. The red uniform coat, with yellow facings, buttons merely over the chest, leaving the abdomen protuberant in a white kerseymere waistcoat, &c.” *Coriolanus* was bought by Sir Richard Worsley, and came into the possession of Lord Yarborough. In 1799 Lawrence exhibited six portraits (his rivals Hoppner and Opie being represented by eight and nine respectively); and in 1800 seven, including *Curran*.

A good steel engraving of this portrait, *John Philpot Curran*, is in the Lawrence Collection. A wonderful head—full of power, and an expression of trouble and anxious thought—standing out prominently in the open centre of a background of rolling clouds of smoke. Williams gives the following anecdote of its completion:—

“The first portrait perplexed, and even distressed Lawrence, and it was a total failure. Shortly after the painting was finished Lawrence dined casually with Mr. Curran, and saw him in all the glory of his animation. Lawrence could not help exclaiming to him, ‘I have not painted your portrait at all—I never saw your proper character before. Come to-morrow and give me another sitting.’ Mr. Curran was leaving England the next day, but he deferred his journey, and gave Lawrence one sitting, in which he finished the most extraordinary likeness of the most extraordinary face within the memory of man.”

The portrait of *Mrs. Angerstein*, of this year, representing “a beautiful female wandering over a desolate

and unfrequented island, without hat or shawl," suggested a good many criticisms of Lawrence's usually inappropriate backgrounds. To the *Rolla* it was objected that the dimensions of his stature were gigantic, and the action extravagantly melodramatic. "But in one point this portrait eminently shows the cast of thought of Sir Thomas Lawrence. All theatrical portraits of that period were unnatural, extravagant, and ranting; and the artist who had carried these errors to the height was Mr. Hamilton, Lawrence's friend, from whom he imbibed many erroneous practices in art." In fact it was not Kemble, but Jackson the pugilist who stood for the figure. Lawrence painted this portrait upon the canvas on which he had painted *Prospero calling up the Storm* (in 1793). *Rolla* is the property of Sir Robert Peel.

In the exhibition of 1801 Lawrence had six portraits, the most important of which was *John Kemble as Hamlet*,* which Waagen considers "most attractive in power of effect and in the careful and marrowy painting, but too theatrical in motive and expression." "The figure of Hamlet is full of dignity: calm, noble, and unobtrusive; while the countenance is expressive of lucid thought and solemn musing. The expression of the features had perhaps derived value from a greater degree of determination. The 'inky suit' and the dark background admirably sustain the gravity of the subject, which is not disturbed by the light that falls principally on the features."

* *John Kemble as Hamlet* (holding the skull of Yorick in his hand), on canvas, 10 feet high, 6 feet 6 inches wide; presented to the National Gallery by King William IV. Exhibited in 1801. Engraved by S Reynolds.

A sketch of the same subject is mentioned in a sale of Sir Thomas Baring's Collection, 1848, where it was sold for 50 guineas.

Lawrence was very intimate with Kemble. In a letter to Mr. Lysons of about this date he says, "This being Fast Day" (for the invasion panic), "I am going to *eat beefsteaks* with Kemble at Jemmy Curtis's brewhouse."

Lawrence wrote at this time (to Mrs. Boucherette), "I am very glad that, after the 'Two Friends,' you like my 'Hamlet,' which, except my 'Satan,' I think my best work. I must now try, though, to give a something much better; for I begin to be really uneasy at finding myself so harnessed and shackled into this dry mill-horse business, which yet I must get through with steady industry, well knowing that this is the very season of my life when it is most necessary."

The exhibition of 1802 contained nine portraits by Lawrence, of which the most important is that of *Erskine*, which "was remarkably expressive of his energy of character, and the fire and spirit of his countenance seemed to give animation to his body." In January, 1803, he writes from Greek Street a very interesting letter to his sister, describing some amateur theatricals on a grand scale, in which he took a leading part, at the Marquis of Abercorn's.

"It was projected by a woman of great cleverness and beauty, Lady Caher—very young and full of talent, with Lady Abercorn, and the rest of the female party; and, of course, it was acceded to by Lord Abercorn, who, whatever character of pride the world may have given him, is just as pleasant and kind and gentlemanly with his friends as a man can be. . . . The Prince, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Melbourne (their sons of the party), Lord and Lady Essex, Lord and

Lady Amherst, with a long *et cætera*, and amongst the rest, Sheridan, were present! . . . The pieces fixed upon were the 'Wedding Day,' and 'Who's the Dupe?' . . . I was obliged to be in town and at first neglected my parts, but not being coxcomb enough to do it wholly, I made good sail at the last and was perfect. The day at last came, and was very pleasant from all its distractions and inconveniences. The Prince was to dine at six, and in the same room that the performers dined in, who of course had an earlier hour, half-past three. We all sat down like a Rugby school party, but rather more vociferous, huzzaed our Manager, and hissed our Hostess off for talking of the Prince and hours. At last the dressing, &c., ended: Lady Harriet Hamilton played the organ—Lady Maria the pianoforte—Lady Catherine the tambourine. . . . The Prince then came in and, of course, the orchestra struck up God save the King; then a little terrifying bell rang, the curtain drew up, and the 'Wedding Day' began. At first, I will own to you, Sheridan's face, the grave Duke of Devonshire, and two or three staunch critics made me feel unpleasantly; for I opened the piece. However, this soon wore off. Our set all played extremely well, like persons of good sense, without extravagance or buffoonery, and yet with sufficient spirit. Lady Caher, Mr. J. Madox, and G. Lamb, were the most conspicuous; the first so beautiful that I felt lovemaking very easy. . . . You know me too well, dear Anne, to believe that I should be of such a scheme under any but very flattering circumstances; as it is I was right to join it. Lord Abercorn is an old Jermyn Street friend—a staunch and honourable one, and particularly kind to me in real services and very gratifying distinctions. These all formed one strong reason for joining in the thing; and another secret one was, that whatever tends to heighten a character for general talent (when kept in prudent bounds) is of use to that particular direction of it which forms the pursuit of life. I have gained then, and not lost by this (to you) singular step. I am not going to be a performer in other families. I stick to Lord Abercorn's; and for the rest I pursue my profession as quietly and more steadily than ever."

There is more candour and less affectation in this letter than in the rest of Lawrence's correspondence, and it gives an interesting insight into the plan of his life.

Of the five portraits that he exhibited in 1803, that of *Lord Thurlow* was the most interesting. It is said to be the last portrait taken of this eminent man, who died in 1806. A contemporary critic says "that it cannot be praised too much. It is a true effigy, and represents the leading features of that nobleman's character—a shrewd, perspicacious, and vigorous mind."

In 1804 Lawrence sent six portraits, in 1805 five; but public attention was diverted from the Fine Arts by the excitement caused by the French war, and Lawrence must have suffered considerable anxiety by finding himself closely involved in the "Delicate Investigation" by his intimacy with the Princess of Wales at Blackheath. The affidavit of the Princess on the subject is interesting:—

"He began a large picture of me and of my daughter, towards the latter end of the year 1800, or the beginning of 1801. Miss Garth and Miss Hayman were in the house with me at the time. The picture was painted at Montague House. Mr. Lawrence mentioned to Miss Hayman his wish to be permitted to remain some few nights in the house, that, by early rising, he might begin painting on the picture before the Princess Charlotte (who, as her residence was at that time at Shooter's Hill, was enabled to come early) or myself came to sit. It was a similar request to that which had been made by Sir W. Beechey when he painted my picture. . . Mr. Lawrence occupied the same room which had been occupied by Sir William Beechey; it was at the other end of the house from my apartment. At that time Mr. Lawrence did not dine with me; his dinner was served in his own room. After dinner he came down to the room where I and my ladies generally sat in an evening. Sometimes there was music, in which he joined, and sometimes he read poetry, &c."

The evidence was considered to exonerate Lawrence—although Williams says, "In Lawrence's correspondence

with a lady of the Household, by whose prudence he often modified his conduct, he had certainly impressed her with a notion that the Princess of Wales was much more partial to his society than to that of her other visitors," and it is probably the same lady who, in a private letter in his possession, "alludes in very affectionate terms to the great danger that Mr. Lawrence was in 'of losing his head.'"

The Exhibition of 1806 contained six portraits by Lawrence.* That of 1807 was one of the finest and largest that the country had ever known, and both Hoppner and Opie were present in great force. Lawrence, however, only sent two pictures, viz. the *Hon. Berkeley Paget* and the group of the *Baring family*—Sir Francis Baring, John Baring, and C. Wall, the son-in-law of Sir Francis Baring—at a commercial consultation. The group, we are informed, was painted in imitation of a celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which he represents the first Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Ashburton, and Colonel Barré at a political conference.

* (1) *Lord Ellenborough* (who had been raised to the peerage in 1802, on his succeeding Lord Kenyon as Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench), at this time in the full vigour of his extraordinary power. "The severity of his countenance, like that of Lord Thurlow, equally gave scope for a fine vigorous portrait, and the success of Lawrence was complete." (2) *Sir Joseph Banks*. "This portrait has long graced the walls of the British Museum, and for its breadth and depth, its full, rich tone, its freedom of touch and identity of likeness, it is one of the best of Mr. Lawrence's works." (3) *A Fancy Group*. (4) *The First Earl of Malmesbury*. "It may be no proof of demerit, but the views his Lordship took, or was instructed to take, of foreign affairs, ended in our losing every object for which we had to contend, and in elevating our enemies to the height of power." (*Williams*) (5) *W. Baker, Esq.* (6) *Miss Reddell*.

A contemporary critic says of the Baring group that it may be called "a fine Venetian picture, possessing all the luxuriance and splendour of Paul Veronese. In the centre is seen a body of fine warm colouring of various hues and delicious tone, accompanied by so much cold colour as gives value to the principal—of all which the arrangement is excellent. The subject, a mercantile consultation, is well invented, the figures interestingly composed, and the faces admirably painted. The air and expression of Sir F. Baring are particularly forcible and impressive. The drapery, of which much has necessarily been introduced, is disposed, folded, and generalised with great taste."

In the subsequent family picture the figures introduced were those of Lady Baring, Mrs. Wall, Sir Thomas Baring, and two boys, one of whom has his hand supported upon a book resting upon the lady's lap, while his companion points to the open background.

This year was marked by the death of John Opie, on the 9th of April, at the comparatively early age of forty-five years; he was buried, with a very great funeral, at St. Paul's Cathedral.

In 1808 Lawrence had five portraits, of which that of *Pitt* was the most remarkable—being composed from the study of a mask of the statesman's features taken after his death, and of a portrait by Hoppner—but a critic, enthusiastic in its praise, says :—

"All the other portraits of Mr. Pitt have been tame likenesses of *the man*; none of them have therefore pleased. Simply as Mr. Pitt, there was everything in his personal resemblance to excite contrary emotions to pleasure. As well might Alexander the

Great have been painted with the hump on his back. Mr. Lawrence has better understood the dignity and latitude of his art. He has painted Mr. Pitt more in the likeness of his mind than in that of his person," &c.

The four* paintings exhibited by Lawrence in 1810 were described by himself, perhaps accurately, as the "best that he had produced." Of the Baring group he writes himself that it is "a work embracing many difficulties," approaching more to an historical painting, but "with a great deal of nature in it, the colouring and effect carried farther and on higher principles than in any other that I have painted, and this with more general harmony and freedom from my defects. It has less manner and more style."

He says in the same letter that the death of Hoppner (in 1810) had left him without a rival. "You will believe," he says, "that I can sincerely feel the loss of a brother artist, from whose works I have often gained instruction, and who has gone by my side in the race these eighteen years."

In 1811 Lawrence exhibited six portraits. The portrait of *Warren Hastings* was taken for a Mrs. Barton. "Warren Hastings was rather small in person, and at this period his life was in the sere, but Lawrence often spoke in admiration of the severity of dignity and grandeur in his appearance. His expression used to be, 'What a fine lion-like repose there is about him!'"

The Exhibition of 1812 contained eight paintings—including *Kemble as Cato*—from Lawrence. In a letter to his brother (January 29th, 1812) he says—"The work I

* *Viscount Castlereagh, Rt. Hon. George Canning, Viscount Melville, and a group of the Baring family.*

am now about is a generalised portrait of *Kemble in Cato*, or rather, *Cato meditating on the Phaedon of Plato*, for which I take Kemble as my model. . . . Perhaps it will be the last picture I shall paint with Kemble for my subject, and I know it will be my best."

In 1813 he exhibited, also, eight portraits, of which that of *Sir Thomas Graham* was the most spoken of.





CHAPTER III.

WORK IN LONDON—FINANCIAL EMBARRASMENTS—VISIT TO PARIS—THE LOUVRE—NAPOLEON—HISTORIC PORTRAITS FOR THE KING—FOREIGN HONOURS—VISIT TO AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, VIENNA, AND ROME—THE SOVEREIGNS AND LEADERS OF THE PERIOD—THE POPE AND CARDINAL GONSALVI—STUDIES AT ROME—ANNUAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ACADEMY—PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN—SUDDEN DEATH—CONCLUSION.

A.D. 1814 TO A.D. 1830.

EARLY in the century Lawrence migrated to 65, Russell Square, where he passed the remaining years of his busy life, and where he amassed a matchless collection of drawings by Old Masters, in which he appears to have sunk a large fortune, and where in galleries and studios hundreds of his unfinished portraits—for he began many more portraits than, had he lived till the middle of the century, he could by any possibility have finished—were piled, in various states of incompleteness. The death of Hoppner left him without a rival in his branch of art, and he accordingly raised the prices of his pictures. From the charge, in 1802, of thirty guineas for a three-quarter size portrait, and of sixty for a half length, and a hundred

and twenty for a full length, he had now advanced to one hundred guineas for a head, and four hundred for a full length.

Although to us, who know of three thousand being asked for a single full-length portrait, these prices of Lawrence may seem trivial, yet in the early years of this century they were greater than Reynolds and Gainsborough obtained, even in their heyday of fame and fashion. Sitters multiplied with the prices, and money flowed into Lawrence's studio, only, however, to flow out again in some unaccountable manner—for he kept no establishment, nor did he, like Reynolds, entertain; his only expensive taste was that for buying drawings by the Old Masters; but even in the midst of his unrivalled success he was doomed to be, and to remain till all worldly things concerned him no longer, a prey to duns. The most favourable construction that can be put on this circumstance is that he was too lavish with his gifts, too handsome with his charities in his reckless open-handedness to other artists who had made shipwreck, and who would have sunk into utter destitution but for his largesse.

In 1814 Lawrence for the first time visited the continent. The events of 1814 enabled English artists again to study the marvels of art collected in the wide galleries of the Louvre, and Williams quotes an interesting letter to Miss Crofts, in which Lawrence says that this gallery, "the noblest assemblage of human genius that was ever presented to the world," very much surpassed his expectations, "and particularly in its most celebrated pictures." "The Transfiguration," he says, "is still the best. A few days will see the whole taken away; and, much as we ought

to reprobate the injustice by which the greater part of them was obtained, it is impossible to witness their departure without regret—at least I know not how to check this feeling.” Of Napoleon he says, “No one can see France or Paris without bowing to the greatness and extent of this man’s conceptions. I use a phrase that is forced upon me, I speak of him as present, and everywhere he is; and it is as impossible that he can ever be separated from the past greatness of his country, as for human efforts to blot out the sun.” But Lawrence was soon recalled from Paris by the command of the Prince Regent to paint the portraits of the allied sovereigns, their statesmen and generals. These commenced that series of princes and great captains, statesmen and diplomatists, that fill the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle.

Among others who sat to Lawrence at York (now Stafford) House* were the Prussian Blücher and Russian Platoff, Metternich and Humboldt; but the series of portraits he then painted was inferior to that which he made after his return from Italy in 1819. On the 22nd April of the following year—the year of Waterloo—Lawrence was knighted by the Regent.† Campbell, the poet, whose portrait Lawrence painted about this period, says of his own portrait what applies to many others of the painter’s, that his subjects “seem to have got into a drawing-room in the mansions

* York House, a branch of St. James’s Palace, was pulled down, and Stafford House erected on its site, originally intended for the Duke of York.

† Williams says: “More titles of dignity, from that of Knight to Marquis and Duke, were conferred in the years 1814 and 1815, than at any period of our history. It is understood that the Emperor of Russia was the first to suggest to the Prince Regent the propriety of knighting Mr. Lawrence.”



GEORGE IV. IN THE ROBES OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER. *In Windsor Castle.*

of the blessed, and to be looking at themselves in the mirrors." This is prettily expressed, and is appropriate for the presentment of some fair beauty; but when the men who overcame Napoleon had to have their features portrayed, one regrets that they had not a more masculine painter to hand them down on his canvas; some one less modelled in the type of the Prince Regent.

His pictures in the Exhibition of 1815 were—*Mrs. Wolfe; the Prince Regent; Metternich; the Duke of Wellington; Blucher; the Hetman Platoff; and Mr. Hart Davis.* The last is highly praised by the critics.

"It is really a surprising portrait, with very little more of light than Titian in his *Venetian Senators* has used, when he has merely given a bright gleam to the upper part of the face, with a slight reflection upon the lower part as if from the black drapery in which everything else is obscured. . . . Even the hair and the fur of the robe round the open neck are managed with very great skill, and show the painter's nice discrimination, making all subordinate objects harmonize to one principle."

In 1816 he exhibited eight portraits, amongst which that of *Mr. Angerstein* (whose collection forms the basis of the National Gallery) was presented to the National Gallery by King William IV. Waagen considers this portrait to be "very animatedly conceived, and carried out in a clear and true colouring."

It was in this year, 1816, that the American Academy of Fine Arts was established; and its first exhibition was held in 1817. One of its first cares was the election of honorary members, and Sir Thomas Lawrence was appointed by a diploma bearing date January 20th, 1818. He presented to the Academy in return a full-length portrait of *West*, the President of the English Royal

Academy, who was an American by birth. Canova, West, Wilkie, and Raeburn were also honorary members of the American Academy.

In 1816 Canova had requested Lawrence's portrait for the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, and he writes in reply:—"I have never painted myself, and, except when a boy, have never been painted by others. I could wish, indeed, to defer the task till age had given my countenance some lines of meaning, and my hair, scanty and grey as it is, some silvery hues, like those of our venerable president, Mr. West." Sir Thomas Lawrence was appointed to the Academy of St. Luke by a diploma of June 29th, 1816, at the instance of Canova, who at the same time procured similar honours for Fuseli and Flaxman. He was elected to the Academy of Florence on January 8th, 1820. Sir Joshua Reynolds had acknowledged a similar compliment by sending to the Academy his own portrait painted by himself. "It is to be regretted," says Williams, "that Sir Thomas Lawrence did not follow this example, in order that the Florentine Academy might have possessed the two finest records of English genius." The Venetian Academy elected Lawrence May 11th, 1823, and was followed in March, 1824, by the "Accademia Pontifica" of the Fine Arts at Bologna. The diploma of the Danish Academy is dated "Decembribus Idibus, 1823," and that of Vienna the 22nd of March, 1820. The King of France, in 1825, sent him the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and a set of Sèvres china, *à propos* to which Williams relates Talma's *bon mot* when he received a similar present of eighteen pieces with Louis XVIII. marked on each piece. "Eh! mon Dieu, je voudrais que ce fut Louis vingt-huit."

The *Annals of the Fine Arts*, a contemporary journal, says of the Exhibition of 1817:—

“Sir T. Lawrence does not by any means make his usual splendid show, but has enough to show how well-grounded is his high reputation as a portrait painter; yet a little more care in the finish of his pictures would give them a value but little conceived. He has eight portraits:—No. 24, portrait of Lieutenant-General the *Marquis of Anglesea*, a fine and characteristic picture, &c.; 150, *Miss Arbuthnot*, a sweet, simple, and unaffected head.”

In 1817 Lawrence was much at Claremont House, painting a portrait of Prince Leopold and one of the Princess Charlotte. The last was finished very shortly after the death of the Princess, and his account of his subsequent interview with Prince Leopold, when he took it to Claremont House, has much historical interest. In 1818 he contributed his customary number of eight portraits to the Exhibition; including one of the Duke of Wellington, in the dress that he wore and on the horse that he rode at the Battle of Waterloo.

During the Congress that met in 1818 at Aix-la-Chapelle, after Waterloo, Lawrence was commissioned by the Prince Regent to paint its principal heads for the gallery he was forming of these potentates. From his letters written at this time, he seems to have been quite dazzled by the stars and decorations that flashed before him. Love of tinsel was very strongly developed in Sir Thomas, who was never happier than when painting a Knight of the Garter in his robes, or a Field Marshal in full uniform.

The following is an extract from a letter to his niece, dated Aix-la-Chapelle, 26 November, 1818:—

“There has been but little of that gaiety that you might have expected here from the meeting of so many illustrious personages.

A few concerts (at which Catalani sung more miraculously than ever) and I think but two balls. The first was over before my arrival; the other I saw, in which the three sovereigns danced the Polonaise, or rather walked it, with several ladies, beginning with either Lady Castlereagh or the Princess of Tour and Taxis (sister of the late Queen of Prussia). There were an infinite abundance of stars and diamonds, and a deficiency of beauty. Lord Castlereagh was by much the handsomest man in the room, although there is great nobleness in the upper part of the countenance of the Emperor of Russia. The Emperor Francis has a face, when speaking, of benevolence itself, and that expression I have been happy enough to catch. The King of Prussia is taller than either, but with more reserve of manner. He has good features, and is of a sincere and generous nature. The Princess of Tour and Taxis has a very fine figure and manner.

“The Emperor (of Russia) has commanded me to paint a copy of it (his portrait) for the Empress dowager; a copy of the Emperor Francis, of the King of Prussia, of the Prince Regent, and, in the Garter robes, of the Duke of Wellington. The King of Prussia has commanded a copy of his own portrait for Berlin, and of the two Emperors, and of the Prince Regent, in military dress. The ministers, in whose portraits I have equally succeeded, all request copies of them—Prince Hardenberg, Prince Metternich, Count Nesselrode and the Duc de Richelieu. My professional intercourse with the Emperor Francis is not terminated. I have again to paint him, and am just setting off to Vienna for that purpose, and (to complete the general plan of the Prince Regent) to paint the portrait of Prince Schwarzenburgh, who, as you know, was generalissimo of the armies in the last campaign against France. . . .”

Of the series of portraits he executed at this period, that of the weak-faced *Emperor of Austria*—now in the Waterloo Gallery—is the most successful; but not as successful as those painted a few years later after his eyes had been opened by the wonders of art in Rome. This makes one regret that Lawrence had not, like Romney, made that expedition to Italy while he was still young, and with his life before him; for he was fifty when he returned

from Rome, and although the pictures he executed between 1820 and 1830 have a vigour that his earlier ones lack, it was then too late for him to change his style, which remained till the end somewhat mechanical and artificial; and he went on, as Opie said of him, making coxcombs of his sitters, and allowing his sitters to make a coxcomb of him.

From Aix-la-Chapelle Lawrence proceeded, at the close of the Congress, to Vienna, and both he and his biographer dwell upon the circumstance that he was there admitted in the most aristocratic society of the place. "*Yet in the first circle only* did I pass my hours of relaxation, unless when tempted by such invitations as could not be resisted without offence to my own nature and my sense of right," he says. He had, meantime, received instructions from the Prince Regent, as a completion of the general plan, to proceed to Rome to paint the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi.

Lawrence says in his letter that he had a great desire to visit Rome, but he wished to postpone his visit another year. Of his journey in general he expresses himself as follows :—

"Greatly as it has lowered my estimation of my own talents, I am thankful that I have seen the fine works which this journey has presented to me, though, till my safe return and knowledge of the continued health of my beloved friends whose truth and affection are my rock and support, I dare not be thankful for the journey. When I have seen, in all their splendour, Michael Angelo and Raphael, the world of art will have been unfolded to me, and all repinings be at an end, that professional views can have excited. That I have not done more than I have, that I may not do infinitely more, will have been my own fault.

"Fortune and friendship have done everything for me, and the love of the good, and the accomplished, and wise, has rewarded me above all possible desert."

He left Vienna on the 3rd of May, 1819; and journeyed rapidly and impatiently to Rome, sleeping in his carriage every night except one, when he arrived at Bologna at two in the morning, and after going to bed till seven, rose and inspected the works at the Academy; particularly those of Domenichino, and the Carracci and Guido. He wrote that he first caught the distant view of the dome of St. Peter's on a very fine morning between six and seven o'clock, and that his pleasure at approaching the city increased every fifty yards, until he entered at the Porto del Popolo, when his delusion vanished and he "found Rome small." Soon afterwards he confesses that he was subsequently "overpowered with its immensity and grandeur."

When in Rome, Lawrence seems to have had a touch of the celestial art spirit that yet lingers among the ruins of the Eternal City, that still haunts the Galleries of the Vatican. In the portraits that he then painted of the old Pope, and of the grand old Cardinal Gonsalvi, for a brief space he appeared endowed with a breath of genius, and these portraits, as I have already said, may well bear comparison with similar productions of the very greatest of portrait painters.

In a very interesting letter (of 19th May, 1819) to Joseph Farington, he gives expression to some of the enthusiasm that the art treasures of the Vatican excited in him.

"Yesterday, I dined at half-past one, that I might remain till night in the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican, or rather in the chambers of Raphael, for, as you know, the former is part of the immense building.

"It often happens that first impressions are the truest—we change, and change, and then return to them again. I try to bring my

mind in all the humility of truth, when estimating to myself the powers of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and again and again, the former 'bears down upon it,' to borrow a strong expression, 'with the compacted form of lightning.' The diffusion of truth and elegance, and often grandeur, cannot support itself against the compression of the sublime. There is something in that lofty abstraction; in those deities of intellect that people the Sistine Chapel, that converts the noblest personages of Raphael's drama into the audience of Michael Angelo, before whom you know that, equally with yourself, they would stand silent and awestruck. Raphael never produced figures equal to the Adam and Eve of Michael Angelo—the latter is miserably given in Gavin Hamilton's print—all its fine proportions lost—though it is Milton's Eve, it is more the mother of all mankind, and yet nothing is coarse or masculine, but all is elegant, as lines of the finest flower. You seem to forsake humanity in surrendering Raphael, but God gave the command to increase and multiply before the fall, and Michael Angelo's is the race that would then have been."

There is an interesting description in the same letter of his interview with the Pope, Pius VII. (Gregorio Barnaba Chiaramonti, b. 1742, d. 1823):—

"I was introduced into a small closet, in which the Pope sat, behind the opening of the door, and after bending the knee was left alone with him. He has a fine countenance—stoops a little—with firm yet sweet-toned voice, and, as I believe, is within a year or two of eighty, and through all the storms of the past, he retains the jet black of his hair. I remained with him, I think, between seven and ten minutes, during which time he held my hand with a gentle pressure, from which I did not think it respectful to withdraw it. With a phrase or two of French, (which he does not like to speak) and the rest in Italian, he spoke his sense of the Prince Regent's attention to him, and his gladness to gratify his wish, accompanying it with compliments to me. I then defectively expressed my gratitude and reverence, bent to kiss his hand, and retired."

Of *Cardinal Gonsalvi* he says, "The Cardinal is one of the finest subjects for a picture that I have ever had—a

countenance of powerful intellect and great sympathy." A seated figure; he holds his hat and some documents in his right hand. His left hand open on the table is a remarkable study. Lawrence had written in an early letter, "The hands are not painted from him, though they shall be." There is a fixed, staring expression in the eyes, but great sweetness in the curl of the mouth, and intellect in the brow. The architectural accessories and background of stormy sky are impressive.

In Rome, also, Lawrence painted another portrait—that of the sculptor *Canova*—which called forth high eulogiums from all who saw it, and was considered a marvellous likeness. A writer says of this picture (in a letter dated Rome, 29th January, 1820):—"It is the head of Canova which he did in London entirely repainted. Its animation is beyond all praise. 'Per Baccho, che uomo e questo!' I heard Canova cry out when it was mentioned. Crimson velvet and damask, and gold, and precious marble and fur are the materials which he has worked up to astonishing brilliancy, without violating good taste or the truth of nature. This painting is a present to His Holiness, and a noble one it is."

Leaving Rome on 22nd December, 1819, Sir Thomas returned in the following year, on 30th March, to London, to find himself the elected President of the Royal Academy. He accepted the honour with modesty. A better choice the Academicians could not have made, for, although the President—except in the case of Reynolds—has never been since Sir Joshua's day the best or greatest artist among the forty, the post requires a man of accomplishment more than a man of genius, a man of the world, of

good presence, and of gentlemanlike manners; and all these requirements Sir Thomas most essentially possessed. George IV., seeking to emulate Charles I. with Van Dyck, placed round the neck of the new President a golden chain, from which hung a medal bearing the likeness of the donor.

In the Exhibition catalogue of 1820, to which he sent five portraits, Lawrence is designated, "Principal Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty, Member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke's, of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, and of the Fine Arts at New York."

In 1818, his brother, Major Lawrence, died at Portsmouth, and a characteristic anecdote is told of Sir Thomas Lawrence on the occasion of his going down to the funeral; that he befriended a poor family whose hut had been washed into the sea by a storm; and, presenting them with a sufficient fund to build a better cottage, refused to divulge who he was. In 1821 Sir Thomas again went to Portsmouth to attend the funeral of another brother, the Rev. Andrew Lawrence, when he took an opportunity to call on this family, whom he found in a state of comfort, and by whom he was received with the greatest manifestations of gratitude.

He had eight extremely interesting paintings in the Academy of 1821, and in this year initiated his efforts which resulted in the establishment of the Hibernian Academy of Fine Arts in Dublin. In 1822 he sent eight paintings to the Academy. In this year also, on the occasion of the death of the ill-used Queen Caroline, Lawrence braved the displeasure of his royal patron by ordering the schools and the library of the Royal Academy to be closed until her remains had been removed from

Brandenburg House for interment in her native country. As Williams points out, this occurred "at a time when an impression prevailed and was acted upon by persons in office and at Court that any sympathy evinced for this unhappy lady was fatal to future patronage or countenance from the King."

It was about this time that the portrait of *Lady Grosvenor*, which Leslie ranks as the loveliest of his female heads, was executed. It is interesting to hear from that lady herself her impressions of the painter. Although more than sixty years have elapsed since Lady Westminster sat to Lawrence, her recollections of him are as fresh as the unfaded colours of her portrait.

"I do not think," she writes,* "he ever beguiled the time by repeating Pætry—it would have been more amusing. His manners were what is called extremely 'polished' (not the fault of the present times). He wore a large cravat, and had a tinge about him of the time of George IV., pervading his general demeanor. He was very like Mr. Canning in appearance. I should not say he was amusing, but what struck me most during my two hours' sittings in Russell Square, was the *perfection* of the *drawing* of his portraits before any colour was put on—the drawing itself was so perfectly beautiful that it seemed almost a sin to add any colour. He had a large room full of unfinished portraits, of which the heads alone were completed, as he always began by that, before putting in any accessories. I should suppose many of these were never completed. I have been told that he was very extravagant in materials, and never used the same brush twice."

* Written in 1881.

The years passed on, and still Sir Thomas worked away as hard as of yore, although his friends thought him changed in spirits, grown sad and pale, and that his once lustrous eye had lost much of its fire.

In one of Lawrence's letters of 1823 he describes his method of spending his Sundays in the Dilettanti Society,—“leaving homilies and vigils at the risque of their perishable souls and immortal bodies; to listen to *squallinies* and wits, love songs and comic songs, on Sunday evenings.” “But, notwithstanding his fund of good spirits,” says Williams, “and his almost perpetual serenity, Sir Thomas would have the exhaustion of his mind from the excess of toil and the recurrence of vexations.”

He sent to the Academy in 1823 seven, and in 1824 eight, portraits, including the *Children of Mr. Calmady*,* which is generally considered the finest of his works of the kind. Williams, however, criticizes it as follows:—

“The whole piece is too painted and fine—all positive and no neutral colours; even the shadows of the neck and arms are of purple, as if reflected from jewelry or painted glass. The deep bluish shade in the neck of the youngest child, the red in the right-hand corner, and the purple reflections upon the infant's legs, are all proofs of a meretricious taste.”

It is mentioned that the blue or amethyst spots were often the reflections of shade from the painter's metal palette.

Mrs. Calmady has supplied the biographer with a minutely detailed story of the incidents of the “sittings” of the children for this picture, from which the amiable feature of Lawrence's real liking and sympathy for children is brought to light. The children, we are told,

* See page 35.

played with him as with *la bonne nourrice*, and the little cherub of the fat rosy cheeks relieved her *ennui* by telling



LADY DOVER AND CHILD. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.
At Dover House, London.

him the now forgotten histories of "Dame Wiggins" and "Field Mice and Raspberry Cream."

It was between 1825 and the year of his death that some of the finest of his works were painted and exhibited, and none are more beautiful than his groups of mothers with their children—the fair mothers and their fairer children seem, indeed, to breathe from out the canvas. Among these, those of the two sisters with their eldest born are, I think, without dispute the finest: one of these is at Stafford House, the full-length portrait so admirably engraved by Cousens, of the then *Lady Gower*, with her little child Elizabeth on her lap * (*see page 33*); the other is at Dover House, and represents the late *Lady Dover* with her eldest son, the late Lord Clifden, in her arms. The engravings of these justly popular and lovely paintings have appeared in every capital in Europe, and often under such titles as *L'Amour Maternelle*. Mrs. Jameson records in her work on the Private Collections of London, that not only throughout Europe and America the portrait at Stafford House of the beautiful mother and child is well known from the numerous engravings and copies of it, but that even in China, a painting taken from the print and coloured from fancy has been met with. The portrait painted at this time and exhibited in 1827 of *Lady Peel* by Sir Thomas is a superb specimen of his skill. It was designed as a companion to the celebrated *Chapeau de Poil* of Rubens (*see frontispiece*).

Next to Reynolds no English portrait painter has been happier in portraying the beauty and sprightliness of children than Lawrence. The circular painting of the two lovely romping children, the Calmadys, known all over the world from prints and copies, is a proof of this, as are the

* The late Duchess of Sutherland and the late Duchess of Argyll.

children introduced into portraits with their mothers, such as the two already referred to. Another very popular child portrait by Lawrence, that of the short-lived son of Lord Durham, although somewhat theatrical and affected in attitude, is also a superlatively fine painting of childhood, a portrait of the deeply lamented and "beautiful boy, whose features will live for ever in the well-known picture by Lawrence." It figured in the exhibition of 1825 as the *Son of J. G. Lambton, Esq.** In this year Lawrence made his last journey to France, and received the decoration of the Legion of Honour already mentioned. Williams enumerates a remarkable catalogue of presents that he had by this time received from foreign princes. In 1826 we are told that he confined himself so much to "his professional labours in his *atelier*," that his social intercourse with his friends was very slight. He exhibited his usual number of eight portraits in this year, of which the most remarkable was that of *The Honourable Mrs. Hope* "as an oriental Fatima, in a turban splendidly embroidered with gold, and a gown of a rich glowing red, ornamented gorgeously with jewels." His pictures of the following year are regarded by Williams as "eight of the finest specimens of his genius," and an evidence of his anxious care to sustain his reputation now that he had lost, in the deaths of Hoppner and Owen, the stimulus of rivalry. The portrait of *Richard Clarke*, the Chamberlain of London, is described as "one of the finest representations of extreme old age without its infirmities or senility. It is hung in the council chamber of the city of London, in juxtaposition to a portrait of a Mr. Pindar, by Opie, and,"

* See page 45.

says Williams, "it would be impossible to find a more decided specimen of different styles than they exhibit."

His portrait of *Sir Walter Scott* was much praised.

It was at this time that the incident occurred of the dinner at Dr Hughes's, where Cunningham met Lawrence and Sir Walter Scott. Lawrence, we are told, said little, and seemed anxious to listen to Sir Walter Scott. He had been objecting, in a most gentle way, to persons criticizing works of art who were not themselves artists. "Nay," said the poet, "consider, Art professes but to be a better sort of Nature; and, as such, appeals to the taste of the world; surely, therefore, a wise man of the world may judge its worth, and feel its sentiment, though he cannot produce it. He may not know how it is produced; yet I see not but that he may estimate its beauty." Sir Thomas smiled and said, "Certainly."

He produced these pictures in the midst of "much perplexity of affairs," and great anxieties intensified by the failing health of his favourite sister. His letters of this period are full of the subject. "Everything depends on my loved sister keeping her mind quiet, and suspending that activity for others which (unconsciously to herself) would make it otherwise. She has no right to think, speak, or move, except to read the idlest novel. . . . Oh! that I may hear of your still increasing recovery, the greatest happiness that can now happen to your affectionate brother."

The exhibition of 1828 contained eight portraits from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, of which perhaps the finest was that of the youthful daughter of Mr. Peel, which a critic said "almost rivals his justly famous picture



SIR WALTER SCOTT. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.

In the possession of the Queen at Windsor Castle.

of Lord Durham's child." Lawrence was at this time in close correspondence with Peel, from whom "Sir Thomas

received more commissions than from any person whatever, his late Majesty excepted."

In the spring of 1829 Lawrence received the freedom of his native city of Bristol, which he characterized in his reply as "the very highest honour (the protection of Majesty excepted) that could have rewarded his professional exertions." The expression is severely criticized by his biographer.

At the exhibition of 1829—the last to which he was destined to contribute during his life—"eight of the most splendid paintings were from his pencil." "It is difficult," says Williams, "to image a more undeviating excellence, an infallible accuracy of likeness, with an elevation of art, below which it seemed impossible for him to descend." Once again, Lawrence himself characterizes his pictures of the year—in this case the two whole lengths of the *Duchess of Richmond* and the *Marchioness of Salisbury*—as the best that he has ever painted. "I may rationally," he adds, "be proud of succeeding this year, since it is indisputably the best exhibition we have had; and it is universally considered so. Wilkie exhibits in great strength—Turner, Pickersgill, Callcott, Newton—all seem to have exerted themselves, and generally with success."

It appears from his correspondence that he was working harder during this last year of his life than at any time before.

On the morning of the 7th January, 1830, with but little warning of the approach of death, Lawrence expired suddenly from ossification of the heart. It is strange to note that his last words were almost the same as those used a few months later by his royal patron George IV.—"This

is dying." His last words in public, delivered at the dinner of the Artist's Fund in 1829, were as follows:—"I am now advanced in life," he said, "and the time of decay is coming; but, come when it will, I hope to have the good sense not to prolong the contest for fame with younger, and perhaps abler, men. No self-love shall prevent me from retiring, and that cheerfully, to privacy; and I consider I shall do but an act of justice to others as well as mercy to myself."

"O si sic omnia!"

Sir Thomas Lawrence was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral with much pomp and many honours, where he rests by the side of his great predecessor Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Although there was much to admire in Sir Thomas Lawrence, both as a man and as an artist, there is much also to criticize. His personal character, however, in spite of some idle gossip to the contrary, stood high.

I have intentionally not alluded in this sketch to the pitiable scandals that his contemporaries raked up about his attentions and flirtations with ladies, merely mentioning in its place that affecting the much-abused and more sinned-against than sinning wife of the Regent, which was the cause of a judicial investigation. Matters in which the affections are involved do not, to me at least, appear to be those which it is necessary to enlarge on in sketching the career of an artist. It is notorious that Sir Thomas Lawrence was generous to a fault in succouring the unfortunate and the struggling artists who appealed to his ever-present liberality; and this should make his name free from the reproach of having been a spendthrift in matters concerning economy. The collection he had formed of Old Masters'

drawings he valued, in his will, at £20,000, and it is supposed that he had spent nearly double that sum in amassing these treasures;* besides, many have the misfortune of knowing how even fixed and handsome fortunes can fade away without anything very tangible to show for the unaccounted expenditure; and probably Sir Thomas Lawrence was one of those people, not an uncommon class, who give when they are asked, and who, sooner than disappoint a friend, encumber themselves.

As to his art, it was his misfortune to be led by a society and a taste the most conventional and affected that have existed in this country; he was not original enough to raise himself above the level of this affectation and conventionality. His style, indeed, was the apotheosis of the "curtain and column" fashion of portrait painting; and in spite of all the beauty of his drawing and the brilliancy of his colouring, he, unfortunately, gave the fashion and tone to a shoal of portrait painters, who emasculated their art until a greater than Lawrence arose—one by whose supremely manly and vigorous style of work the unhealthy influence of the "curtain and column" school of portraiture has, it is to be hoped, for ever disappeared; one who has revived in the noblest manner that most difficult form of art, the portrayal of the character and expression of the sitter; one whose works are the pride and the glory of the English School—John Everett Millais.

* The greater part of the drawings by Raphael and Michelangelo, collected by Sir Thomas Lawrence, are now in the University Galleries, Oxford.



A CATALOGUE OF THE EXHIBITED WORKS OF GEORGE ROMNEY.

COMPILED BY ALGERNON GRAVES.

I. EXHIBITED BY ROMNEY.

AT THE FREE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

Mr. George Romney, living at Charing Cross.

Date Cat. No.

1763. 183. 'The Death of General Wolfe.

N.B. To this picture was adjudged a bounty (25 guineas) this present year.

184. A Scene in *King Lear*, as written by Shakespeare.

Living at James Street, Covent Garden.

1764. 147. A Young Lady.

148. Samson and Delilah, not finished.

Living at 5, Coney Court, Gray's Inn.

1765. 157*. A Lady's Head in the Character of a Saint, three-quarter length.

Date. Cat. No.

1765. 158. A Gentleman, three-quarter length.

1766. 144. A Conversation.

145. A Gentleman, three-quarter length.

1767. 230*. Two Sisters, half length.

Living at the "Golden Head," Great Newport Street, Long Acre.

1768. 180. A large Family Piece.

181. A Gentleman.

182. A Gentleman.

1769. 182. A Family Piece.

183. A Lady, whole length.

184. A Lady, whole length.

AT THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, SPRING GARDENS.

Date. Cat. No.		Date. Cat. No.	
1770. 112.	Melancholy.	1771. 142.	Gentleman, three-quarter length.
113.	Mirth.	141*.	A Portrait.
1771. 139.	Mrs. Yates as the Tragic Muse (<i>whole length</i>).	142*.	A Beggar Man.
140.	An Officer conversing with a Brahmin, <i>whole length</i> .	<i>He was made a Fellow in 1772 (F.S.A.).</i>	
141.	Lady and Child, three quarter length.	1772. 272.	An Artist, three-quarter length.
		273*.	An Old Man, three-quarter length.

II. EXHIBITED AT LOAN EXHIBITIONS.

AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Date. Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1817. 38.	St. Cecilia	Montague Burgoyne, Esq.
96.	Forest of Arden. Jacques and the Stag. Painted by Hodges, Romney, and Gilpin	Sir C. Burrell, Bart.
106.	Infant Shakespeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy	Francis Newbery, Esq.
	<i>(Eng. by Benjamin Smith in 1803 for Boydell's "Shakespeare." The picture was sold at Alderman Boydell's sale in 1805 for 62 guineas to Mr. Bryan.)</i>	
1824. 165.	The Nursing of Shakespeare	Earl of Egremont.
1843. 157.	Hayley, Flaxman, Romney, and T. Hayley	Thomas Greene, Esq., M.P.
1844. 116.	The Forest of Arden. (<i>See above.</i>)	Sir C. M. Burrell, Bart. M.P.
1845. 127.	Lady Clive, widow of Sir E. Clive	E. B. Clive, Esq.
162.	Newton Showing the Effect of the Prism	T. Chamberlayne.
	<i>(Sold at Romney's sale, 1807, for £42.)</i>	
1846. 26.	Samuel Foote, copied from Reynolds	Earl Amherst.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1846.	45.	Lord Chancellor Thurlow (<i>Eng. by W. Dickinson in 1800.</i>)	Duke of Sutherland, K.G.
1848.	118.	Infant Shakespeare surrounded by the Passions (<i>Eng. by Benjamin Smith in 1799 for Boydell's "Shakespeare."</i>)	Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq.
	160.	Cassandra	Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq.
	165.	Lady Hamilton	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	168.	Lady Hamilton as Cassandra (<i>Eng. by F. Legat in 1795 for Boydell's "Shakespeare," and the head only by Caroline Watson in 1809. A study for this picture was sold at Boydell's sale in 1805 for £53 10s. to Mr. Seguiet, at J. N. Hughes's sale in 1848 to Mr. King for £90 6s., and finally at Lord C. Townshend's sale in 1854 to Mr. Labouchere for £189. It is now in the possession of Lady Taunton. Another sketch was sold at Romney's sale in 1807 for 8 guineas.</i>)	Lord C. Townshend.
	171.	A Study	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	172.	A Child	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
1850.	98.	Sketch of Lady Hamilton	Sir C. M. Burrell, Bart., M.P.
1852.	112.	The late Sir Henry Russell, when a boy, with his mother (<i>Eng. by R. B. Parkes in 1878.</i>)	Henry Russell, Esq.
1854.	143.	Lady Hamilton	Lord Northwick.
1855.	160.	Lady Coote	Eyre Coote, Esq.
1856.	132.	Lady Edward Bentinck (<i>Eng. as Miss Elizabeth Cumber- land, by J. R. Smith, in 1779.</i>)	Ven. Archdeacon Bentinck.
	143.	Lady Hamilton	Sir E. W. Antrobus, Bart.
	165.	Sir Henry Lushington, when a boy	Sir H. Lushington, Bart.
1857.	97.	Hayley, his Son, Flaxman, & Romney	Thomas Greene, Esq.
	148.	William Long, Esq.	Thomas Greene, Esq.
	151.	A Family Portrait	R. Morier, Esq.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1858.	110.	Mrs. Fitzherbert	Hon. P. S. Pierrepont.
	111.	Lady Middleton	Duke of Newcastle.
	117.	Sir Francis Vincent, Bart. . . .	H. W. Vincent, Esq.
	121.	Head of Lady Hamilton	Walter Long, Esq.
	143.	Hayley	Walter Long, Esq.
	148.	A Lady	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
1860.	122.	Miranda	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
<i>(Eng. by J. W. Slater and Caroline Watson.)</i>			
	193.	Lady Hamilton as Joan of Arc	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
1861.	201.	Romney and his Father	Earl of Warwick.
1862.	151.	Mrs. Inchbald	Rev. John Romney.
	154.	Lady Russell and Sir Henry	Sir Charles Russell, Bart.
	158.	Penitence	Major W. S. Rawlinson.
	166.	Mrs. Tickell, a sketch	Rev. John Romney.
<i>(Sold at Romney's sale in 1807 for 4 guineas to Mr. Tresham.)</i>			
	172.	A Nun's Head	Mrs. Rawlinson.
	176.	A Lady	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	181.	Sir Henry Russell	Sir Charles Russell, Bart.
	189.	Head of a Boy	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	192.	Countess of Warwick and Children	Earl of Warwick.
	193.	Himself	Rev. John Romney.
	199.	H. Russell, Esq. . . .	Sir Charles Russell, Bart.
1863.	104.	Harriet, Lady Horton, sister of the Earl of Derby	Earl of Derby, K.G.
	109.	Serena	Rev. Chancellor Thurlow.
<i>(Eng. by John Jones in 1790.)</i>			
	111.	A Lady	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	114.	Lady Hamilton	Sir Percy Burrell, Bart., M.P.
	116.	Lady Hamilton, a fancy sketch	Lord de Tabley.
	137.	Mrs. French	Rev. Francis French.
	145.	Madame de Genlis	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	153.	Lady Hamilton	Lord de Tabley.
	160.	A Lady as Hebe	Earl of Warwick.
	161.	Child at play with a Dog	W. Pole Thornhill, Esq., M.P.
	163.	A Lady	Lieut.-Col. Crichton Stuart.
	165.	Mrs. Townley Ward	H. H. Gibbs, Esq.
	167.	Mrs. Thornhill	W. Pole Thornhill, Esq., M.P.
	173.	A Lady	Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart., M.P.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1863.	176.	Admiral Sir Francis Geary . . .	Francis Geary, Esq.
	180.	Lord Stanley and Sister . . .	Earl of Derby, K.G.
	182.	Infant Shakespeare surrounded by the Passions	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
	183.	Wortley Montague in Turkish Dress	Earl of Warwick.
	186.	Newton Showing the Effects of the Prism	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
	187.	Lætitia, wife of W. P. A'Court, Esq.	Lord Heytesbury.
	191.	A Lady	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
1864.	97.	Lady Broughton	Sir P. de Malpas Grey Egerton, Bart., M.P.
	100.	John Thornhill, when a boy . . .	Charles Lane, Esq.
	126.	Mrs. Henry Bankes	H. J. P. Bankes, Esq.
	130.	Miranda, a sketch	Rev. J. Romney.
	131.	A Roman Bravo	Rev. J. Romney.
	141.	A Lady	Lord Templemore.
	164.	Lady Hamilton	F. H. Fawkes, Esq.
	182.	Head of a Roman Dwarf . . .	Rev. J. Romney.
1865.	137.	Children of late Charles Boone, Esq.	T. Colleton Garth, Esq.
	141.	Lady Hamilton as St. Cecilia . .	J. Marshall Brooks, Esq.
		<i>(Eng. by George Keating in 1789. The picture belonged to G. Gouldsmith, and was bought at his sale in 1860 for £472 10s., by Mr. J. C. Grundy, of Man- chester.)</i>	
	145.	Child Caressing a Pomeranian Dog .	Miss Romney.
	146.	Study for a Picture of Titania . .	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	174.	Lady Susan Douglas	Rt. Hon. J. W. Fitzpatrick.
1866.	132.	Head of Mrs. Crouch	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	140.	L'Allegro	Lord Bolton.
		<i>(Eng. by Robert Dunkarton in 1771.)</i>	
	149.	A Lady Reading	John Bentley, Esq.
	151.	Sir John Milnes	Lord Houghton.
	154.	Il Penseroso	Lord Bolton.
		<i>(Eng. by R. Dunkarton in 1771.)</i>	
	166.	Richard Cumberland	E. Clough Taylor, Esq.
	167.	Susan Jouenne	Lord Hood.
	171.	Mrs. Badcock	E. Clough Taylor, Esq.

AT THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1832.	207.	Henderson, the Actor	J. P. Knight, Esq.
		<i>(Eng. by John Jones in 1787. The picture was sold at Romney's sale in 1807 for 3 guineas.)</i>	
1833.	186.	Mr. Coke	Mr. Clarke.
1834.	159.	A Lady	W. Nicol, Esq.
	191.	Lady Hamilton.	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.

AT THE MANCHESTER ART TREASURES EXHIBITION.

1857.	77.	Lady Broughton	Sir P. M. de Grey Egerton.
	83.	Lady Hamilton as Bacchante	Lord de Tabley.
	100.	Serena	Rev. Chancellor Thurlow.
	125.	Lord Stanley and Sister	Earl of Derby.
	244.	Cartoon, Birth of Shakespeare . . .	Liverpool Royal Institution.
	245.	Cartoon, Infancy of Shakespeare . .	Liverpool Royal Institution.
	246.	Cartoon, Psyche with a Vase . . .	Liverpool Royal Institution.
	254.	E. Wortley Montague, half-length .	Earl of Warwick.
	631.	Lady Hamilton as Bacchante . . .	Lord de Tabley.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

1862.	100.	Admiral Sir C. Hardy	Greenwich Hospital.
		<i>(Eng. by W. Dickinson in 1781.)</i>	

AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITIONS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

1867.	528.	George Romney	Rev. John Romney.
	572.	Oziah Humphrey	Countess Delawarr.
		<i>(Eng. by V. Green, A.R.A., in 1772, and by Caroline Wat son.)</i>	
	589.	Richard Cumberland	E. Clough Taylor, Esq.
		<i>(Eng. by Valentine Green, A.R.A., in 1771.)</i>	
	591.	Lady Elizabeth Dundas	J. Dundas, Esq.
	600.	Major-Gen. T. Dundas	J. Dundas, Esq.
		<i>(Eng. by W. Nutter in 1800.)</i>	

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1867.	633.	Anne, Mrs. Crouch (<i>Eng. by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., in 1788. The picture was sold at Romney's sale in 1807 for 5½ guineas to Dr. Westrop.</i>)	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	668.	Edward Gibbon	Henry Willett, Esq.
	682.	Mrs. Inchbald	Rev. John Romney.
	699.	Lord Stanley and Sister (<i>Eng. by J. R. Smith in 1779.</i>)	Earl of Derby.
	709.	Henrietta, Lady Horton	Earl of Derby.
	726.	Adml. Hon. John Forbes (<i>Eng. by C. Townley and Page.</i>)	Lords of the Admiralty.
	755.	Countess Fortescue and Sister	Hon. G. M. Fortescue.
	762.	R. B. Sheridan and Mrs. Robinson	Mrs. Bedford.
	774.	Mrs. Trench	Rev. F. Trench.
	775.	James Macpherson	J. Maxtone Graham, Esq.
	785.	Charles, Earl of Liverpool	John Cotes, Esq.
	818.	Sir R. Shore Milnes	Lord Houghton.
	819.	Lady Milnes	Lord Houghton.
	841.	Henry, Lord Melville	Robert Dundas, Esq.
	865.	Granville, 2nd Earl Gower	Duke of Sutherland, K.G.
1868.	22.	Mrs. Robinson	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	26.	Lady Hamilton (<i>Eng. by C. Holl. The picture was bequeathed to the nation by Robert Vernon, Esq.</i>)	National Gallery.
	81.	Mrs. Siddens	Mrs. Philip Martineau.
	113.	Lady Hamilton	Mrs. Calvert.
	777.	William Cowper	H. R. Vaughan Johnson, Esq.
	779.	Charlotte Turner, Mrs. Smith	Miss Lucena Smith.
	785.	F. M. Shudholme Hodgson (crayon)	Gen. J. S. Hodgson.
	815.	Henrietta, Countess of Warwick, and Children	Earl of Warwick.
	831.	Rev. Robert Potter	Miss Conway Griffiths.
	833.	William Paley, Archdeacon of Carlisle (<i>Eng. by J. Jones in 1792.</i>)	Earl of Ellenborough.
	846.	Admiral Keppel (<i>Eng. by W. Dickinson in 1779.</i>)	Rev. W. A. Keppel.
	853.	George Romney and his Father	Earl of Warwick.

Date. Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1868. 854.	Countess of Mansfield (<i>Eng. by J. R. Smith in 1780.</i>)	Earl Cathcart.
859.	William Hayley, Esq. (<i>Eng. by Johann Jacobé in 1779, and by Caroline Watson.</i>)	W. H. Mason, Esq.
870.	Rev. John Wesley (<i>Eng. by J. Spilsbury in 1789.</i>)	Rev. G. Stringer Rowe.
879.	Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle (<i>Eng. by W. Dickinson in 1777.</i>)	Earl of Ellenborough.

AT THE LEEDS ART TREASURES EXHIBITION.

1868. 1030.	Lord Feversham	Earl of Dartmouth.
1036.	Hannah Milnes	Lord Houghton.
1042.	Lady Feversham	Earl of Dartmouth.
1054.	First Lord Bolton	Lord Bolton.
1077.	Hon. Mrs. Damer	Duke of Richmond.
1088.	Countess of Sutherland	Duke of Sutherland.
1100.	Lady Milnes	Lord Houghton.
1105.	Mrs. Trimmer	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
1110.	Lady Hamilton as Cassandra (<i>bust</i>)	Lord Taunton.
1272.	Master Manby, with a dog	Miss Romney.

AT BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.

1872. 19.	Mrs. Robinson	Sir R. Wallace, Bart., M P
	(<i>Eng. by J. R. Smith in 1781. This picture was sold at Romney's sale in 1810 for 20 guineas to the Marquis of Hertford. It was etched while in Paris.</i>)	

AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THE "OLD MASTERS" AT THE
ROYAL ACADEMY.

1871. 137.	Lady Russell and Child	Sir C. Russell, Bart.
1872. 135.	Miss Linley	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	139. Mrs. Vandergucht	Brodie A. Willcox, Esq.
1873. 5.	Head of Miranda	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	15. Mrs. Drummond Smith	Marchioness of Northampton.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1873.	26.	Henrietta, Countess of Warwick, and Children	Earl of Warwick.
	49.	Mrs. Carmichael Smith	Sir James Carmichael, Bart.
	54.	Mrs. Trimmer	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	101.	First Earl of Harrowby	Earl of Harrowby.
	108.	Anne, Countess of Albemarle, and Son	Earl of Albemarle.
1875.	26.	A Lady	Lord Carlingford.
	29.	Mrs. Wells	Right Hon. E. P. Bouverie.
	76.	The Haughty Dame	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	206.	The Parson's Daughter	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
		<i>(Now in the National Gallery. Purchased at the Anderdon sale in 1879.)</i>	
	213.	Miss Harriet Milles	F. B. Alston, Esq.
	259.	Mr. Jeremiah Milles	F. B. Alston, Esq.
	264.	Mrs. Milles	F. B. Alston, Esq.
1876.	1.	Elizabeth, Duchess of Sutherland	Duke of Sutherland.
	46.	Jemima Yorke, Mrs. Carew	W. H. Pole Carew, Esq.
	68.	Second Marquis of Stafford	Duke of Sutherland.
	70.	Five Children of Earl of Sutherland	Duke of Sutherland.
		<i>(Eng. by J. R. Smith in 1781.)</i>	
	71.	Countess of Carlisle	Duke of Sutherland.
		<i>(Eng. by James Walker in 1781.)</i>	
	246.	Lady Hamilton at Spinning Wheel	Earl of Normanton.
		<i>(Eng. by T. Cheesman in 1789, and by C. H. Jeens in 1876. The picture was sold at Christie's in 1875 for £808 10s. to Lord Nor- manton.)</i>	
1877.	6.	Thayeadanegea, the Mohawk Chief, known as Joseph Brandt	Mrs. Unwin.
		<i>(Eng. by J. R. Smith in 1779.)</i>	
	83.	Madame de Genlis	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	196.	Lady Hamilton as Joan of Arc	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	212.	Mr. Hayley's Son as Puck	Capt. G. Godfrey.
	215.	Lady Hamilton reading paper	Capt. G. Godfrey.
	222.	Lady Hamilton as Cassandra	Capt. G. Godfrey.
	234.	Elizabeth, Margravine of Anspach	Fishmongers' Company.
	235.	Margrave of Anspach	Fishmongers' Company

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1878.	83.	Lady Hamilton, Ariadne . . . (<i>Eng. by Charles Brome.</i>)	Sir John Neeld, Bart.
	92.	Lady Hamilton, Ariadne . . .	Baron L. de Rothschild.
	111.	Mrs. Davenport . . .	W. Bromley Davenport, Esq., M.P.
		(<i>Eng. by John Jones in 1784.</i>)	
	116.	Robert Palmer, Esq. . . .	Sir R. P. Beauchamp, Bart.
	122.	Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart. . .	Sir. R. Graham, Bart.
	136.	Mrs. Robinson as Perdita . . .	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	137.	Mary, Lady Beauchamp . . .	Sir R. P. Beauchamp, Bart.
	269.	William Pitt, when a boy . . .	Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart.
1879.	9.	Mary, Lady Sullivan . . .	Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart.
	20.	Mrs. Lee Acton . . .	Miss Broke.
	25.	Lady Hamilton as Euphrosyne . .	Jeffery Whitehead, Esq.
	37.	George O'Brien Wyndham, Earl of Egremont	Sir E. Sullivan, Bart.
	41.	Nathaniel Lee Acton . . .	Miss Broke.
	42.	Mrs. Lee Acton, 1791 . . .	Miss Broke.
	250.	Mrs. Jelf Powys . . .	Earl of Denbigh.
1880.	29.	Miss Lucy Vernon as a seamstress . (<i>Eng. by T. Cheesman in 1787, and by W. H. Mole in 1876.</i>)	F. W. P. Vernon-Went- worth, Esq.
	31.	Lady Hamilton . . .	Earl of Cawdor.
	37.	Lady Hamilton as Wood Nymph . .	F. W. P. Vernon-Went- worth, Esq.
1881.	11.	Thomas Grove, Esq. . . .	Sir Thomas F. Grove, Bart.
	23.	Mrs. Grove	Sir Thomas F. Grove, Bart.
	33.	Hon. Mrs. Lane Fox . . .	Gen. Pitt Rivers.
	36.	Lady Hamilton	Mrs. Harvey.
	174.	Sir George B. Prescott, Bart. . .	Henry Spicer, Esq.
	175.	Mrs. Banks of Kingston Lacy . .	Walter Ralph Banks, Esq.
1882.	4.	General Sir Archibald Campbell . .	Gen. J. S. Brownrigg.
	9.	Annie, Marchioness Townshend . .	Sir G. Montgomery, Bart.
	13.	Mrs. Montague Burgoyne . . .	Madame de Quaire.
	22.	Lady Lemon	Col. Tremayne.
	38.	Mrs. Moody	W. Stirling Crawford, Esq.
	44.	Jane, Duchess of Gordon . . .	Sir H. E. Maxwell, Bart., M.P.
	50.	George, First Marquis Townshend .	Sir Graham Montgomery, Bart.
	169.	Mrs. Morris and Child . . .	Gen. C. Morris.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1882.	170.	Catherine, Lady Rouse-Broughton	Sir C. H. Rouse-Broughton, Bart.
	171.	Miss Forbes	William Lee, Esq.
	247.	Lady Hamilton as the Comic Muse (Belonged to the Marquis of Hertford. Sold at Christie's in 1875 for £325 to Messrs. Agnew & Sons.)	Rev. Canon Phillpotts.
	251.	A Boy	G. E. Briscoe Eyre, Esq.
	257.	Sir William Lemon, Bart.	Col. Tremayne.

AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

1878.	371.	Hayley, the Poet	Dr. Crompton.
	1011.	A little Girl	Professor Sidney Colvin.
	1012.	Sketch for a Portrait	Professor Sidney Colvin.
1879.	777.	Mrs. Bosanquet and Children	William Russell, Esq.

III.—PORTRAITS NOT MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE LISTS.

- Adair, James, Recorder of London. (*Eng. by C. H. Hodges in 1789.*)
- Allen, Joseph, M.D., Master of Dulwich College (*Eng. by C. Townley.*)
- Anspach, Margravine of. A second whole-length of this belongs to ——— Craven, Esq.
- Anspach, Margravine of (when Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, Lady Craven), head size. (*Now the property of H. R. Grenfell, Esq.*)
- Barrington, Shute, Bishop of Salisbury. (*Eng. by J. Jones in 1786.*)
- Beresford, Hon. Mrs. (*Eng. by John Jones in 1792.*)
- Billington, Mrs., half-length. (*The property of Miss Romney.*)
- Bosanquet, Samuel. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1806.*)
- Braddyll, Col., whole-length, with horse. (*The property of Edmund Foster, Esq., of Clure.*)
- Braddyll, Mrs., whole-length. (*The property of Sir Henry Maysey Thompson, Bart.*)
- Browne, Harrietta, wife of Isaac Hawkins. (*The property of the Earl of Kinnoul.*)
- Brownlow, Lord. (*Eng. by L. Schiavonetti.*)
- Buckley, Lady Georgina, half-length. (*Belongs to A. Buckley, Esq.*)
- Burges, Ynyr. (*Eng. by J. Jones in 1785.*)
- Burke, Edmund. (*Eng. by J. Jones in 1790.*)
- Burton, Mrs. (*Sold at Christie's in 1875 for £273.*)
- Camelford, Thomas, Lord. (*Exhibited at Exeter in 1873 by Hon. G. M. Fortescue.*)
- Cardiff, John, Lord, whole-length. (*Eng. by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., in 1790.*)
- Cardiff, Charlotte, Lady, whole-length. (*Eng. by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., in 1790.*)
- Cardigan, James, Earl of. (*Eng. by J. Grozer in 1792.*)

- Carlisle, Frederick, Earl of. (*Painted in 1780, and engraved by T. Holloway and by J. K. Sherwin in 1782.*)
- Carpenter, Lady Almeria. (*Sold at Romney's sale in 1807 to Mr. Whiteford for 1½ guineas.*)
- Carwardine, Ann, wife of Rev. Thomas C. (*Eng. by J. R. Smith.*)
- Cathcart, Charles Allan. (*Eng. by William Sharpe in 1791.*)
- Chamberlaine, Edward. (*Eng. by Johann Jacobé in 1780.*)
- Clavering, Thomas and Catherine. (*Eng. by J. R. Smith in 1779.*)
- Cleaver, Euseby, Bishop of Cork, 1789. (*The property of Christ Church College, Oxford.*)
- Cosway, Mrs. (*Belonged to Sir Joseph Hawley, Bart., in 1873.*)
- Cumberland, Richard. (*In the National Portrait Gallery. Formerly in the possession of Lady Albinia Cumberland.*)
- Dawes, John. (*Eng. by Slann.*)
- De avarr. Lord, half-length. (*Belongs to A. Buckley, Esq.*)
- Derby, Countess of. (*Eng. by John Dean in 1780.*)
- Duff, Colonel Patrick. (*Eng. by C. H. Hodges in 1791.*)
- Dundas, Right Hon. Henry, whole-length. (*Eng. by John Young in 1798.*)
- Dunlop of Carmyle, Provost of Glasgow. (*The picture belongs to Mr. Henry Graves.*)
- Farmer, Richard. (*Eng. by J. Jones in 1785, and by Reading.*)
- Fitzgerald, Lady Edward, and her Children. (*Sold at Christie's in 1848 at Mr. Rate's sale.*)
- Flaxman, John, R.A., half-length. (*In the National Portrait Gallery.*)
- Flaxman, John, R.A. (*In the possession of Thomas Green, Esq., to whom the painter bequeathed it. Similar to above, but full-length.*)
- Forbes, Captain. (*The picture belongs to Henry Graves and Co.*)
- Fowler, Robert, Archbishop of Dublin. (*Exhibited at Dublin in 1872 by Robert Fowler, Esq.*)
- Garrick, David. (*Painted for Sir R. Sullivan. Sold at his sale at Christie's in 1859 for £115 to Mr. Farrer.*)
- Garrow, Rev. David. (*Eng. by C. H. Hodges in 1787.*)
- Germaine, Lord George. (*Eng. by Johann Jacobé in 1780.*)
- Glencairn, Isabella, Countess of. (*Eng. by W. Walker.*)
- Gloucester, H.B.H. Prince William of. (*Eng. by J. Jones in 1793.*)
- Grantham, Thomas, Lord. (*Eng. by William Dickinson in 1783.*)
- Greville, Charles Francis. (*Eng. by H. Meyer in 1810.*)
- Griffith, R. (*Exhibited at Dublin in 1872 by Sir Richard Griffiths, Bart.*)
- Griffith, Mrs. C. (*Exhibited at Dublin in 1872 by Sir Richard Griffiths, Bart.*)
- Hamilton, Lady, as a Bacchante leading a goat. (*Eng. by Charles Knight in 1797. The picture first belonged to Sir William Hamilton and afterwards to Lord Leconfield.*)

- Hamilton, Lady, as the Seamstress. (*Eng. by Thomas Cheesman in 1787.*) See "Miss Lucy Vernon," page 88.
- Hamilton, Lady, as Sensibility. (*Eng. by Richard Earlom in 1789, and the Head only by Caroline Watson in 1809. The picture originally belonged to William Hayley, Esq.*)
- Hamilton, Lady, as Alope. (*Eng. by Richard Earlom in 1787.*)
- Hamilton, Lady, as Emma. (*Eng. by John Jones in 1785, and also by G. Zobel.*)
- Hamilton, Lady, holding a dog. (*Eng. by Henry Meyer in 1782. The picture originally belonged to T. L. Parker, Esq.*)
- Hamilton, Lady, a portrait. (*Exhibited at Wrexham in 1876 by J. Fairfax Jesse, Esq.*)
- Hamilton, Lady, as Diana. (*Sold at Hon. C. F. Greville's sale at Christie's in 1810 to Mr. Chamberlayne for £136 10s.*)
- Hamilton, Lady, as the Tragic Muse, oblong. (*Formerly the property of the Marquis of Hertford, and was sold at Christie's in 1875. It now belongs to W. Stirling Crawford, Esq.*)
- Hamilton, Lady, as the Comic Muse. (*This picture was formerly the property of the Marquis of Hertford, and was sold at Christie's in 1875 for £325 to Messrs. Agnew. This picture is the companion to the last, and was in the "Old Masters'" Exhibition, 1882.*)
- Hamilton, Lady, as a Bacchante, 1791. (*Sold at Christie's in 1875. Now belongs to Miss Romney, who lent it with the "Mrs. Billington" in 1881 to the Liverpool Art Club for exhibition.*)
- Hamilton, Lady, as Euphrosyne, a head. (*Eng. by G. S. Shury in 1878. Sold at Christie's in 1877 for 64 guineas to Mrs. Nosedæ.*)
- Hamilton, Lady, reading a Gazette. (*Eng. by Francis Holl in 1877.*)
- Hamilton, Lady Isabella. (*Eng. by James Walker in 1782.*)
- Harris, James. (*In the National Portrait Gallery, to which it was presented in 1865 by his descendant, the Earl of Malmesbury. Eng. by Bartolozzi in 1776, and in stipple by Ridley for the "European Magazine" in 1802. It is a copy after Sir Joshua Reynolds.*)
- Hammer, Lady Margaret. (*Exhibited at Wrexham in 1876 by the Hon. George Kenyon.*)
- Hartley, David, M.P. (*Eng. by J. Walker.*)
- Hawkesbury, Charles, Lord. (*Eng. by John Murphy in 1788.*)
- Henniker, John. (*Eng. by Henry Hudson in 1786.*)
- Hodgson, General. (*Eng. by Bond in 1796.*)
- Irwin, Edward. (*Eng. by Thornthwaite and W. Walker.*)
- Irwin, Eyles, traveller. (*Eng. by J. Walker in 1780.*)
- Jordan, Mrs. (*Eng. by John Ogborne in 1788.*)
- Kenyon, Lord. (*Eng. by William Holl in 1804. Exhibited at Wrexham in 1876 by the Hon. George Kenyon.*)
- Kenyon, Lady Mary. (*Exhibited at Wrexham in 1876 by the Hon. George Kenyon.*)

- Law, Edmund. (*Eng. by W. Dickinson.*)
- Legge, Lady Charlotte. (*Eng. by Josiah Grozer in 1799.*)
- Macdonald, Archibald, Lord Chief Baron, 1793. (*The property of Christ Church College, Oxford.*)
- Markham, William, Archbishop of York. (*Eng. by James Ward in 1800. A portrait of him was sold at Romney's sale in 1807 for 4½ guineas to Mr. Edridge.*)
- Marlborough, George, Duke of, whole-length. (*Eng. by John Jones in 1786.*)
- Marlborough, Duchess of. (*Eng. by John Jones in 1793.*)
- Martindale, Miss. (*Eng. by Richard Josey in 1878. Now the property of John Chaworth Musters, Esq.*)
- Mingay, James. (*Eng. by Charles H. Hodges in 1791.*)
- Moore, John, Archbishop of Canterbury. (*Eng. by John Jones in 1792.*)
- Mountstuart, Lord, afterwards Earl of Bute. (*Eng. by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., in 1790.*)
- Mountstuart, Lady, whole-length. (*Eng. by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., in 1790.*)
- Musters, Mrs. (*Eng. by James Walker in 1780.*)
- Newland, Abraham. (*Eng. by J. Grozer in 1795.*)
- North, Mrs., wife of the Bishop of Winchester. (*Eng. by J. R. Smith in 1782.*)
- Orde, Right Hon. Thomas. (*Eng. by John Jones in 1786.*)
- Paine, Master, as Romulus. (*The property of Miss Romney.*)
- Paine, John Thomas, when a boy. (*Eng. by J. Dean in 1780.*)
- Parker, Sir Hyde, whole-length. (*Eng. by J. Walker in 1780.*)
- Parr, Miss Ann. (*Eng. by Dean.*)
- Parr, Rev. Samuel. (*Eng. by J. Jones in 1788.*)
- Parry, Miss Ann. (*Eng. by John Dean in 1778.*)
- Peckham, Harry. (*Eng. by J. K. Sherwin in 1778.*)
- Petre, Lord. (*Eng. by A. Freschi in 1803.*)
- Pitt, Right Hon. William. (*Eng. by John Jones in 1789.*)
- Powell, Miss. (*Formerly belonged to Thomas Conolly, Esq.*)
- Powys, Mrs. (*In the possession of Earl Denbigh.*)
- Powlett, Countess. (*Belonged to Allan Swinton, Esq., and was put up at Christie's in 1872, and bought in for £162 15s.*)
- Raikes, Thomas. (*Eng. by C. H. Hodges in 1787.*)
- Ramus, Miss, afterwards Lady Day. (*Eng. by William Dickinson.*)
- Reed, Isaac. (*Eng. by W. Dickinson in 1796.*)
- Richmond, Charles, Duke of. (*Eng. by James Watson in 1778.*)
- Rutland, Duchess of, whole-length. (*A portrait of her was sold at Christie's (Butcher's sale) in 1843 to Mr. Closs for £13 2s. 6d.*)
- Scott, David, M.P., whole-length. (*Eng. by J. Young in 1798.*)
- Seward, Miss. (*Eng. by W. Ridley in 1797.*)
- Sneyd, Miss. *See "Serena," in List IV.*
- Stables, Mrs., and Children, 1778. (*Eng. by J. R. Smith in 1781.*)

- Stamford, Earl of (? Baron Grey). (*Eng. by G. Keating.*)
 Stamford, Countess of. (*Eng. by G. Keating.*)
 Stewart, General Charles. (*Eng. by J. Grozer in 1794.*)
 Stewart, General James. (*Eng. by C. H. Hodges in 1789.*)
 Stormont, David Murray, Viscount. (*The property of Christ Church College, Oxford.*)
 Stormont, Louisa Cathcart, Lady. (*Eng. by J. R. Smith in 1780.*) See "Mansfield," page 86.
 Thornhill, Mrs. (*The property of Thomas Thornhill, Esq., M.P.*)
 Thornhill, Master, with a Pomeranian dog. (*Eng. by James Scott in 1882. The property of Mrs. Thornhill, Senr.*)
 Tempest, Master Walter. (*Eng. by James Walker in 1781.*)
 Thyer, Robert. (*Eng. by Worthington.*)
 Tighe, Mrs. Henry. (*Exhibited at Dublin in 1872 by Lady Laura Grattan.*)
 Todd, Anthony. (*Eng. by J. Jones.*)
 Walker, Thomas. (*Eng. by William Sharp in 1794.*)
 Warren, Mrs., daughter of Wm. Powell, actor. (*Eng. by C. H. Hodges in 1787.*)
 Warwick, Countess of. (*Eng. by J. Raphael Smith in 1780.*)
 Watson, Richard, Bishop of Llandaff. (*Eng. by H. Meyer in 1809.*)
 Westmoreland, Earl of. (*Eng. by John Jones in 1792.*)
 Wilson, Dr., Bishop of Bristol. (*Eng. by John Jones in 1788.*)
 Wilson, Sir John, Judge. (*Eng. by J. Murphy in 1792.*)
 Woodley, Miss. (*Eng. by James Walker in 1789.*)
 Wright, Sir Sampson. (*The property of E. S. Litchfield, Esq.*)
 Wright, Lady. (*The property of E. S. Litchfield, Esq.*)
 Yates, Mrs., as Melpomene, whole-length. (*Eng. by Valentine Green, A.R.A., in 1772.*)
 Yorke, Mrs. (*Exhibited at Dublin in 1872 by Sir R. Griffith, Bart.*)

IV.—FANCY SUBJECTS NOT MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE LISTS.

- L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. (*Eng. by George Keating in 1798.*)
 Nurse in Distress, Group of Children in a Boat. (*The picture was sold at the artist's sale in 1807 for 4½ guineas to Mr. Hoppner.*)
 Prospero and Miranda. (*Sold at Alderman Boydell's sale in 1805 to Mr. Green for 50 guineas. It was again sold at Mr. Green's sale at Christie's, in 1830, for 50 guineas to Mr. Watts. Eng. by Benjamin Smith for Boydell's "Shakespeare."*)
 Serena, oval, with a candle on the table, Girl in profile. (Miss Sneyd.) (*Eng. by J. R. Smith in 1782.*)
 Sisters, The. (*Eng. by Robert Dunkarton in 1770.*)
 Titania, The Changeling, and Puck on the seashore. (*Sold at the artist's sale in 1807 for 65 guineas. Sold again at Lord de Tabley's sale in 1827 for 155 guineas to J. Watts Russell Esq., and at his sale in 1875 for 230 guineas.*)



A CATALOGUE OF THE EXHIBITED WORKS OF
SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

COMPILED BY ALGERNON GRAVES.*

I.—EXHIBITED BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Living at 4, Leicester Square.

Date. Cat. No.

1787. 184. Mad Girl.
207. Lady.
229. Young Lady.
231. Lady (*Miss Harrington*).
234. Mrs. Esten as Belvidera.
255. Vestal Virgin.
258. Young Lady.

Living at 41, Jermyn Street.

1788. 60. Lady.
61. Gentleman (*? Henry Bunbury*).
(*Eng. by Ryder in 1789,*
and by Cook.)
110. Gentleman.
112. Lady (*Miss Madden*).

Date. Cat. No.

1788. 113. Lady.
147. Gentleman (*Mr. Dance*).
1789. 51. Gentleman (*Mr. Williams*).
100. Lady of Quality (*Lady Cre-*
morne).
122. Lady (crayons).
128. Lady (*Mrs. Hamilton*).
130. Gentleman (*Mr. Hunter*).
171. Gentleman (*Mr. Linley*).
194. Lady of Quality.
232. Lady of Quality (*Lady Aps-*
ley, late Miss Lennox).
459. Head from Nature (*Master*
Hamilton looking like Mr.
Kemble).
528. Lady (*Mrs. Hamilton*).

* The names printed in *italic* are not to be found in the catalogues, but have been since identified from various sources.

Date. Cat. No.

1789. 536. Gentleman.
 554. H.R.H. the Duke of York.
 555. Gentleman.
1790. 19. Gentleman (*Mr. Lock*).
 26. H.R.H. the Princess Amelia.
 100. Her Majesty.
 103. General Officer (*General Paterson*).
 145. Lady (*Mrs. Carter*).
 151. Nobleman's Sons (*Lord Ducie's*).
 171. An Actress (*Miss Farren*).
 (*Eng. by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., in 1803. A replica of this picture belonged to Mr. Grant, and was sold at Christie's, June 27, 1863, to Mr. Smith for 79 guineas.*)
 262. Nobleman's Children.
 219. Young Nobleman (*Lord Abercorn's Son*).
 260. Clergyman (*Mr. Lawrence*).
 268. An Officer (*Mr. Tasker*).
 275. Young Lady of Quality (*Lord Abercorn's Daughter*).

Living at 24, Old Bond Street.

1791. 75. Lady of Quality (*Lady Theodosia Vyner*).
 97. Gentleman (*Mr. Beresford, M.P.*).
 122. Lady (*Miss Day, of Norwich*).
 140. Gentleman (*Mr. Locke, jun.*).
 180. Homer reciting his Poems.
 255. Lady (*Hon. Mrs. Berkeley*).
 375. Gentleman (*Dr. Moore*).
 (*Eng. by G. Keating in 1794.*)

Date. Cat. No.

1791. 385. Gentleman (*Sir G. Heathcote*).
 394. Gentleman (? *Rev. Septimius Hodson. Eng. by W. Skelton in 1792*).
 429. Gentleman.
 516. Child (*Master C. Malton*).
 Made an A.R.A.
1792. 1. Lady of Fashion as La Pennerosa (*Lady Hamilton*).
 25. Gentleman and his Lady (*Mr. and Mrs. Angerstein*).
 65. His Majesty.
 109. Nobleman (*Lord Barrington*).
 (*Eng. by C. Knight in 1800.*)
 150. Lady of Quality (*Lady Apsley. Eng. by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., in 1793.*)
 183. Gentleman (*Mr. Silvester Douglas*).
 209. An Etonian (*Mr. Atherley*).
 225. Lady of Quality (*Lady Charlotte Bentinck*).
 366. Naval Officer (*Capt. Moore*).
 513. Nobleman's Children (*Lord Melbourne's*).
1793. 7. Gentleman (*Mr. Whitbread, jun.*).
 15. Gentleman (*Sir George Beaumont*). (*This picture belongs to Mr. Henry Graves.*)
 63. H.R.H. The Duke of Clarence.
 80. Nobleman (*Lord Abercorn*).
 191. Prospero raising the Storm (*Shakespeare, Tempest*).
 231. Gentleman (*Hon. Mr. Robinson*).

Date. Cat. No.

1793. 235. Lady (*Mrs. Finch*).
 515. Lady of Quality (*Lady H. Harbord*).
 614. Gentleman (*Mr. Charles, afterwards Lord, Grey*).
 (Eng. by *W. Dickinson* in 1794.)

Was made R.A.

1794. 78. Gentleman (*Sir Gilbert Elliott*).
 115. Archbishop (*Dr. John Moore, of Canterbury*).
 131. Nobleman (*Lord Auckland*).
 (Eng. by *W. Dickinson*.)
 160. Lady (*Lady Manners or Lady Milner*).
 168. Lady (*Mrs. Wood*).
 173. Lady of Quality (*Lady Emily Hobart*).
 181. Gentleman (*Mr. Richard Payne Knight*).
 (Eng. by *W. Evans and E. Scriven* in 1811.)
 199. Boy (*Master Ainslie*).

Lived in Piccadilly.

1795. 55. Gentleman.
 75. Young Lady (*Miss Barrett*).
 86. Nobleman (*Late Lord Mountstuart*).
 131. Officer (*Sir Charles Grey*).
 (Eng. by *J. Collyer, A.R.A.*, in 1797.)
 168. Gentleman (*Mr. Rose*).
 175. Lady of Quality (*Lady Inchiquin*).
 (Eng. by *W. Bond*.)
 191. Lady of Quality (*Lady Louisa Gordon*).

Date. Cat. No.

1795. 596. William Cowper, Esq. (*A drawing*).
 (Eng. by *F. Bartolozzi, R.A.*)
 602. Family (*Mr. and Mrs. Angerstein's*). (*A drawing*).
 1796. 102. Lady of Quality (*Lady Jane Long*).
 103. Nobleman (*Francis, Duke of Leeds*).
 (Eng. by *R. M. Meadows* in 1792.)
 116. Lady (*Miss Ogilvie*).
 147. Bishop (*Hon. Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham*).
 163. Nobleman (*Marquis of Bath*).
 (Eng. by *J. Heath*.)
 164. Artist (*J. Farington, R.A.*).
 183. Gentleman (*Sergeant Sheppard*).
 202. Officer (*Late Col. Markham*).
 1797. 74. A Nobleman's Family (*Lord Exeter's*).
 148. Nobleman (*Lord Inchiquin*).
 166. Lady (*Mrs. Siddons*).
 170. Satan calling his Legions
 (*First book of Milton*).
 (This large gallery picture remained in the artist's possession until his death, and was sold at his sale, June 18, 1831, Lot 151, for £504.)
 188. Gentleman (*Mr. Kemble*).
 (Eng. by *T. Cheesman*.)
 237. Lady (*Mrs. Charles Locke*).
Lived in Greek Street, Soho.
 1798. 30. Mrs. Allnutt.
 51. Lord Seaforth.

Date. Cat. No.

1798. 184. Mr. Bell.
 225. Mr. Kemble as Coriolanus at
 the Hearth of Tullus Au-
 sidus.
(Eng. by W. O. Burgess.)
 253. Mr. Thompson.
 257. Mrs. Neave.
1799. 5. Mr. Allnutt.
 76. The Duke of Norfolk.
 137. Mr. Samuel Lysons.
(Eng. by S. W. Reynolds in 1804.)
 223. Miss Jennings.
 234. General Paoli.
 294. M. Uvedale Price.
1800. 28. Mr. Boucherette's Children.
 54. Mr. Curran.
(Eng. by J. R. Smith, Wagstaff, and Meyer, and by Ed. McInnes for the Lawrence work in 1842.)
 178. Mrs. J. Angerstein.
 193. Rolla (*J. P. Kemble*).
(Eng. by S. W. Reynolds in 1803.)
 213. Rev. Mr. Pennicott. The
 picture was painted for the
 Rev. T. Streatfield.
(Eng. by S. W. Reynolds.)
 243. Lord Eldon.
(Eng. by J. R. Smith in 1800, and by Finden.)
 526. Mrs. Twiss.
1801. 62. General James Stuart.
(Eng. by Geo. Clint in 1802.)
 92. Mrs. G. Byng.

Date. Cat. No.

1801. 173. Hon. Sophia Upton.
 190. Hon. Caroline Upton.
 197. Hamlet (*J. P. Kemble*).
(Eng. by S. W. Reynolds and Egan in 1838, for the Lawrence work.)
 207. Mr. Edmund Antrobus, after-
 wards Sir.
(Eng. by G. Clint.)
1802. 5. Lady Templetown.
 17. The Marchioness of Exeter.
(Eng. by S. W. Reynolds in 1803, and by W. C. Wass.)
 56. Earl Cowper.
 72. The Princess of Wales and
 the Princess Charlotte.
 176. Lady Cunningham.
 184. Hon. T. Erskine.
 421. G. Stonestreet, Esq., painted
 for the Phoenix Assurance
 Company.
 422. Master in Chancery.
 621. Sir W. Grant, Master of the
 Rolls.
(Eng. by R. Golding and by E. McInnes in 1842 for the Lawrence work.)
1803. 21. Rt. Hon. Lord Thurlow.
 64. Lady C. Hamilton.
 105. Rt. Hon. W. Wyndham.
(Eng. by Fry and Alais.)
 127. Hon. Miss Lambe.
 182. Lady C. Campbell.
1804. 17. Mrs. C. Thelluson and Child.
 25. Mrs. Williams.
 110. J. P. Kemble, Esq.
(Eng. by W. Say in 1826.)

Date. Cat. No.

1804. 121. J. Curtis, Esq.
 157. Sir J. Mackintosh.
 193. Mrs. Siddons.
(Eng. by W. Say in 1810.)
1805. 96. Hon. C. Grey.
 156. Lord Amherst.
(Eng. by W. Freeman.)
 157. H. Hoare, Esq.
(Eng. by H. Meyer.)
 195. Lady E. Foster.
 219. The Bishop of Gloucester
(George Isaac Huntingford).
(Eng. by H. Meyer in 1813.)
1806. 35. Lord Ellenborough.
(Eng. by R. W. Sievier in 1819.)
 72. Sir J. Banks.
(Eng. by W. Evans in 1810, and by A. Carden in 1810.)
 91. Fancy Group.
 125. The Earl of Malmesbury.
(Eng. by W. Ward in 1807.)
 137. W. Baker, Esq., M.P.
 176. Mrs. Riddell.
1807. 17. Hon. B. Paget.
 210. Sir F. Baring, Bart., J. Baring, Esq., and — Wall, Esq.
(Eng. by Charles Turner and Ed. McInnes in 1842.)
1808. 74. Earl of Aberdeen.
(Eng. by C. Turner in 1809.)

Date. Cat. No.

1808. 95. Rt. Hon. William Pitt (a posthumous portrait).
(Eng. by S. W. Reynolds in 1837, and also by C. Turner, A.R.A., in 1837.)
133. Hon. Lady Hood.
 134. J. Farington, Esq., R.A.
(Eng. by H. Meyer in 1814.)
 175. Children of J. Angerstein, Esq.
1810. 61. Lord Castlereagh.
(Eng. by C. Turner in 1814, and by J. R. Jackson in 1843 for the Lawrence work.)
 67. Rt. Hon. G. Canning.
(Eng. by Wm. Say in 1813.)
 159. A group of portraits consisting of Mrs. Wall and her Brother, T. Baring, Esq., of their Sons, and of the late Lady Baring.
 171. Lord Melville.
(Eng. by C. Turner in 1810, and by Ed. McInnes in 1843 for the Lawrence work.)
1811. 13. Hon. C. A. Cooper.
 69. Mrs. Stratton.
(Eng. by C. Turner in 1813.)
 88. Major - General the Hon. Charles Stewart.
 113. Benjamin West, Esq., R.A.
(Eng. by Charles Rolls.)

Date. Cat. No.

1811. (*A half-length of Benjamin West in black and white chalk, was sold at the artist's sale, June 18, 1831, to Mr. Woodburn, for 32 guineas.*)

170. The sons of — Labouchere, Esq.

(*Eng. by C. W. Wass.*)

194. Warren Hastings, Esq.

1812. 19. The Earl of Lonsdale.

(*Eng. by Henry Meyer.*)

20. Miss W. Pole.

57. Mr. Kemble as Addison's *Cato*.

(*Eng. by W. Ward.*)

65. Lord Mountjoy.

88. Mrs. May.

103. Sir W. Curtis, Bart.

(*Eng. by Wm. Sharp in 1814.*)

108. Earl and Countess of Charlemont and their Child.

228. T. Taylor, Esq. (*Translator of Plato, Aristotle, &c.*)

1813. 7. Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. Graham, K.B.

(*Eng. by Henry Meyer.*)

28. Sir H. Englefield, Bart.

63. Miss Thayer.

139. Countess Grey.

(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1831.*)

158. Lady Ellenborough.

159. Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Charles Stuart.

208. The Marquis Wellesley.

(*Eng. by C. Turner in 1815.*)

Date. Cat. No.

1813. 222. James Watt, Esq.

(*Eng. by C. Turner and by C. A. Tomkins.*)

Lived at 65, Russell Square.

1814. 23. Viscount Castlereagh

(*Eng. by C. Turner.*)

56. Lady Leicester (*with a quotation from Spenser's "Fairy Queen"*).

(*Eng. by Henry Meyer in 1823, and by Ed. McInnes in 1841 for the Lawrence work.*)

64. H.R.H. the Duke of York.

(*Eng. by C. Turner in 1821.*)

138. Lady Grantham.

146. The Marquis of Abercorn.

237. The Rt. Hon. J. McMahon.

(*Eng. by C. Turner in 1815.*)

271. Lady Emily Cowper, afterwards Lady Ashley.

(*Eng. as the "Rosebud" by J. R. Jackson in 1844 for the Lawrence work.*)

277. Master William Lock.

(*Eng. by W. Humphreys in 1839 for the Lawrence work.*)

1815. 28. Mrs. Wolff.

(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1831.*)

65. H.R.H. the Prince Regent.

Date. Cat. No.

1815. 76. His Highness Prince Metternich Winnebourg, Achsenhausen.

(*Eng. by S. Cousins in 1829, and by C. Lewis in 1842 for the Lawrence work.*)

109. Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington holding the Sword of State on the last day of Public Thanksgiving at St. Paul's.

(*Eng. by Wm. Bromley, A.R.A., in 1816.*)

155. Field-Marshal Prince Blücher.

(*Eng. by C. E. Wagstaff in 1839 for the Lawrence work.*)

163. Hetman Prince Platoff.

276. R. Hart Davis, Esq., M.P.

(*Eng. by W. Sharp in 1816.*)

- 1816.. 12. J. J. Angerstein, Esq.

(*Eng. by Fry and Scriven.*)

25. The Bishop of London (*William Howley*).

(*Eng. by C. Turner in 1817, and by J. R. Jackson in 1845 for the Lawrence work.*)

47. The Bishop of Durham (*Hon. Shute Barrington*).

(*Eng. by Charles Turner in 1817.*)

48. The Marchioness of Stafford.

Date. Cat. No.

1816. 61. Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of York.

107. Lady Wigram.

(*Eng. by C. Turner in 1817.*)

161. Major-Gen. Sir H. Torrens, K.C.B.

(*Eng. by C. Turner in 1817.*)

184. Canova.

1817. 24. Lieut.-Gen. the Marquis of Anglesea.

(*Eng. by C. Turner, by Freeman, and by J. R. Jackson in 1845 for the Lawrence work.*)

44. Sons of — Patterson, Esq.

(*Eng. as "Rural Amusements" by John Bromley in 1831.*)

68. Lieut.-Gen. Lord Lynedoch.

(*Eng. by S. W. Reynolds.*)

72. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

150. Mrs. Arbuthnot.

(*Eng. by Giller.*)

155. Mrs. Cuthbert.

190. Lady Maria Oglander.

346. J. Jekyll, Esq.

(*Eng. by W. Say.*)

He became Member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke's, and of the American Academy of Fine Arts.

1818. 25. Lady Acland and Children.

(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A.*)

53. Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower.

61. H.R.H. Prince Regent.

Date. Cat. No.

1818. 139. The Hon. Frederick Stewart.

148. The Earl of Suffolk.

165. Duke of Wellington in the dress that he wore and on the horse (Copenhagen) he rode at the Battle of Waterloo.

(Eng. by W. Bromley, A.R.A.)

230. W. Morgan, Esq.

(Eng. by C. Turner in 1830.)

284. Lieut.-Col. Hon. H. Lowther.

He became P.R.A., and Member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence.

1820. 88. John Bloomfield, Esq.

115. John Abernethy, Esq.

(Eng. by Wm. Bromley, A.R.A. in 1827, and by Ed. McInnes in 1842 for the Lawrence work.)

122. Daughter of Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Charles of Austria.

140. Lady Selina Meade.

*(Eng. by G. T. Doo, R.A., in 1835.)*171. Rt. Hon. Sir William Grant *(late Master of the Rolls, painted for the Gentlemen of the Chancery Bar attending the Rolls Court).*

1821. 69. The Marquis of Londonderry.

(Eng. by J. Thomson in 1826.)

70. H.R.H. the late Princess Charlotte.

Date. Cat. No.

(The original drawing was sold at the artist's sale, June 18, 1831, to Mr. Woodburn for 10½ guineas. It was eng. by R. Golding in 1822.)

1821. 106. Mrs. H. Baring and Children.

(This picture was once the property of the Marquis du Blaisle, and was sold at his sale at Christie's, May 18, 1872, to Messrs. Vokins for £1,470.)

171. Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., President of the Royal Society, &c.

(Eng. by G. R. Newton in 1830, and by Scriven.)

180. Lady Louisa Lambton.

103. The late B. West, P.R.A.

208. Lady Pollington and Child.

331. James Palmer, Esq., Treasurer of Christ's Hospital.

1822. 35. Count Michael Woronzow.

(Engraved.)

67. Mrs. Littleton.

(Eng. by C. Turner in 1827.)

73. H.R.H. the Duke of York.

(Eng. by G. T. Doo, R.A., in 1824. The picture belonged to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, and was sold at his sale at Christie's, June 24, 1843, to Mr. Mortimer for 20 guineas.)

77. George IV., for the Royal Palace of Windsor.

(A full-length of George IV. in Coronation Robes. The last picture painted on by the

Date. Cat. No.

Artist. Was sold at the painter's sale, June 18, 1831, Lot 149, for 115 guineas to the Athenæum Club.)
(Eng. by Thos. Hodgetts in 1829.)

1822. 80. The Countess of Blessington.

(Eng. by S. W. Reynolds and by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1837, for the Lawrence work, and also by J. H. Watt for the "Amulet.")

113. The Duke of Bedford.

(Eng. by T. A. Dean in 1832.)

134. Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

(Eng. by Wm. Dean Taylor in 1827, by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1828, by E. McInnes in 1844 for the Lawrence work, by G. Raphael Ward, and by J. R. Jackson.)

300. Little Red Riding Hood (Miss Anderson).

(Eng. by Richard Lane in 1824, and by J. R. Jackson in 1843 for the Lawrence work.)

(A replica of this picture belongs to Mr. Henry Graves.)

1823. 7. The Earl of Harewood.

(Eng. by Thomas Lupton in 1828.)

28. The Archbishop of York (the Hon. Edward Venables Vernon).

84. Lord Francis Conyngham.

89. The Countess of Jersey.

Date. Cat. No.

1823. 124. The Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Vansittart.

318. Sir William Knighton, Bart.
(Eng. by C. Turner in 1823.)

445. A Young Lady.

1824. 38. Lord Stowell.

59. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

98. The Earl of Clanwilliam.

99. The Children of Charles B. Calmady, Esq.

(Eng. by G. T. Doo in 1829, and by S. Cousins in 1835 for the Lawrence work.)

119. Mrs. Harford.

146. The Duke of Devonshire.

291. Sir William Curtis, Bart.

(A finished portrait of Sir W. Curtis was sold at the artist's sale, June 18, 1831, for 43 guineas, to Sir W. Curtis.)

(Eng. by W. Say in 1830.)

392. The Child of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry.

1825. 28. Mrs. Peel.

(Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1832, by W. Giller in 1836 for the Lawrence work, and by Charles Heath for the "Annals.")

57. H. R. H. the Princess Sophia.

71. The Duke of Wellington.

83. The Rt. Hon. G. Canning.

(Eng. by C. Turner,

Date. Cat. No.

- A.R.A.*, in 1829, and
by *W. T. Fry*.)
1825. 118. The Lord Chancellor (*Lord Eldon*).
(*Eng. by G. T. Dox, R.A.*,
in 1827, also by *Finden*
and by *J. Porter* in
1844 for the *Lawrence*
work.)
140. J. W. Croker, Esq.
(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A.*,
in 1829, and also by
Parry and Finden.)
288. The Son of J. G. Lambton,
Esq.
(*Eng. by Saml. Cousins,*
R.A., in 1827, and by
G. H. Phillips in
1839 for the *Lawrence*
work.)
399. Lord Bexley.
(*Eng. by Dean*.)
1826. 65. Lady Wallscourt.
(*Eng. by G. H. Phillips*
in 1839 for the *Law-*
rence work.)
75. Lady Robert Manners.
91. The Marchioness of Lans-
downe.
101. The Rt. Hon. Robert Peel.
(*Eng. by C. Turner* in
1827, by *S. Cousins,*
R.A., in 1850, and by
W. Read.)
109. The Rt. Hon. George Can-
ning.
(*Eng. by C. Turner*.)
158. The Hon. Mrs. Hope.

Date. Cat. No.

1826. 307. Viscount Melville.
(*Eng. by C. Turner* in
1827.)
396. A Child.
1827. 26. Miss Croker.
(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A.*,
1828, and also by *J.*
Thomson.)
75. The Countess of Normanton.
117. The Earl of Liverpool.
(*Eng. by C. Turner* in
1827, and by *J. R.*
Jackson in 1845 for the
Lawrence work.)
134. Mrs. Peel.
146. Sir Walter Scott, Bart.
(*Eng. by J. H. Robinson,*
R.A., in 1833, by *Mr.*
Wm. Humphrey in
1844 for the *Lawrence*
work, and by *J. Hors-*
burgh for the "*Royal*
Gallery.")
212. Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
314. John Nash, Esq.
422. Richard Clarke, Esq., Cham-
berlain of the City of
London.
(*Eng. by J. S. Davis* in
1829.)
1828. 66. Lady Lyndhurst.
(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A.*,
in 1836 for the *Law-*
rence work.)
77. Daughter of Rt. Hon.
William Peel.
(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A.*,
in 1833.)

Date. Cat. No.

1828. 114. The Countess Gower and her Daughter.

(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1832, and a portion only by G. H. Phillips in 1841 for the Lawrence work.*)

140. The Marchioness of Londonderry and her son, Lord Seaham.

(*A full-length portrait of this lady was sold at the artist's sale, June 18, 1831, for 45 guineas to Mr. Woodburn.*)

158. Earl Grey.

(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1829, and by Cochrane.*)

263. Sir Astley Cooper, Bart.

(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1830, and by Cochrane.*)

341. Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis and her Son.

(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1831, by Wm. Brett and J. H. Watt, and by G. H. Phillips for the Lawrence work.*)

463. The Earl of Eldon.

(*Eng. by G. T. Doo, R.A., in 1828.*)

1829. 57. H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

(*Engraved as William IV. by Thomas Hodgetts in 1829.*)

Date. Cat. No.

1829. 97. Miss Macdonald.

(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1831.*)

102. The Duchess of Richmond.

(*Eng. by G. R. Ward in 1842, and by Robert Graves, A.R.A.*)

135. Lord Durham.

(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1837, by C. Turner and Cochrane, and by C. E. Wagstaff in 1838 for the Lawrence work.*)

172. Robert Southey, Esq.

193. The Marchioness of Salisbury.

338. John Soane, Esq.

455. Mrs. Locke, sen.

1830. 71. Lady Belfast.

79. His Excellency the late Sir Ralph James Woodford, Bart., Governor of Trinidad (*painted for the Hall of the Illustrious Board of Cabildo of that Island*).

(*Eng. by C. Turner in 1829.*)

100. The Archbishop of Armagh (*Lord J. G. de la Peer Beresford*).

(*Eng. by C. Turner in 1841.*)

114. Miss Fry.

Date. Cat. No.

1830. 116. The Earl of Aberdeen.

(*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A.,
in 1831, and by Ed.
McInnes in 1844 for
the Lawrence work.*)

136. T. Moore, Esq.

Date. Cat. No.

1830. 312. Earl of Hardwicke.

(*Eng. by W. Giller in
1836 for the Lawrence
work.*)

427. John Angerstein, Esq.

AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

1806. 3. A Peasant Girl.

46. Rollo.

1807. 97. Hamlet.

(*A smaller picture of this
subject belonged to Sir
Thomas Baring, and was
sold at his sale at Christie's,
June 2, 1848, for 50 guineas
to Mr. Nieuwenhuys.*)

AT THE SUFFOLK STREET SUMMER EXHIBITION.

1831. 6. The Duke of Gordon; the
head and hand painted by
the late Sir Thomas
Lawrence, P.R.A.; the

arrangement and the
completion of the picture
by J. Simpson.

II.—EXHIBITED AT LOAN EXHIBITIONS.*

AT THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1832.	9.	Sir W. Curtis, Bart.	Sir W. Curtis, Bart.
	23.	A Lady	Major Beauclerc.
	53.	Queen Caroline and Princess Char- lotte	— Dobree, Esq.
	80.	Late James Perry, Esq.	E. Perry, Esq.
	193.	A Lady	Major Beauclerc.
	263.	Himself	

(*This picture was sold at the artist's
sale in 1831 to the Earl of
Chesterfield for £493 10s. It is
now the property of the Royal
Academy. It was engraved by*

* The engravers' names are not given where they appear in the foregoing list.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
		<i>S. Cousins, R.A., in 1830, by G. T. Doo, R.A., in 1877, and by William Giller for the Lawrence work.)</i>	
1832.	298.	George IV. as Prince of Wales. . .	Mr. Colnaghi.
	313.	Landscape	— Pickering, Esq.
	328.	Landscape	— Pickering, Esq.
	355.	Duke of Wellington	Mr. Harding.
	391.	Duke of Wellington	Mr. Marshall.
	402.	William IV. Drawing	Mr. Colnaghi.
	406.	Study for Canova. Drawing	Mr. Hogarth.
1833.	26.	A Lady	E. Perry, Esq.
	431.	Drawing in Crayons	C. Steadman, Esq.
	459.	Major Charles Chatfield, aged 16. Drawing	C. Chatfield, Esq.

AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

1825.	1.	George IV.	Duke of Wellington, K.G.
	46.	Hon. George Agar-Ellis, M.P. (<i>Eng. by William Brett in 1827.</i>)	Hon. G. Agar-Ellis, M.P.
	48.	Lady Louisa Lambton	J. G. Lambton, Esq., M.P.
	96.	Hamlet	George IV.
1830.	1.	George IV. (<i>Eng. by Wm. Finden in 1829, and by P. Thomas in 1841 for the Lawrence work. A replica, half- length, of this picture belongs to the Earl of Lonsdale; it was put up at his sale at Christie's, March 1, 1879, and bought in for 75 guineas.</i>)	George IV.
	2.	George IV. Smaller (<i>Eng. by S. Reynolds in 1830.</i>)	George IV.
	3.	Prince Metternich	George IV.
	4.	General Tehernicheff	George IV.
	5.	General Overoff.	George IV.
	6.	Earl Bathurst, K.G.	George IV.
	7.	Prince Blucher	George IV.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1830.	8.	Cardinal Gonsalvi (<i>Eng. by C. E. Wagstaff in 1840, for Lawrence work; a sketch was engraved by F. C. Lewis in 1830.</i>)	George IV.
	9.	Duke of Wellington, K.G.	George IV.
	10.	Pope Pius VII. (<i>Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1828, and by E. McInnes in 1840 for the Lawrence work.</i>)	George IV.
	11.	The Hetman Platoff	George IV.
	12.	Late Earl of Liverpool, K.G.	George IV.
	13.	Baron Hardenburg	George IV.
	14.	Count Capo d'Istria	George IV.
	15.	Count Nesselrode	George IV.
	16.	Late Marquis of Londonderry, K.G.	George IV.
	17.	Frederick William III., King of Prussia	George IV.
	18.	Francis II. of Austria (<i>Eng. by G. H. Phillips for the Lawrence work.</i>)	George IV.
	19.	Charles X. of France (<i>Eng. by C. Turner in 1829.</i>)	George IV.
	20.	Archduke Charles	George IV.
	21.	Alexander, Emperor of Russia	George IV.
	22.	Lady Emily Cowper	Earl Cowper.
	23.	Mrs. Harford	R. H. Davis, Esq., M.P.
	24.	Countess of Normanton	Earl of Normanton.
	25.	Marquis of Camden, K.G.	Marquis of Camden, K.G.
	26.	Countess Gower	Earl Gower.
	27.	Hon. Mrs. Hope	Thomas Hope, Esq.
	28.	Master Hope (<i>Eng. by Samuel Cousins, R.A., in 1836 for the Lawrence work.</i>)	Thomas Hope, Esq.
	29.	Lady Georgiana Gordon, Duchess of Bedford	Duke of Bedford.
	30.	Lady Grantham	Lord Grantham.
	31.	Sir Francis Baring, &c. &c.	Sir Thomas Baring, Bt., M.P.
	32.	Lady Georgiana Agar-Ellis and Son	Hon. G. Agar-Ellis, M.P.
	33.	Hamlet	Sir Thomas Baring, Bt., M.P.

Date, Cat. No	Subject.	Owner.
1830. 34.	H.R.H. Prince Leopold, K.G. (<i>A sketch was engraved by F. C. Lewis in 1820.</i>)	H R.H. Prince Leopold, K.G.
35.	Lady Baring, Mrs. Wall, &c.	Sir T. Baring, Bt., M.P.
36.	Baron Gentz (<i>Now at Hampton Court.</i>)	His Majesty.
37.	Late J. J. Angerstein, Esq.	John Angerstein, Esq.
38.	Lady Georgiana Fane (<i>Eng. by C. Turner in 1828, and by J. R. Jackson in 1842 for the Lawrence work.</i>)	Earl of Westmoreland, K.G.
39.	Countess Cowper	Lord Melbourne.
40.	Princess Charlotte. Drawing	A. Keightley, Esq.
41.	Earl of Aberdeen. K.T.	Earl of Aberdeen, K.T.
42.	The Rt. Hon. Sir William Grant	The Rolls Court.
43.	Children of John Angerstein, Esq.	John Angerstein, Esq.
44.	Marquis of Lansdowne (<i>Eng. by John Bromley in 1831.</i>)	Marquess of Lansdowne.
45.	Richard Hart Davis, Esq., M.P.	R. H. Davis, Esq., M.P.
46.	Miss Thayer	F. Knight, Esq.
47.	Sir Edmund Carrington, M.P.	Sir E. Carrington, M.P.
48.	Mrs. Littleton	E. J. Littleton, Esq., M.P.
49.	Hon. C. W. Lambton	Lord Durham.
50.	Late Earl of Liverpool	Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart., M.P.
51.	Lord Durham	Lord Durham.
52.	Donna Maria de Gloria (<i>Eng. by John Lucas in 1836 for the Lawrence work.</i>)	His Majesty.
53.	Duke of Wellington	Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P.
	(<i>Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1848.</i>)	
54.	Children of Charles B. Calmady, Esq. ("Natare")	C. B. Calmady, Esq.
55.	Lady Peel	The Rt. Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bt. M.P.
56.	Late Rt. Hon. George Canning	The Rt. Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bt., M.P.
57.	J. W. Croker, Esq., M.P.	Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker, M.P.
58.	Miss Croker	Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker, M.P.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1830.	59.	Miss Murray (<i>Eng. by G. T. Dos, R.A., in</i> 1834, and <i>by G. H. Phillips in</i> 1839 <i>for the Lawrence work.</i>)	Rt. Hon. Sir G. Murray, M.P.
	60.	Duke of Bedford	Duke of Bedford.
	61.	Late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. .	His Majesty.
	62.	Mrs. Wolfe. Drawing (<i>Eng. by John Bromley in 1839.</i>)	Miss Croft.
	63.	Hon. Miss Upton. Drawing	Lord Templetown.
	64.	Countess Rosalie. Drawing	John Meredith, Esq.
	65.	Late Duchess of Devonshire. Draw- ing (<i>Eng. by F. C. Lewis in 1828.</i>)	Duke of Devonshire.
	66.	Cardinal Consalvi. Drawing	Marquis of Bristol.
	67.	John Kemble as Cato	A. Keightley, Esq.
	68.	Lady Wigram	Sir R. Wigram, Bart.
	69.	Viscount Seaham	Marquis of Londonderry.
	70.	Marchioness of Londonderry	Marquis of Londonderry.
	71.	Mrs. Angerstein	J. Angerstein, Esq.
	72.	Miss Capel	John Capel, Esq., M.P.
	73.	Mrs. Siddons (<i>Eng. by C. Turner in 1826.</i>)	Duke of Bedford.
	74.	Prince George of Cumberland	His Majesty.
	75.	Marchioness of Londonderry and Lord Seaham	Marquis of Londonderry.
	76.	H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, K.G.	H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence K.G.
	77.	Duchess of Richmond	Duke of Richmond.
	78.	Benjamin West, Esq.	His Majesty.
	79.	Sir Jeffry Wyattville	His Majesty.
	80.	Francis Chaplin, Esq., M.P.	F. Chaplin, Esq., M.P.
	81.	Admiral Sir E. Codrington, G.C.B. . (<i>Eng. by C. Turner in 1830.</i>)	Sir E. Codrington, G.C.B.
	82.	Satan	A. Keightley, Esq.
	83.	Late Samuel Lysons, Esq.	Rev. Daniel Lysons.
	84.	Mr. Samuel Woodburne	Mr. S. Woodburne.
	85.	John Soane, Esq., R.A.	John Soane, Esq., R.A.
	86.	H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G.	His Majesty.
	87.	John Kemble as Hamlet	His Majesty.
	88.	H.R.H. the Duke of York, K.G. . . .	His Majesty.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1830.	89.	Prince Schwartzenburg	His Majesty.
	90.	Late Right Hon. George Canning, M.P.	His Majesty.
	91.	Late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. at the age of 16—his first attempt in oil painting	John Meredith, Esq.
		<i>(Eng. by J. K. Sherwin in 1783.)</i>	
1833.	1.	Mrs. Hart Davis, Jun.	R. Hart Davis, Esq.
	2.	Duke of Bedford	Duke of Bedford, K.G.
	3.	Hon. Mrs. Ashley	Col. Hugh Baillie.
		<i>(Engraved.)</i>	
	4.	Admiral Lord Exmouth	Lord Sidmouth.
		<i>(Eng. by C. Turner in 1815, by H. Robinson for Lodge's portraits, and by Page.)</i>	
	5.	Prince George of Cumberland	His Majesty.
	6.	Miss Macdonald	Gen. Macdonald.
	7.	Richard Hart Davis, Esq.	R. Hart Davis, Esq.
	8.	Late Dr. Pemberton	Mrs. Pemberton.
	9.	The Young Napoleon. Painted at Vienna	Samuel Woodburn, Esq.
	10.	Countess of Blessington	Countess of Blessington.
	11.	The late Marquis of Abercorn, K.G.	Marquis of Abercorn.
	12.	Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.A.	His Majesty.
	13.	Lady Burgherst and Child	Lord Burgherst.
	14.	Sir Thomas Lawrence <i>(now belongs to the Royal Academy)</i>	Earl of Chesterfield.
	15.	Hon. J. Fane	Lord Burgherst.
	16.	An Artist	Sir Jeffery Wyatville.
	17.	Lady E. Lowther	Earl of Lonsdale, K.G.
	18.	William Fawcett, Esq.	Robert Vernon, Esq.
	19.	Kemble as Hamlet	His Majesty.
	20.	Marchioness of Worcester	Duke of Wellington, K.G.
	21.	Head of a Child	David Baillie, Esq.
	22.	Late Princess Amelia	His Majesty.
		<i>(Eng. by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., and by Robert Graves, A.R.A., for the Royal Gallery.)</i>	
	23.	Study of a Girl	H. A. J. Munro, Esq.
	24.	Right Hon. William Huskisson	The Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bt., M.P.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1833.	25.	Marquis of Londonderry	Marquis Camden, K.G.
	26.	Sir Walter Scott, Bart. . . .	His Majesty.
	27.	Lady Dover and son	Lord Dover.
	28.	Lord Dover	Lord Dover.
	29.	Hart Davis, Jun., Esq. . . .	R. Hart Davis, Esq.
	30.	Henry Fuseli, Esq., R.A. . . .	The Rt. Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bt., M.P.
	31.	Baron Gentz	His Majesty.
	32.	William Linley, Esq. . . .	Dulwich College.
		<i>(Eng. by Thomas Lupton in 1840.)</i>	
	33.	John Julius Angerstein, Esq. . . .	His Majesty.
	34.	Donna Maria de Gloria	His Majesty.
	35.	George III. . . .	His Majesty.
	36.	William IV. when Duke of Clarence	His Majesty.
	37.	George IV. . . .	Lord Farnborough, G.C.B.
	38.	Late Princess Charlotte	His Majesty.
	39.	Earl of Durham	Earl of Durham.
	40.	Queen Charlotte	Sir M. W. Ridley, Bt., M.P.
	41.	Earl of Aberdeen, K.T. . . .	The Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P.
	42.	Mrs. Harford	R. Hart Davis, Esq.
	43.	Lady Georgiana Gordon, Duchess of Bedford. . . .	Duke of Bedford, K.G.
1843.	145.	Lady Palmerston when a child	Viscountess Palmerston.
	166.	Hon. Francis Baring when a boy	Rt. Hon. F. T. Baring, M.P.
	168.	C. Baring Wall, Esq., when a boy	C. Baring Wall, Esq., M.P.
	180.	Mrs. Allnutt	John Allnutt, Esq.
1844.	144.	Kemble as Rolla	Rt. Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bt., M.P.
	168.	Countess Cawdor	Earl Cawdor.
1845.	70.	Archbishop of Armagh	Archbishop of Armagh.
	80.	Kemble as Coriolanus	Earl of Yarborough.
1846.	4.	William IV. . . .	Lord De Lisle.
	16.	Robert, Earl of Liverpool	Earl of Liverpool.
	36.	Richard Payne Knight, Esq. . . .	Dilettanti Society.
	57.	Sir H. Engelfield	Dilettanti Society.
1847.	154.	Lady Peel	The Rt. Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart., M.P.
	166.	A Child, with flowers	Major Boyce.
1848.	178.	Archbishop Moore	The Rt. Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart., M.P.
1849.	30.	John Kemble as Coriolanus	Earl of Yarborough.

Date.	Cat. No	Subject.	Owner.
.849.	114.	Curran	The Rt. Hon. Sir B. Peel Bart., M.P.
.851.	98.	Mrs. Lock	J. Angerstein, Esq.
	111.	Right Hon. William Pitt	Miss Wilbraham.
	137.	Mrs. Angerstein and Son	J. Angerstein, Esq.
1853.	122.	Boys' Heads, a sketch	Lord C. Townshend.
	136.	Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.	Miss Burdett.
	143.	Lady Burdett	Miss Burdett.
1855.	114.	Gipsy Girl	Royal Academy.
<i>(Diploma picture. Eng. by S. W. Reynolds in 1840 for the Law- rence work.)</i>			
	134.	Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire	Sir Frederick Foster, Bart.
	142.	Viscount Mountstuart	Lord James Stuart.
	156.	Henry Pelham, Duke of Newcastle	Duke of Newcastle.
<i>(Eng. by C. Turner in 1830.)</i>			
1856.	101.	A Young Lady	Edward Barrett, Esq.
	147.	George IV.	Mrs. Grosvenor.
1857.	157.	General Paoli	W. Ewart, Esq., M.P.
	161.	Mrs. Siddons	W. Ewart, Esq., M.P.
1862.	174.	Countess of Mexborough and Son	Earl of Mexborough.
	175.	Charles, Earl of Whitworth, painted with Sir D. Wilkie	Sir C. Russell, Bart.
1861.	145.	Lord Cremorne	Granville J. Penn, Esq.
<i>(Eng. by C. Knight in 1800.)</i>			
	150.	Lady Cremorne.	Granville J. Penn, Esq.
	173.	William, Lord Barrington	Lord Barrington.
1865.	160.	Mrs. Arbuthnot	Gen. Arbuthnot.
	163.	Arthur, Duke of Wellington	Gen. Arbuthnot.
<i>(This picture, painted in 1821, was sold at General Arbuthnot's sale at Christie's, June 29, 1878, to Mr. Davis for £855 15s.)</i>			
1866.	116.	A Lady	Rev. Francis Trench.
1867.	186.	Lieut.-Col. David Markham	W. T. Markham, Esq.

AT THE MANCHESTER ART TREASURES EXHIBITION.

1857.	175.	Kemble as Coriolanus	Earl of Yarborough.
	183.	Miss Farren, Countess of Derby	Earl of Wilton.
	202.	Lady Leicester as Hope	Lord de Tabley.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1857.	212.	Sir Sidney Smith	John Anderdon, Esq.
	214.	Gipsy Girl	Royal Academy.
	217.	Countess of Wilton	Earl of Wilton.
<i>(Eng. by G. H. Phillips in 1838 for the Lawrence work.)</i>			
	219.	Miss Croker (Lady Barrow) . .	Right Hon. J. W. Croker.
	220.	Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker	Right Hon. J. W. Croker.
	221.	Master Lambton	Earl of Durham.
	302.	Sir Thomas Lawrence	Earl of Chesterfield.
	308.	Mrs. Siddons, aged 29	George Combe, Esq.
	309.	J. P. Kemble, Esq., aged 25 . .	George Combe, Esq.
	324.	Sir Humphry Davy	Royal Society.
	326.	J. P. Kemble, Esq. . . .	Col. North.
	352.	Earl Grey	Earl Grey.
	377.	Lord Brougham	Henry Raeburn, Esq.
<i>(Eng. by William Walker in 1830, and small by H. Robinson.)</i>			

AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

1862.	141.	Pope Pius VII. . . .	Her Majesty.
	158.	Sir Humphry Davy	Royal Society.
	159.	Earl of Liverpool	Her Majesty.
	177.	Nature	V. P. Calmady, Esq.
	178.	R. Hart Davis, Esq. . . .	R. H. Davis, Esq.
	194.	Lady M. Bentinck	Duke of Devonshire.
<i>(Lithographed by R. J. Lauc, A.R.A., in 1827.)</i>			
	195.	Countess Grey and her Daughters .	Earl Grey.
	196.	Earl of Eldon	Her Majesty.
	218.	Mrs. Siddons	R. Tait, Esq.
	228.	Countess of Shaftesbury when a child	Viscountess Palmerston.
	229.	Sir W. Curtis	Her Majesty.

AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITIONS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

1867.	673.	Edward, 13th Earl of Derby . .	Earl of Derby, K.G.
	757.	Charles, Earl Grey	Earl Grey, K.G.
	761.	John Philpot Curran	Earl Grey, K.G.
	778.	First Marquis of Bath	Marquis of Bath.
	780.	William, 3rd Duke of Portland, K.G.	Corporation of Bristol

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1867.	805.	James Watt, LL.D.	M. P. W. Boulton, Esq
	850.	Warren Hastings	J. P. Fearon, Esq.
	853.	Frances, Lady Crewe	Lord Houghton.
		(<i>Eng. by W. Say.</i>)	
	856.	John, First Lord Crewe	Lord Houghton.
		(<i>Eng. by W. Say.</i>)	
	858.	Eliza Farren, Countess of Derby	Earl of Wilton.
		(<i>Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.,</i> <i>in 1803.</i>)	
	860.	Charles, 2nd Earl Grey.	Earl Grey, K.G.
	862.	Henry, 10th Earl of Exeter, Countess, and Daughter	Marquis of Exeter.
	863.	William, 1st Lord Auckland	Christ Church, Oxford.
	864.	Right Hon. William Windham, M.P.	University College, Oxford.
1868.	11.	C. M. Sutton, Archbishop of Canter- bury	Lord Canterbury.
	17.	Benjamin West, P.R.A.	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
	41.	Matthew Baillie, M.D.	College of Physicians.
	46.	Lord Erskine	Lady Moore.
		(<i>Eng. by G. Clint in 1803.</i>)	
	49.	Lord Ellenborough	Earl of Ellenborough.
	50.	Sir Samuel Romilly	Charles Romilly, Esq.
		(<i>Eng. by S. W. Reynolds.</i>)	
	51.	Lord Eldon, 1798	Earl of Eldon.
	58.	Lord Exmouth	H. E. Pellew, Esq.
	65.	First Marquis of Hastings	Lady Edith Abney Hastings.
	68.	Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart.	Lord Aveland.
	70.	Earl Whitworth	Countess Delawarr.
	77.	General Sir John Moore, K.B.	Lady Moore.
		(<i>Eng. by W. O. Burgess in 1844</i> <i>for the Lawrence work.</i>)	
	78.	Admiral Sir Graham Moore, G.C.B.	Lady Moore.
	121.	Sixteenth Lord Saltoun (1809)	United Service Club.
		(<i>Eng. by G. Zobel in 1854.</i>)	
	133.	Allan, 2nd Lord Gardner	Lord Gardner.
	136.	Charlotte, Lady Stanley	Earl of Derby, K.G.
	138.	Sir Francis Burdett, picture finished by R. Evans	Miss Burdett Coutts.
	139.	Brownlow, 2nd Marquis of Exeter, his Brother and Sister	Marquis of Exeter.

Date. Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner
1368. 142.	Lady Burdett, picture finished by R. Evans (1831)	Miss Burdett Coutts.
144.	Lady Charlotte Hornby	Earl of Derby, K.G.
151.	Sir William Grant	Master of the Rolls.
155.	Charles Burney, D.D.	Rev. C. Burney.
	(<i>Eng. by W. Sharp.</i>)	
164.	William Sotheby	Col. Sotheby.
170.	Rev. Daniel Lysons	Rev. Samuel Lysons.
173.	Samuel Lysons	Rev. Samuel Lysons.
174.	Robert, 4th Earl of Buckinghamshire	Earl de Grey and Ripon.
	(<i>Eng. by R. Dunkarton in 1808, and by J. Grozer.</i>)	
184.	William, 6th Duke of Devonshire . .	Adm. Sir A. W. G. Clifford, Bart.
187.	Duchess of Wellington (1814) . .	Duke of Wellington, K.G.
190.	Robert, 2nd Earl of Liverpool . .	Her Majesty.
198.	Thomas Graham, Lord Lyndoch . .	Duke of Wellington, K.G.
	(<i>Eng. by Thos. Hodgetts in 1829.</i>)	
199.	Duke of Wellington	Duke of Wellington, K.G.
202.	Field-Marshal Lord Beresford . .	A. J. B. Beresford Hope, Esq., M.P.
205.	Field-Marshal the Marquis of Anglesea	Duke of Wellington, K.G.
206.	Lord Castlereagh	Her Majesty.
209.	Marchioness Wellesley	Duke of Wellington, K.G.
210.	Sir William Curtis, Bart., M.P. . .	Her Majesty.
213.	Henry, 3rd Earl Bathurst	Duke of Wellington, K.G.
216.	Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. . . .	Royal College of Surgeons.
218.	Sir Henry Alford, Bart., M.D. . .	Sir Henry Alford, Bart.
220.	Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, R.A. . . .	Her Majesty.
224.	Gen. the Hon. Sir Lowry Cole, G.C.B.	Countess Cowper.
	(<i>Eng. by C. Picart in 1816.</i>)	
225.	Queen Caroline and Princess Charlotte	Her Majesty.
227.	Rt. Hon. Sir J. Mackintosh	National Portrait Gallery.
230.	John Abernethy (1820)	St. Bartholomew's Hospital
232.	Frederick, 1st Earl of Ripon	Earl de Grey and Ripon.
233.	Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. . . .	Royal Society.
237.	Rt. Hon. George Canning	Corporation of Liverpool.
242.	Master Lambton	Earl of Durham.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1868.	279.	Caroline Fry, Mrs. Wilson . . .	William Wilson, Esq.
	284.	Thomas Campbell . . .	National Portrait Gallery.
	286.	Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham . . .	Bishop of Durham.
		<i>(Eng. by Thomas Lupton in 1831.)</i>	
	292.	Thomas Moore . . .	John Murray, Esq.
	310.	Charles, 2nd Earl Grey . . .	Earl Grey, K.G.
	312.	Samuel Rogers (crayon) . . .	Miss Rogers.
		<i>(Eng. by F. C. Lewis.)</i>	
	315.	Lord Melbourne . . .	Lady Palmerston.
		<i>(Eng. by E. McInnes in 1838 for the Lawrence work.)</i>	
	325.	John, 1st Earl of Durham . . .	Earl of Durham.
	333.	Admiral Sir E. Codrington . . .	Gen. Sir W. J. Codrington, G.C.B.
	329.	Marquis of Lansdowne . . .	Marquis of Lansdowne.
	342.	Mary, Countess Grey . . .	Earl Grey, K.G.
	352.	Mary, Countess Grey, and Children . . .	Earl Grey, K.G.
	353.	Sir Thomas Lawrence . . .	Royal Academy.
	386.	Sir Robert Peel, Bart. . . .	Rev. W. B. Hawkins.
	397.	The Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker, M.P. . . .	Mrs. Croker.
	460.	First Earl Granville . . .	Earl Granville, K.G.
	812.	William Falconer, M.D. Crayon.	
		<i>(Drawn by the Artist at the age of 16).</i>	
	825.	Princess Amelia . . .	James Roebuck, Esq., M.P.
			Her Majesty.
	841.	Mrs. Jordan . . .	Rev. Joseph Thackeray.
	867.	Beau Brummel . . .	E. V. Kenealy, Esq.
	942.	Richard Payne Knight, Esq. . . .	Dilettanti Society.
	943.	Sir Henry Englefield, Bart. . . .	Dilettanti Society.
	944.	Thomas, 1st Lord Dundas . . .	Dilettanti Society.
		<i>(Eng. by C. Turner in 1822.)</i>	

AT THE LEEDS ART TREASURES EXHIBITION.

1868.	1039.	Admiral J. Markham . . .	Col. Markham.
	1074.	Col. David Markham . . .	Col. Markham.
	1076.	Countess of Wilton . . .	Earl of Wilton.
	1113.	Countess of Derby . . .	Earl of Wilton.
	2770.	Head of a Boy. Drawing . . .	James T. Knowles, Esq

AT BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.

Date.	Cat. No.	Subject.	Owner.
1872.	6.	Lady Blessington	Sir R. Wallace, Bart., M.P.
	22.	A Lady	Sir R. Wallace, Bart., M.P.

AT THE EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF THE "OLD MASTERS."

1870.	76.	John, Earl of Suffolk	Earl of Suffolk.
	235.	Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. . . .	Royal Academy.
1871.	33.	Hart Davis, Esq. . . .	Vaughan Davis, Esq.
1872.	26.	Calmady Children	Vincent P. Calmady, Esq.
1873.	9.	Frederick H. Hemming, Esq. . . .	F. H. Hemming, Esq.
	21.	Mrs. Hemming	F. H. Hemming, Esq.
	275.	John, Lord Mountstuart	Col. Crichton Stuart, M.P.
	276.	Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. . . .	Royal College of Physicians.
1876.	145.	Marquis of Bath	Marquis of Bath.
	146.	The Baring Family	Lord Northbrook.
	223.	Col. David Markham	Col. Markham.
1877.	7.	John Abernethy, F.R.S. . . .	St. Bartholomew's Hospital.
	248.	Admiral Sir John Markham	Col. Markham.
	255.	Benjamin West	J. H. Anderdon, Esq.
1879.	3.	Mrs. Horsley Palmer (1810)	Edwd. Howley Palmer, Esq.
	378.	Mrs. Wolfe and Son. Drawing (1818)	Mrs. Keightley.
	388.	Lady Georgiana Gordon	Jeffrey Whitehead, Esq.
		<i>(Drawing. Eng. by F. C. Lewis.)</i>	
1880.	27.	Elizabeth, Countess of Cawdor	Earl of Cawdor.
1881.	26.	Fifth Earl Cowper	Earl Cowper, K.G.
	28.	Georgiana, Countess Bathurst	Earl Bathurst.
		<i>(Lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., in 1832.)</i>	
	32.	Mrs. Lushington	R. Kay, Esq.
	39.	Mrs. Locke	William Angerstein, Esq.
1882.	182.	Dr. Charles Burney	The Ven. Archdeacon Burney

AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY—WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

1878.	376.	Study of a head	Earl of Warwick.
	379.	Lord Loughborough	William Russell, Esq.
	1082.	Portrait head	Earl of Warwick.
	1093.	Mrs. Matthews	W. Doherty, Esq.
1879.	764.	A Lady	William Russell, Esq.

III.—PORTRAITS NOT MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE LISTS.

- Adams, John. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1829.*)
- Adams, Miss, drawing. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis.*)
- Albemarle, William Charles, Earl of. (*Eng. by Freeman.*)
- Amherst, Lord, full length. (*Painted for the British factory at Canton. Eng. by C. Turner in 1824.*)
- Antrobus, Masters. (*Eng. by G. Clint in 1802.*)
- Antrobus, Philip. (*Eng. by G. Clint.*)
- Arbuthnot, Masters, drawing. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis.*)
- Arbuthnot, Mrs. Harriet. (*Eng. by Ensom and W. Giller.*)
- Ashburton, Lord. (*Eng. by C. E. Wagstaff in 1837 for the Lawrence work.*)
- Ashley, Hon. Mrs. (*Eng. by Cochran and by G. H. Phillips.*)
- Bagot, Lady Mary, and Sisters, drawing. (*Eng. by J. Thomson.*)
- Barnard, Andrew. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1809.*)
- Barton, Mis., and Child. (*Formerly a full length, it has now been cut down to an oval. It belongs to Mr. Henry Graves.*)
- Bath, Thomas, Marquis of. (*Eng. by J. Heath.*)
- Bell, Charles W. (*Eng. by W. W. Barney in 1806.*)
- Bentinck, General Lord W. C. (*Eng. by H. R. Cook in 1813, and lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., in 1827.*)
- Bereford, Lady. (*Eng. by Thos. Hodgetts.*)
- Berri, Countess de. (*Lithographed.*)
- Berri, Caroline, Duchess of. (*Eng. by Thomson.*)
- Bissett, Dr. William, Bishop of Raphoe. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1830.*)
- Bleamire, William. (*Eng. by J. Young in 1803.*)
- Bloxham, Miss, niece of the painter, drawing. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis in 1839.*)
- Boucherett, Miss, drawing. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis.*)
- Browning, Lady. (*Eng. by William Ward.*)
- Brownrigg, Lady Sophia. (*Engraved.*)
- Burdett, Sir Francis. (*Eng. by Walker.*)
- Burgherst, Lord, drawing. (*Eng. by J. Bull in 1838.*)
- Bury, Lady Charlotte. (*Eng. by Wright, and lithographed by R. J. Lane.*)
- Bute, John, Marquis of. (*Eng. by Caroline Watson.*)
- Calmady Children, sketch. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis in 1825.*)
- Campbell, Adelaide. (*Eng. by Sharp.*)
- Campbell, Thomas. (*Eng. by Henry and Samuel Cousins in 1834, by T. Blood in 1815, and by John Burnet, F.R.S., in 1828. It was also engraved small by Finden, Freeman, and J. H. Watt.*)
- Canning, George, a drawing in the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis in 1839.*)

- Carington, Lady Anne. (*Eng. by C. Rolls.*)
- Charlotte, Princess, when young, with a bird. (*Eng. by T. Garner for the "Royal Gallery."*)
- Clive, Lady Harriet. (*Eng. by S. Cousins in 1840, and lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., in 1832.*)
- Coke, Thomas William, afterwards Earl of Leicester, full length. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1818.*)
- Coke, Thomas William, afterwards Earl of Leicester, half length. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1814.*)
- Coke, Thomas William, afterwards Earl of Leicester. (*Eng. by Ed. Smith in 1843.*)
- Cooper, R. B. (*Eng. by W. T. Fry in 1820.*)
- Cotton, Joseph. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1818.*)
- Cotton, Mrs. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1825.*)
- Craddock, General Sir John. (*Eng. by J. Godby in 1809.*)
- Dottin, Abel Rous, M.P. (*Eng. by H. B. Hall.*)
- Dottin, Mrs. Dorothy. (*Lithographed by Sharp.*)
- Douglas, Marquis of, and Sister, drawing. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis.*)
- Dover, Lady Georgiana. (*Eng. by C. Heath.*)
- Downe, Viscount. (*Eng. by Thomas Lupton, and lithographed by W. Sharp.*)
- Dundas, Lady Margaret. (*Eng. by G. Clint.*)
- Durham, Countess of. (*Eng. by Thomson.*)
- Elphinstone, Baron. (*Eng. by C. Turner.*)
- Fairlie, Mrs., drawing. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis.*)
- Fitzgerald, Mrs. Mary Frances. (*Eng. by G. R. Ward.*)
- Fitzgerald, Mrs., sketch. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis.*)
- Fuseli, Henry. (*Eng. by H. Meyer.*)
- George IV., 1814, drawing. (*Lithographed in two sizes by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., in 1829.*)
- Gloucester, Mary, Duchess of. (*Eng. by J. E. Coombes.*)
- Greenwood, Charles. (*Eng. by C. Turner, A.R.A., in 1828.*)
- Grosvenor, Lady. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1833.*)
- Grosvenor, Elizabeth, Countess. (*Eng. by Samuel Cousins, R.A., in 1844, for the Lawrence work.*)
- Guildford, Earl of. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1820.*)
- Halford, Sir Henry. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1830.*)
- Hammer, Joseph Van. (*Eng. by Benedetti.*)
- Hammond, Sir A. S. (*Eng. by G. H. Phillips in 1830.*)
- Harvey, Charles. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1820.*)
- Hawkesbury, Lord. (*Eng. by J. Young in 1801.*)
- Hill, Lord Arthur Marcus C. (*Eng. by W. Skelton.*)
- Hobart, Lord. (*Eng. by J. Grozer in 1796.*)

- Hope, General Sir Alexander. (*Eng. by Wm. Walker in 1810.*)
- Hope, Hon. Mrs. (*Eng. by Scriven.*)
- Huskisson, William, M.P. (*Eng. by Finden.*)
- Jebb, Joshua, Bishop of Limerick. (*Eng. by T. Lupton.*)
- Kemble, J. P., head. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1825.*)
- Kemble, J. P., whole length. (*Eng. by R. M. Meadows.*)
- Kemble, Mrs. Charles. (*Lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.*)
- Kempe, Thomas Read, M.P., founder of Kempe Town. (*Eng. by Illman.*)
- Lawrence, Mrs., mother of the painter (1797), drawing. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis in 1801.*)
- Lawrence, Miss, niece of the painter (1813), drawing. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis in 1831.*)
- Lawrence, Miss Lucy, sketch. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis in 1831.*)
- Le Breton, Sir Thomas. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1827, and by W. Holl.*)
- Leman, Robert. (*Eng. by W. Daniell.*)
- Levens, Lady, and Child. (*Eng. by Longhi.*)
- Lieven, Princess. The drawing is now in St. Petersburg. (*Eng. by Wm. Bromley in 1823 : sold at the Artist's sa'e in 1831 for 27 guineas to Mr. Peacock.*)
- Lock, William. (Lawrence modelled a bust of this gentleman, his only essay in this class of art.)
- Londonderry, Amelia, Marchioness of. (*Eng. by J. Thomson.*)
- Londonderry, Charles, Marquis of, when Sir Charles Stuart. (*Eng. by C. Turner and W. H. Simmons.*)
- Londonderry, Earl of, half length. (*Engraved.*)
- Lovelace, Ada, Countess of, daughter of Lord Byron. (*Eng. by Dean.*)
- Lynedoch, Lord, whole length. (*Eng. by S. W. Reynolds in 1831.*)
- Lysons, Rev. Samuel (1796). (*Eng. by Daniell.*)
- Lysons, Samuel, F.S.A. (*Eng. by S. W. Reynolds and H. Robinson.*)
- Mackenzie, Sir Alexander. (*Eng. by Westermayer and P. Condé.*)
- Mackintosh, Sir James. (*Eng. by Wilkin, E. Smith, and Cochran.*)
- MacLeay, Alexander. (*Eng. by Charles Fox.*)
- Martin, Admiral Sir George. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis in 1835.*)
- Mayon, Mayon Wynnell. (*Eng. by W. Sharp.*)
- Mirza Abu Taleb Kahn, Persian Ambassador. (*Eng. by John Lucas in 1838 for the Lawrence work.*)
- Morant, George. (*Eng. by W. Say.*)
- Mountjoy, Lord. (*Sold at Foster's in 1877 : it now belongs to Mr. Henry Graves*)
- Mulgrave, Lord Henry. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1808.*)
- Murray, General Sir George. (*Eng. by Henry Meyer.*)
- Newcastle, Duchess of. (*Eng. by S. W. Reynolds in 1822.*)
- Newdigate, Mrs., drawing. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis.*)

- Northumberland, Duchess of. (*Eng. by W. O. Burgess in 1845 for the Laurence work.*)
- Nouaille, P. (*Eng. by Blood.*)
- Nugent, Lady Anne Lucy. (*Lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.*)
- Nugent, Lord, whole length. (*Eng. by Wm. Ward, A.R.A., in 1823.*)
- Orford, Robert Walpole, Earl of. (*Eng. by Evans.*)
- Orford, Horatio Walpole, Earl of. (*Eng. by H. Meyer.*)
- Peel, Sir Robert, sen. (*Eng. by H. Robinson.*)
- Peel, Sir Robert, jun. (*Eng. by H. T. Ryall and Cochran.*)
- Plumer, Sir Thomas. (*Eng. by H. Robinson.*)
- Porter, John, Bishop of Clogher. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1825.*)
- Pratt, Samuel Jackson. (*Eng. by Caroline Watson in 1805.*)
- Redesdale, Lord. (*Eng. by G. Clint in 1804.*)
- Reichstadt, Duke of. (*Eng. by Wm. Bromley, A.R.A., in 1830*)
- Ripon, Sarah, Countess of. (*Eng. by W. J. Edwards.*)
- Robinson, Hon. Frederick John. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1824.*)
- Shaftesbury, Earl of. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1812.*)
- Shepherd, Sir Samuel. (*Eng. by J. R. Jackson in 1846 for the Laurence work.*)
- Siddons, Miss. (*Eng. by J. Thomson.*)
- Siddons, Mrs., whole length, in the National Gallery. (*Eng. by W. Say in 1810.*
The picture was then in the possession of William Fitzhugh, Esq., M.P.)
- Siddons, Mrs. (*Eng. by J. R. Smith.*)
(An engraved portrait of Mrs. Siddons belonged to Elhanan Bicknell, Esq., and was sold at his sale, April 17, 1863, for £147, to Mr. Wells.)
- Sinclair, Sir John. (*Eng. by W. Skelton and D. Lizars.*)
- Sotheby, William. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis.*)
- Sotheron, Admiral. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1839.*)
- Standish, Master. (*Formerly in the Slingsby Collection. It now belongs to W. B. Beaumont, Esq., M.P.*)
- Stanley, Lord. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis.*)
- Stewart, Lord, drawing. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis.*)
- Strange, Sir Thomas. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1820.*)
- Sutherland, George, Duke of, early. (*Eng. by F. Lignon in 1824.*)
- Sutherland, George, Duke of. (*Eng. by S. W. Reynolds in 1839.*)
- Taylor, John. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1831.*)
- Tritton, Mr. (*Eng. by W. Say.*)
- Vaughan, Hon. Charles R. (*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A.*)
- Ward, Robert Plumer, whole length. (*Belonged to Mr. Graves in 1867, and was sold to C. W. Wass, Esq., in 1872. Eng. by C. Turner, A.R.A.*)
- Wellesley, Marquis, three-quarter length. (*Eng. by S. Cousins, R.A., in 1842.*)
- Wellington, Duke of. (*Large life-sized head. Eng. in chalk by F. C. Lewis.*)

- Whitworth, Charles, Earl. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1814. Purchased in 1870 by Mr. H. Graves for £10, and sold at once to Mr. Sackville Bate for £20. It was sold in 1881, at his sale, to the French Government for £367 10s. It is now in the Louvre.*)
- Wigram, Sir R. (*Eng. by J. H. Watt in 1833.*)
- William IV. (*Eng. by J. E. Coombs in 1836 for the Lawrence work.*)
- William IV. when Prince William Henry. (*Eng. by Edmund Scott in 1788.*)
- Williams, Thomas. (*Eng. by Atkinson.*)
- Wills, Rev. Thomas. (*Eng. by T. Holloway in 1790.*)
- Wilson, Thomas, Bishop of Sodor and Man. (*Eng. by J. E. C. Sherwin in 1782.*)
- Wool, Rev. John, Master of Rugby School. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1813.*)
- Woolaston, William Hyde, M.D. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis in 1830.*)
- Woronzo, Countess, drawing. (*Eng. by F. C. Lewis.*)
- Wyatt, Edward. (*Eng. by James Godby in 1810.*)
- Wyattville, Sir Jeffrey. (*Eng. by H. Robinson.*)
- York, Frederick, Duke of. (*Eng. by Edmund Scott in 1789.*)
- York, Vernon Harcourt, Archbishop of, full length. (*Eng. by G. H. Phillips in 1836 for the Lawrence work.*)
- York, Whittel. (*Eng. by C. Turner in 1814.*)

IV.—FANCY SUBJECTS NOT MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE LISTS.

- The Fair Forester. (*Eng. by G. T. Doo, R.A., in 1835.*)
- Regard, drawing. (*Eng. by J. Thomson in 1826.*)
- Faithful Friends. (*Eng. by Wm. Giller in 1842 for the Lawrence work.*)
- Child on a Bank. (*Eng. by W. Bond in 1794.*)
- St. Cecilia. (*Only partly painted by Lawrence. Picture belonged to J. Williams, Esq. Lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., in 1831.*)
- Two Boys, whole length. (*Eng. by George Clint in 1802.*)
- The Proffered Kiss. (*Eng. by G. T. Doo, R.A.*)

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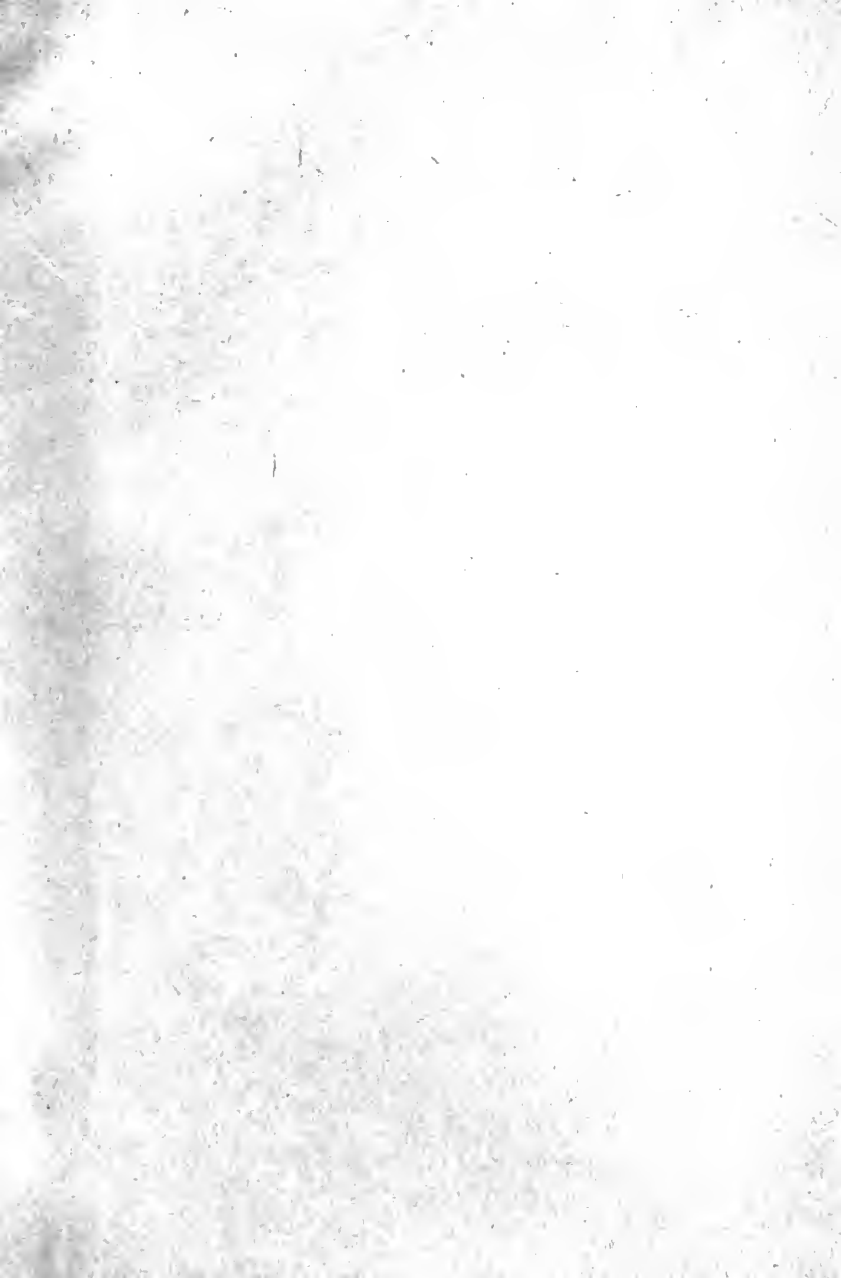
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